TEMPTATIONS TO RIGHTDOING

BY

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

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TEMPTATIONS TO RIGHTDOING

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

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TEMPTATIONS TO RIGHTDOING

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BY

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

AUTHOR OF 'SEVEN AGES OF CHILDHOOD,' 'ETHICS FOR CHILDREN,' ETC.

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TO

RICHARD C. CABOT

'For he lingered not but ran, calling aloud by words and deeds.'

— *St. Augustine*

PREFACE

I WANT to acknowledge the kindness of the editors of *Child Welfare* for permission to reprint in a somewhat altered form the chapters on 'Mothers' and 'An Atmosphere for Growth' and part of the chapter on 'Transcendence.' It gives me pleasure to think that these chapters have already been read and discussed by many branches of the National Parent-Teacher Association. The chapter on 'Education in Appreciation' was published under the title of 'Children's Reading' by the Vermont Teachers' Association; and part of the chapter on 'Training in Moral Thoughtfulness,' in the *Western Journal of Education*. Most of the incidents in the chapter on 'Transcendence' were generously given to me by my friend Mrs. Orville Baldwin, of Berkeley, California. It is my hope that what she has done will lead many other mothers to follow her principles and to record as simply and graciously their results.

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

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INTRODUCTION

THE aim of this book is to bring together from actual experience the principal attractions to good living — in other words, the ideas, affections, interests, and activities that make us prefer the right and reject the wrong. These magnets I call 'Temptations to Right-doing' in contrast with the better-known term, 'temptations to wrongdoing.'

Even well-meant efforts to reform by publicity, by condemnation, or by lenience may increase wrong-doing. On a dark night in November, about a year and a half ago, I sat listening to a lecture on Crime by the Judge of the Juvenile Court. He dwelt on acts of violence common at that time, especially on hold-ups, on the stealing of automobiles by young criminals, and on the effect of having their pictures on the first page of a newspaper.

'Occasionally,' he said, 'a boy will be deterred by dread of publicity, but it is far more common for them to enjoy it. Some boys long to see their names in the paper on any account, and inquire eagerly how many columns the article was. Other boys, innocently enough, long to be similar heroes. It is difficult, indeed, for us to deal with youth,' said the Judge, 'when every one is talking about them, holding interviews with them, and writing about their exploits.'

I left the hall with much to think about, especially since on looking about for my Ford I found it had been stolen during the lecture. Surely we are making crimes and wrongdoing attractive through publicity,

I thought. I recalled a very different case in which wrongdoing was made attractive — the adventure of a charming young girl of eleven at a school near by. She was docile and rootedly sweet-natured, but she had a sense of humor. 'Bad people are apt to look merry,' she announced one day, 'and good people look solemn. I'm good, so I am generally solemn.'

From this argument she drew up her own scheme of action. She had always been a saint. She now began to regret it. So, one sparkling winter morning she slipped quietly out of the schoolroom in study time, and in plain sight skated for an hour over the flooded field near the school. On her return to school, she was severely reproached, called underhanded, threatened with being suspended for a day, and asked if she was sorry.

'No, I'm not,' she answered calmly. The child's lack of repentance made the teacher feel hot, so she acted as if she were icy. 'She looked at me just as if I was an ivory ball. But it was great fun! After I got disciplined by the head teacher every girl in school came buzzing round to ask me what she said. I've had to tell every single word *she* said, and every single word *I* said, from beginning to end. One kid said she hadn't liked me before because she thought I was goody-goody, but now she would be my friend. It's good fun to be bad. The teachers don't like you so well, but the girls like you better.' In spite of success in downing her saintliness, Katharine turned out well, as any one who knew her could prophesy. But did not the teacher's austerity encourage wrongdoing as the newspapers 'feature' crime?

There is a strong additional reason for believing that

to accent wrongdoing rubs it in instead of rubbing it out. Condemnation alienates. 'I know I've done wrong, but I've been treated with such ignominy and talked against to such an extent that I'm not sorry. I'm at *bay*,' said a young offender to his one supporting friend. At bay like a tortured animal, blinded by agony and rage. You can't persuade an animal in a trap.

But leniency in relation to wrongdoing is as misleading to the wrongdoer as inclemency. Severity makes for war; leniency tempts him into a game of wits. 'Can I get by?' thinks the young offender, as he plans slippery and skillful ways of escape from an easy dupe. Under easy-going treatment the adventurous highwayman may turn into a sneak thief. 'If you confess we shall be lenient,' the word goes about in a school. Confession itself then becomes a mode of escape from punishment. I have known cases where the confession, in order to be interesting and appealing, included more than the crime. Anything to please the teacher and get let off! Through severity or leniency you may catch the offender, but you never find the boy himself. He can only be held and helped by what I have called 'Temptations to Rightdoing.'

To some, temptation always implies evil, but I propose to draw back the word 'temptation' into its wider meaning of incitement or attraction. 'May I tempt you to walk in the garden?' we ask a guest. 'I enjoyed his book so much that I am tempted to thank him for writing it.' Temptation draws us; it may draw us to evil or to good. Temptations to rightdoing are part of the moral tug-of-war. Let us take hold with them and pull.

That there are such temptations is occasionally doubted. 'The title of your book is "Temptations to Rightdoing"? Gracious, I never had any of that kind!' my friend remarked. Yet it was he who told me years before that he had never been able to lie because his mother had trained him to truthfulness. I let that pass, but answered, 'If you have never had any temptations to rightdoing, at least you've *been* one.' His secretary chimed in with enthusiasm at this verdict, but my friend looked more puzzled than ever. He was the best of temptations to goodness — an unconscious one.

In spite of him, then, I insist that the world is brimming over like a cornucopia with incitements to goodness. They are of assorted shapes, sizes, and colors — as varied as tool chests, disappointments, babies, flowering cherries, and Gothic cathedrals. My difficulty in writing this book is not that temptations to goodness are few, but that to dwell on them in words seems a kind of mistake, like holding a friend's hand through an entire interview — for, as Charles Bennett once cleverly said, in writing about children, maternal love, religion, or beauty, one is likely to become sentimental and to spoil things with the touch of a sticky paw.[1]

The principal temptations to rightdoing include:

1. People
2. Character training
3. Interests
4. Beauty
5. Religion

[1] 'The Lion's Mouth,' *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1927.

To this list one would naturally add patriotism. In the lives of many Americans it has been a spur to devotion, courage, sacrifice. Washington as General of the Continental Army refused all pay and suffered unjust reproach in silence. Lincoln's grave face was furrowed deep by the plough of his suffering for both sides of a divided nation. Hoover's quiet words when he accepted the nomination for the Presidency in June, 1928, showed an undertone of profound gratitude to the United States for education, independence, and the opportunity to serve. But except in crises, patriotism is not for most Americans the steady incentive to rightdoing that it ought to be. If it were, the statistics of law-breaking, especially in the fields of custom-house declaration, prohibition, and speeding would suddenly drop.

Our patriotism suffers from the immense area of our country. We have lost what J. B. S. Haldane cleverly calls 'the advantage of being rather small.' It is more difficult to love the Mississippi than the Thames, harder to keep a sense of unity with 110,000,000 inhabitants including more than fifty-seven varieties of Americans in forty-eight States than it was when the thirteen colonies first united as an independent nation. Pride in the United States is common; love, as shown by a disciplined devotion in daily life, is comparatively rare. Patriotism at the present time is needed for rightdoing, but is not as yet a controlling attraction to it. Therefore in a book written for Americans of the present day I have not dwelt on it.

The principles in this book are meant to apply to adults as well as to children, though it is obvious that with children there is more opposition than with most

grown-ups between what is rightly expected of them and what they love to do. Your average boy wants fishing, chocolate creams, enormous firecrackers, detective stories. I sometimes wonder to see him as docile as he appears under the weight of algebra, home chores, castor oil, stewed prunes, and Sunday School. He has a sturdy way of going through it all, but he hopes for the glorious time when he can play with tin soldiers all day; that is, when goodness, enterprise, and happiness will be one. Well, something like that does often happen when the man finds his work and his mate. He finds that temptations to rightdoing are more delicious to the taste and demand more strenuous work than temptations to wrongdoing. Here I would make two distinct points: first, that the best is in the long run the most appealing; and second, that the best requires more effort as well as gives more durable satisfaction.

We must have: Better music to drive jazz into its corner (where it has a real place); funnier songs like genial Sir Harry Lauder's to make one bored with musical comedies; richer humor like Stephen Leacock's to supplant 'Pink Tidbits'; enduringly great pictures to offset movie stars. But these incitements, however good, last and affect character only when they are loved and worked for.

The dragon is slain by Saint George because he has passed his novitiate of prayer and dedication and because he loves the maiden in danger in the wood. She to him is beauty; she brings responsibility, she awakens him to consecration. For he does not know how to contain all this abounding love and beauty. The cup of his soul overflows. He must become by dedication

a much larger cup. This means effort, a much more intense effort than he has ever made before. Even his success is blended with a sense of failure; his delight increases his exertion.

People we care about and who care for us are the first and greatest temptation to rightdoing. The thought of them interpenetrates all the rest. We learn through a teacher fully as much as through his subject, and it is often he who arouses an interest in what becomes our vocation or avocation. The acceptance of responsibility is closely linked to the acceptance of our major human ties, and as for beauty and religion, they both haunt us with the longing for and thanksgiving to the other Self whom we recognize and seek and need to comprehend.

These temptations are permanent and challenging. The objection that temptations to rightdoing (such as those given by the best work of the progressive schools) will make life easy and character flabby, is answered once and for all by the experience that interest means harder work, greater self-denial. The best disciplined will is the will of a disciple, not of a slave. The slave does not lie awake at night thinking of what his master requires. He may strain his body while he is being watched, but he does not strain his mind with far-reaching plans. Interest means what is well called *painstaking* work.

'What self-sacrificing lives you doctors lead!' exclaimed a society woman to her physician.

'Yes, and we like such sacrifice,' was his answer. Anything deeply loved must be made better, because it is so good. The more we care, the harder we work.

Temptations to Rightdoing

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PART I

SOME ARCH-TEMPTERS

Temptations to Rightdoing

PART I

SOME ARCH-TEMPTERS

CHAPTER I

THEIR LIKENESS AND THEIR DIFFERENCES

I SHALL deal, in my first four chapters, with a group of people who might be called parents and vicarious parents. It includes fathers, mothers, guiding friends or relatives, teachers, ministers, and social workers, 'in variety,' as my horticultural books say when they advise many kinds of phlox or iris. The likeness in all these groups is that they have set themselves to help character in difficulties, or to free character that is not fully itself. Of course, the generosity of the poor and the dauntlessness of the handicapped make jubilant the feet of social workers, and children are the best help to multiply the eagerness of parents and teachers, but in these chapters I am considering only the *guiding* aspects of parenthood, teaching, and social work.

I link parents, teachers, ministers, doctors, and other social workers together, then, first, because they have similar hopes and desires. They want to help their flock, not only in physical needs or by technical training, but in character and in their coming life. Second, these groups belong together because they learn from

the people they are helping how to treat these same folks. This wise humility is a sign of our times in many fields. The prison superintendent questions her women prisoners as to how she can best help them to gain in skill and character while serving time. Parents ask more and more often what their children think would be wise or right as punishment or reward. Teachers collect students' opinions as to ways in which a subject can be better taught. Business men are putting in collective management through councils representing the workers. Third, I class parents, teachers, and social workers together because they are becoming more alike in method. They are copying one another's strong points. Parents have become more systematic. They organize child-study groups, and (for better or worse, according to the book and the leader chosen) they study psychology. Teachers (especially those in high schools and colleges, who have heretofore had a more impersonal attitude than those in the grades) are undertaking more personal supervision of the life of students. Social workers, too, have long abandoned the idea of

> 'The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
> In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ,'

and are becoming both teachers and intimate helpers.

There is an ever closer relation between educators and social workers. The visiting teachers in New York and Rochester are essentially social workers, while social workers are giving more and more counsel. Once they helped to supply physical needs, housing, with due light and space, nourishing food, and a little extra money. Then they developed into teaching

nurses or into friendly visitors. They often began, like the cruder teachers, with texts and pamphlets; they went on, as many a teacher has gone on, to appreciate like a parent and to learn like a parent from those they meant to train.

In parenthood, in teaching, and in social work there is an ebb and flow in the enthusiasm for personal, as contrasted with so-called scientific work. Just now, while parents are being urged to take up research, judges and college tutors are beginning to be advisers or guardians of the personal lives of their protégés. The Judge of the Juvenile Court of Boston finds in his instructions the charge to *treat all young delinquents as a wise parent would treat them*, and he does so, evoking meanwhile all the help he can get from the baffled parents who turn to him.

Teachers almost more than any other group find themselves *in loco parentis*. A few, I regret to say, whisper that they could bring up their school children beautifully were it not for those interfering and distracting people called mothers. Such imperialistic pedagogues forget the essential differences between teachers, parents, and social workers. I have been describing the points of likeness in parents, teachers, and social workers. Now I want to bring out their differences. So many are those differences that I will gather them in phalanxes:

Parents	*Social Workers*	*Teachers*
1. Deal with a small group.	1. Have a larger group of many ages to study.	1. Deal usually with groups of a single age.
2. Are more intensive in their devotion.	2. Have less individual love of their clients.	2. Have always many to help at the same time.
3. Have more complete control but less order.	3. Have a better preparation through study, and keep records.	3. Have need of the formal and disciplinary.

Parents	*Social Workers*	*Teachers*
4. Have more continuity of influence.	4. Have irregular times of seeing their clients.	4. Have a comparatively short time of helpfulness in relation to any one person.
5. Share a greater range of common interests with children.	5. Deal more with emergencies.	5. Are subordinate to authorities whom they must obey.
6. Share a common past with their children.	6. Keep protégés a relatively short time.	6. Must put scholarship first.
7. Share the warming center of a home.	7. Have only an office as environment.	7. Have as their setting the formal center of a school.
8. Care for body, character, and intelligence.	8. Deal primarily with poverty, illness, and character, rather than with intelligence.	8. Deal first with intelligent study; are also responsible for character and observant of health.

Corollaries:

Parents need:

(1) To understand children of all ages.
(2) To compare experiences with other groups.
(3) To keep records (both for children's sake and as a help to other parents).
(4) To follow the progress of education.
(5) To remember that even their own children grow up.

Social workers need:

(1) To care for each as though they cared for him alone, and so for all as if all were but one.
(2) To study and recognize the prior intimacies of parents, and the influence of teachers.
(3) To increase their fields of common interest with clients.
(4) To evolve a more homelike meeting place instead of an office.

Teachers need:

(1) To think more in terms of groups composed of different ages.
(2) To recognize æsthetic needs.
(3) To realize the parents as a sustaining influence.
(4) To have a talking-place that shall set talk free.

CHAPTER II

MOTHERS

In Ellen Key's 'The Century of the Child' I read, 'Rarely is a mother of the upper class one of those artists of home life who through the blitheness, the goodness, and joyousness of her character, makes the rhythm of everyday life a dance, and holidays into festivals.' The words set me thinking about the qualities of artist-mothers and fathers as I have known them — artists in myriad ways: as playmates, as consolers, as interpreters, as liberators, but always artists because they see the life of their children creatively as God meant them to see it.

The Mother as Playmate. Very early the mother develops the art of play. Can a mother be quite a mother unless she sits on the floor, the wide table of the child, and plays at his level instead of on a high chair above him? Must not the mother stoop so that the child shall look into her face, not drearily into her skirt? Must she not be a comrade before she can be a counselor? Must she not be young in spirit if she would guide the spirit of youth?

I remember vividly and gratefully that my mother played with us on the floor, inventing new and marvelous games for us. Our childhood was made gay with wonderful wishing-bone dolls, their bead eyes shining out of sealing-wax faces. At first they were all ladies, clad in gorgeous silks; then we demanded men with trousers over their bandy legs. How we shouted with glee when one day a negress appeared, black as a coal!

And wishing-bone children appeared, too, for behold our fairy godmother found tiny pigeon wishing-bones to make babies with. Through our days ran a scarlet thread of love and surprise.

The mother or the father who can play with you is in a new and glorious way your friend. Robert Browning never forgot that, when as a child he inquired about the city of Troy, his father used to pile up chairs in the drawing-room to represent the city and go through with him dramatically the adventurous history of its siege. This was true learning and, still better, it was perpetual comradeship with a father who knew how to play. I know a mother who bicycles once a week with a group of her boys and their friends. Away they speed on long excursions with a picnic in the middle; she, as one of the 'gang,' hears secrets that few mothers hear. An elderly woman with the impulse though not the name of mother joins all the excursions of her nephews. 'It is a little hard,' she says, 'when they want me to skin fish and put worms on the hook; but I shut my mental eyes and go right ahead, for I want to share all their interests.'

The Mother as a 'True Sport.' The mother who is playmate to her children of the dramatic age develops normally into the mother who is acclaimed by her boys as a 'true sport.' She is quicker than they in clambering out along the edge of the steam launch and guiding it among the rocks. The spray dashes across her face in a boat race, but she shouts with the rest, telling jubilantly afterward of what fun it was and how soaked they all got. She's a first-rate cook, a maker of camp-fires, dauntless in wind and rain. When she gives orders, they come like the orders of a captain, not of a timid,

exacting, middle-aged woman, and they are honored in the observance.

In his revealing book 'My Education and Religion,' the Reverend George A. Gordon writes of his little-girl mother. She was married at fourteen and therefore naturally imperfect in schooling, but she had a wonderful love and memory of ballads and wise sayings, joined to the power of absorbing culture throughout her life from people as well as from books, which is, after all, the truest way to what we formally call 'adult education.' She brought up her thirteen children as comrades, running races with them so fast that it was long before they could beat her even when she had a baby in her arms, and telling them around the fire at night ghost stories beautiful and terrible but never upsetting to their faith. Thus Dr. Gordon pictures her: 'She was excellent at every kind of work, ready with a resourceful mind and skillful hands for every emergency, of perfect health, of a serene, sunny, and hopeful disposition, and with all this labor sang, in the most melodious way, the best of Scottish songs, or recited some moving bit of ballad poetry. Our darkest days were bright with her presence.' [1] That last sentence expresses the artist-mother.

In Kenneth Grahame's brilliant sketches of childhood, the grown-ups are largely aliens because they have forgotten how to play: they have become solemn and stiff-jointed. But the true-hearted mother dances through the days, not so much stopping for a game as letting the play of voice, gesture, and smile run ever gayly through the routine and the commonplace, lighting it as the play of light flickers over the sturdiest oak in a forest.

[1] *My Education and Religion*, 30. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925.

The Mother as Healer. Even more than a playfellow is the mother-artist, a healer of your wound. You rush to her with a thorn in your flesh, but even more with a thorn in your spirit. She understands the agony of being teased by big brothers, frightened by a monstrous dog, or finding your favorite flower trampled to the ground when it was just in bud. She does not laugh when you say tragically, 'I'd rather have had my head cut off than to have my iris broken.'

She can console you with bright new glimpses of life that transform your darkness. Twenty years afterward you will remember that, when you woefully broke your china doll, she always tried to get a new head that had *just* the same hair and eyes and expression as the first had. Ungratefully you have forgotten a million of her mercies and her long-suffering, and part of what she bore for you you never know till you reach her age on the path of experience. But still the thought of her is fragrant with the balm of healing she poured in childhood over your aching wounds. She let no child sleep in sorrow.

The Mother as Tempter to Goodness. My artist-mother trusted largely to the swift movement of gayety, rhythm, and humor to make her train of children go smoothly, rather than to the jarring coercion of puffs and pulls. She used the many crisp, spicy moral sayings in 'Through the Looking-Glass' and 'Br'er Rabbit.' As children we knew both books by heart and the racy sentences often swung us happily across dangerous pitfalls of bad behavior. The answer of the hobbling old Frog footman when Alice said she had knocked at the door: 'Mustn't do that, mustn't do that! Wexes it, you know,' have served to bar out more important

knocks and blows. How often we laughed at the White Queen's anxious: 'Consider what time it is, consider what a long way you've come to-day, consider what a great girl you are, consider anything, but don't cry!' So we learned merrily the first A B C of the lesson that thought can lead us from the wilderness of self-pity into a happy and fertile world.

The Mother as Herald of Peace. Above all, the artist-mother is full of peace and tenderness. Children need a setting of great peace. Their world is glittering and brittle; like glass it reflects the faces near it. Children feel an irritable atmosphere with instant snappiness. They blossom in a protecting peace. To them anger is a poison in large doses, while in those who survive, it becomes inert. Therefore, 'Hold off your interfering hand but watch as the gardener watches his plants,' is the wise advice of our modern teachers, of Ellen Key, and of Maria Montessori.

'Parents do not see that during the whole life the need of peace is never greater than in the years of childhood, an inner peace under all external unrest. The child has to enter into relations with his own infinite world, to conquer it, to make it the object of his dreams. But what does he experience? Obstacles, interference, corrections, the whole livelong day. The child is always required to leave something alone, or to do something different, to find something different, or to want something different from what he does, or finds, or wants. He is always shunted off in another direction from that toward which his own character is leading him. . . .

'The pure, warm, clear atmosphere in which father, mother, and children live together in freedom and con-

fidence; where none are kept isolated from the interests of the others; but each possesses full freedom for his own personal interest; where none trenches on the rights of others; where all are willing to help one another when necessary — in this atmosphere . . . individuality can find its just freedom.' [1]

The deepest source of peace to a child is his parents' overarching tenderness. Into it he cuddles, as back once more in the warm nest. How beautifully has Tolstoy described this reassuring love:

'You sit at the tea table in your high chair; you have drunk your cup of milk and sugar long ago; sleep is gluing your eyes together, but you do not stir from the spot, you sit and listen —. And how can you help listening? Mamma is talking with some one and the sound of her voice is so sweet, so courteous. That sound alone says so much to my heart. With eyes dimmed with slumber, I gaze upon her face and all at once she has become small, her face is no larger than a button, but I see it just as plainly still. I see her look at me and smile. . . . "You will go to sleep again, Nikolinka," says Mamma. "You had better go upstairs."

'"I don't want to go to bed, Mamma," you reply, and the healthy sleep of childhood closes your lids. . . . You feel in your dreams that somebody's soft hand is touching you; you recognize it by that touch alone, and still sleeping you seize it and press it warmly, oh! so warmly, to your lips. Every one has already departed; one candle only burns in the drawing-room. Mamma has said that she should wake me; it is she who has sat down in the chair in which I am sleeping and strokes

[1] Ellen Key: *The Century of the Child*, 111 and 162. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1909.

my hair with her wonderful, soft hand, and in my ears resounds the dear familiar voice: "Get up, my darling, it is time to go to bed." . . .

'I spring up, encircle her neck with my arms, press my head to her bosom with a sigh and say: "Oh, dear, dear Mamma, how I love you!" After that, perhaps, when you go upstairs and stand before the images in your wadded dressing gown, what a wonderful sensation you experience when you say, "O Lord, save Papa and Mamma." In repeating the prayers (which my mouth lisped for the first time after my beloved mother) the love of her and of God are united, in some strange fashion, in one feeling.

'After your prayer you wrap yourself in the bedclothes with a spirit light, bright, and inspiring . . . You thrust your favorite porcelain playthings — a dog and a hare — into the corner of the down pillow, and it pleases you to think how warm and comfortable they will be there. You pray again that God will grant happiness to all, that every one may be content, and that the weather to-morrow may be good for walking. You turn on the other side; your thoughts and dreams intermingle confusedly and intertwine, and you fall asleep.

'Can any time be better than that when the two greatest virtues — innocent gayety and unbounded thirst for love — were the only requirements of life?' [1]

Into this haven of peace the ship of childhood should come every night. We pity the well-fed children in an orphanage; we are glad for the dirty-faced baby in our alley, if only he has in his mother that quiet, and year by year enlarging haven in which he can rest without fear of storm.

[1] *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*, 53.

The Mother as Interpreter. From the very dawn of questioning, mothers are to their children interpreters of the meaning of life. Were hospitals ever a place of haunting terror to you? Not if your mother very early took you at Christmas to the Children's Hospital and let you sing carols to the little children in bed and show them the wonderful manger with real oxen and a tiny, shimmering Christ child that you had helped to make in school. Sickness blended into health, then, through the healing of good will.

A child first faced death at three years old and rushed to her mother weeping and holding out a lifeless bird. 'It's broken its neck, darling.' 'Then the doctor will make it a new one,' she insisted. 'No, dear, it can't get a new neck. We'll put it away in the ground and cover it under moss.' 'Well, Mother, then it will sleep a little while, and be all better, and sing?' 'No,' she answered tenderly, 'its body is dead, but I think its little soul has gone to heaven and will sing to God.' A quick vision of beauty dried the child's tears: 'Oh, then it's a little God-bird,' she said, and was comforted.

Even more when the mother meets problems of right and wrong is she an interpreter to her child. 'Please, Constance, put away your toys.' 'I don't want to,' she pouts. Then the mother faces the great opportunity to choose a lower or higher appeal. Shall she threaten punishment? Shall she offer a reward? Shall she oppose will to will? Shall she yield to the tired baby? Shall she rise to the greatest, most enduring, most symbolic of appeals? Shall she try to convey to this fretful little one the first letters of the marvelous truth that we are never quite ourselves, never quite

happy, never the children of blessing God meant us to be, until we have yielded our will to the will of the best we know?

As we grow up, harder questions meet and baffle us. 'I sometimes almost wish you were little again, for when you had sorrows as children I could always comfort you,' she said to her grown-up daughter, who was struggling with a hard decision. Yet no less then was the mother a comforter, for she was as always an interpreter, ready with looks and words that linked the puzzling experience to the anchor of a sustaining faith. She was an interpreter of the love of God. His kindness shone in her welcoming eyes; His bounty was poured out by her in unexpected gifts, beneficent as a spring shower; His love wrote itself in her tender, ardent labels tucked in a birthday package. When death swept over our household we saw the unquenchable flood of her sorrow, but we saw also the glory of her triumphing faith. Dimly, but truly, we knew even then that sorrow is not the opposite of joy, because both spring from the soul of love to make it blossom anew, as sun and rain work together to prepare the earth for flowers.

The Mother's Sources of Strength. The mother as teacher of the fine art of living — and that is her hourly task — draws on two springs of living water, reverence and gayety. The world is God's revelation to her. She sees it freshly every morning. The beauty of each sunny day, the refreshing sound of showers, the kindness of a neighbor, the red lily that opened in the night, the chance to give to those who need, the rhythm of children's footsteps pattering down the hall — these light her eyes with a contagious reverence.

When the children quarrel she draws on the sources of unreleased goodness below their pettishness. 'You and Betty are feeling irritated with Hester, aren't you?' she says. 'Now the very best thing you can do is to make her the prettiest present you can. Then I am quite sure you will love her again.' The cure works.

Out of her reverence springs her perpetual happiness; her gayety is the dancing overflow from waves of joy and conviction. Her life is anchored to faith, whence she knows that nothing can happen to her that may not be made a means of grace. She is not dependent on happiness; therefore she is happy. She is bound to the service of God; therefore she is free.

The Mother as Liberator. Lastly the mother must be a Garibaldi, the liberator of her comrades. Because she loves them she wants to set them free even from dependence on herself. It is not easy. They seem too young, too unformed for self-government. Yet the true mother desires them to be in many ways unlike herself in their plans and tastes. At some poignant moment she faces the agony that Mary must have felt when Jesus, her boy of twelve, met her anxious questioning with the strange answer: 'Woman, what have I to do with thee? Wist thou not that I must be about my Father's business?'

Gradually she turns agony to insight because she too wants her son to go about his Father's business, as far from her guidance as the calls of that sacred business shall demand, even if it must be unto death. This is the mother's final self-conquest. It cannot come all at once. She lets her little girl cross the streets to school alone, and her boy have his first gun. In the summer she trusts him to run the steam launch with his younger

brother aboard, and when darkness falls and they are not back yet, she cries almost broken-heartedly, with beseeching hands, 'Oh, I thought it was the right thing to do. I'm training myself; I'm training myself!' Later she greets the returning children with a merry word.

When she has welcomed the work and the mate her child chooses, she knows that her special task is almost over. She has prepared herself during many years to trust the guidance of God; for after all, the parent of children, like the parent of plans, or of invisible hopes or books or railways, must send her children trustingly into the world, certain that the ruler of the universe is greater than she.

'I bind a talisman of love about her strenuous heart.
I love her and I give her up to God.'

CHAPTER III

FATHERS

FATHERS are coming, though still modestly, to recognize their own value, and to see that it takes two parents to bring up children to their best. Occasionally a heroic mother or a tender-hearted father manages to fill both parts in the drama of education, but Dr. William Healy's investigations both in Chicago and in Boston show that almost half of juvenile delinquency comes from homes broken by the death or absence of one parent, or cracked by quarrels between the two.[1]

Although the number of true fathers is increasing we still have not nearly as many real fathers as real mothers. Indeed we have been so short of fathers that we have had to invent 'big brothers,' an inferior though gratefully accepted substitute.

Apart from the dastardly fathers who desert their unborn children, there are the 'business first' fathers. 'Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief': which of them comes home and takes a strengthening, steadying daily part in the upbringing of his children? The doctor feels badly about it, but he cannot leave his office till six-thirty; the lawyer absolutely needs his game of court tennis to keep him in good shape for his important patent case; the poor man has hard work enough with the

[1] Healy and Bronner: *Delinquents and Criminals*, 122. There were normal homes for only fifty-one per cent of delinquents, twenty-seven per cent were half orphans, four per cent were orphans, fifteen per cent had separated parents, a little over two per cent were illegitimate, in seventeen per cent the mother worked.

H.C.L. to make two ends meet in the children's clothes — he can't attend to their character. The beggar-man is banished even in Italy, and the thief is on the edge of nervous prostration, what with all these prosecutions and convictions. As for the Indian chief, he smokes his pipe in the closed sanctum of his study. He doesn't like noisy children. In fact, all the fathers are so busy that the short legs of little children can't keep up in the race and they are soon lost to sight. The business world is like that of 'Through the Looking-Glass.' Run your hardest and you find yourself at the finish under the same tree from which you started. Half orphans are always to be pitied and to the golf orphan it sometimes seems as if it did not make much difference whether his father is on the turf every afternoon till the children's bedtime, or under the turf.

Why is it uncommon to see fathers who give enough time to sons and daughters? Mostly I think because of the inherent *hopefulness* of Americans, which makes us oblivious of time and of the stern necessities of choice. 'Just now I cannot see them much, but by and by' — and when by and by comes the children are five feet one inch, or six feet tall, according to their nature, and off at college. Americans tend continually to be in the middle of a game, whether of business, bridge, or baseball. They can't always hear the dinner bell, still less the uncertain sound of their children's call. So they wait indefinitely, vaguely, for the day to come when ——

On an ocean-going steamer some years ago we met a man traveling alone, who looked at us enviously. 'I was always going to take time off to see my wife,' he said, 'and at last, after twenty-six years, I planned it.

Then the doctor told me she had only six months to live.' Such tragedy is exceptional, but children who grow up and grow away while fathers work down town are not. What can be done about it? I know no remedy but the deliberate facing of our aims. How much is friendship with our children worth? Some sacrifice of money and comfort, some sacrifice even of health or recreation? If so, why continue on a path that will lead us farther and farther away from them? We must quite consciously sacrifice luxury or comfort, as it may be, both for them and for ourselves, and give all that we have to win the pearl of great price, their trust.

This need of fathers is peculiarly great in the education of boys from twelve to fifteen. Probably there are more unwritten tragedies in the wrong facing of sex at that age than there are problem plays of later love. I think of a boy of fifteen who for ten years suffered tortures on account of hearing of the horrors of prostitution from a disreputable comrade. 'Oh, if my father had only talked it out with me!' he cried, years afterward. 'Then I could have kept my balance.'

Here are a few sentences quoted from a lonely girl: 'Mothers say, "Sh! Daddy is reading. We must be quiet because he has no other time. He is busy earning money for us all day." When a child has been waiting all day for his father to come home so that they can play together, his being busy even then is a harder blow than the parents realize. The child's spirit is repressed until it finally breaks if no outlet can be found. No matter how busy the father is, he should set aside a certain amount of time at night to spend with his children and get acquainted. Then the child will feel

satisfied because he has received attention. The father too will begin to look forward to this time, not as a duty but as fun and recreation.'

The Father as a 'True Sport.' Blessed are the boys and girls who have real fathers — fathers who take them off on camping trips without a guide, who read with them, work with them, play with them, share their problems. Such boys may not for a long time need specific advice. Among the types of fathers are some who correspond in their way to artist-mothers. In *Children* for January 1927, the national head of the Boy Scouts tells his story, with the preamble that the main thing that ails our young people to-day is the indifference of their parents a few years ago. 'Your son . . . will never forget that rainy afternoon when you and he evolved your first masterpiece, the flower stand for his mother, a bit rickety perhaps, but definite evidence of your joint efforts.' [1] Nor will he forget the mountains climbed at breakneck speed, the tennis court laid out together with a homemade triangle for the corners, or that gusty day when you two were captain and crew in the boat race.

Fortune favors the brave in a double sense. The weather does not always clear nor our side win, but the real need in human nature — especially in Anglo-Saxon human nature — to have adventure means that hardship shared *is* good fortune. Things we went through together, these we remember, these unite. A fire breaks out in the hay barn; the house is in danger; a heavy wind blows in its direction. You can help your father with hose and water buckets, you can

[1] James E. West: 'Building Family Friendships,' in *Children: A Magazine for Parents.*

sprint to the nearest fire alarm. You will never forget the sight of him, clear, firm, swift to direct, and serene in spirit, with a serenity whose depth, layer below layer, it takes you years to recognize as the sustaining strength of single-mindedness.

So a most uncomfortable, soaking-wet night in a leaking A tent off in the woods with your father may be the night of nights just because he was so jolly and such a good sport about it all. The younger generation is right that we don't have enough adventures nowadays, wrong only in thinking that bootlegging is the typical adventure.

The Father as Poet. The poet-father, like the artist-mother, is the true poet in living, wordless though he be, a Keats in silent love of flowers, a mute Browning in his appreciation of all kinds of people. An example from a very different field will illustrate this artist quality. 'What is it that charms us in these stanzas from a fifteenth-century carol?' asks John L. Lowes, quoting the exquisite

'I sing of a maiden
That is makeles;
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

'He came al so still
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

'He came al so still
To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

'He came al so still
There his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.'

Professor Lowes' answer is this: 'The balance between recurrence and variation is so delicately kept that monotony itself becomes the signal for a fresh surprise.' [1]

So fathers can be poets, because they too can make recurrence itself the signal of something delightfully new. Such was my father's homecoming. Every week-day morning he went to his office in Boston, every afternoon he returned by the one-twenty-three train, and we heard at two-five his footstep on the piazza. So far monotony, recurrence. But he was each day newly the same; his was the same refreshing unexpectedness. In what most people would call an uneventful day he had found the happiness of interesting sights and varying people. We needed him to be the same — tender, dependable, resourceful, clear-cut. That would have been enough. But he was a poet by nature. So he gave more: newness, surprise, playful reserves, swift leaps from out of dark silence into the light. We could not outgrow him because, oaklike, he grew to the end. We could not feel him old because to the end he was younger than any of his children. Recurrence and surprise, both together, give home life its charm.

The Father as Standard-Bearer. There is the father who is unconsciously often the standard-bearer, the father to whom you find you cannot lie. 'I remember even now,' said a man of fifty, 'how crushingly I felt ashamed when as a boy my father caught me in a false-

[1] *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, 97, 98.

hood. I can see the very place in the front hall where it happened. It was not that he punished me or that he spoke severely. It was his look of utter horror at the lie.' 'My father,' said President Roosevelt, 'was the best man I ever knew. He combined strength and courage with gentleness, tenderness, and great unselfishness. He would not tolerate in us children selfishness or cruelty, idleness, cowardice, or untruthfulness. As we grew older he made us feel that the same standard of clean living was demanded for the boys as for the girls; that what was wrong in a woman could not be right in a man. With great love and patience and the most understanding sympathy and consideration he combined insistence on discipline. He never physically punished me but once, but he was the only man of whom I was ever really afraid.' [1]

I like to notice that this father's strong-rooted character was not a single trunk but branched. He united sympathy with discipline and courage with gentleness. I like to notice too the qualities he condemned as *always* wrong and would not tolerate: selfishness, cruelty, idleness, cowardice, untruthfulness; and those that he did *not* invariably condemn: disobedience, anger, disorder, noisiness, unpunctuality. Most of all it is striking that even the impulsive, energetic, aggressive Theodore was punished physically but once in all his youth, and that fear of his father sprang not from direct discipline but from that father's standards which in themselves compelled reverence.

The Father as Interpreter. The understanding father, the one to whom any puzzled child can tell anything, is sometimes that patient, lonely man who is trying to

[1] *Autobiography*, 9, 10.

take the place of father and mother too. Often he has absorbed the qualities of the wife who has left him. He has become gentle who used to be stern; long-suffering, he who had a short temper; receptive, he who used to domineer. 'I can tell Daddy anything,' says his daughter. 'He has got the fairest mind of anybody I ever knew.'

Here is a delicious picture of the gay father, in the Life of Arthur L. Perry, by his son Carroll: 'In heaven, directly after one has gotten the lay of the land, one will find my father where the wit is keenest, the humor most humane, the laughter the heartiest, and the hope for mankind the most sure.'

The Father as Liberator. This story of a temptation to rightdoing given by a father to his child was written down by me from the lips of the girl, then nineteen years old.

'There was one punishment I shall never forget and that changed my entire outlook. It was when I was very little; I went into the kitchen to look for something to eat. Eleven cents were on the windowsill. A longing to buy some candy came over me and I took one cent. Then I thought, "One cent won't buy much of anything," and I went back and took the ten-cent piece. The cook came in and looked at the windowsill. "Where is the money that was on the sill?" I hastily hid the money on a narrow shelf in the dark hall outside the kitchen. With excited eagerness — I was too young to realize that the very eagerness was suspicious — I exclaimed, "I haven't got it. You can look me all over. There's nothing in my hands or in my pocket," and I marched away.

'Later when the kitchen was empty I crept back

and felt for the money. It was there. I seized it. Eleven cents will buy an enormous amount of candy! I did not want so much after all. Six cents gave me a bulging package. The clerk handed me back five cents over the counter. As I took it a strange feeling came over me. It was as if I had been slapped. Before I had been scared, but now I hated that five-cent piece. I realized revoltingly that though the clerk had given it to me it wasn't mine. The candy was my favorite kind, but it tasted badly. I gave away most of it. I did not want to eat any. It was no fun playing in the yard. I walked away from the other children and into the house.

'In the hall my father met me. He looked not so much angry as heart-broken. "Hannah has made a charge against you that I simply cannot believe," he said. "Will you go into the dining-room and sit down while I ask her about it again?"

'Scared, repentant, ashamed, I sat there alone for fifteen minutes. No thought of lying came into my mind. I knew that I must tell the truth if he asked me, and every moment the dread sank in deeper.

'When my father came at last I could see in his face that he knew the truth, but still the look in his eyes was not anger but almost agony. Then he told me, in words that moved me more than any punishment, that he was responsible to God for my life. In my wrong-doing he had failed. If he had brought me up as he ought to have brought me up, I could not have done this deed. "You must help me, you must help me."

'Then came my punishment. I was to wrap the hateful five-cent piece in a bit of paper, write on it plainly just what I had done, and keep it where it

would never be forgotten. It was a grayish bit of newspaper edge in which I wrapped the money up. "I stole eleven cents." It was awful to write it. There was a little red tea-kettle on the mantelpiece. I hid it in that and there it stayed for over a year.

'I never wanted to steal again. The punishment was not merely palliative. It really rooted out any desire to steal as completely as a surgical operation cures a disease. For the first time I realized my father's point of view. I saw his responsibility for me. If there had been the slightest artificiality in his sorrow, if it had been in any degree put on for my benefit, it would have failed to move me. It was the entire identification of his failure with my failure that made me realize all the rest of my childhood that grown-ups were not alien beings to be combatted, but a part of my own life.'

This story needs little analysis, but it holds much meaning. Notice: (*a*) That she stole in order to get candy, and therefore when *money* was returned a new shame destroyed her pleasure. (*b*) The time alone in the dining-room, with no immediate condemnation, no forcing of confession at once. (*c*) That her father's sorrow was for his *own* failure in her, wholly free from a personal rebuke to her. (*d*) That her punishment involved record and memory, not pain or reproof extraneous to the deed. Notice above all that through the father's complete immanence of feeling, the relationship between them became closer than ever before. He atoned for her guilt, and drew her with himself into freedom.

CHAPTER IV

SOCIAL WORKERS

THE attitude of the finest social workers has rarely been pictured with more persuasive beauty than in Victor Hugo's noble bishop, truly a fisher of men. The quality of his ministry serves so well to introduce that of all ministering social workers that I shall quote one example in full.

'A tragic event occurred at D. A man was condemned to death for murder. . . . A priest was needed to attend the criminal in his last moments. They sent for the curé. It seems that he refused to come, saying, "That is no affair of mine. I have nothing to do with that unpleasant task, and with that mountebank; I, too, am ill; and besides, it is not my place." This reply was reported to the Bishop, who said, "Monsieur le Curé is right: it is not his place, it is mine."

'He went instantly to the prison, descended to the cell of the "mountebank," called him by name, took him by the hand, and spoke to him. He passed the entire day with him, forgetful of food and sleep, praying to God for the soul of the condemned man, and praying the condemned man for his own. He told him the best truths, which are also the most simple. He was father, brother, friend; he was bishop only to bless. He taught him everything, encouraged and consoled him. The man was on the point of dying in despair. He was not sufficiently ignorant to be absolutely indifferent. His condemnation, which had been a profound shock, had in a manner broken through,

here and there, that wall which separates us from the mystery of things, and which we call life. He gazed incessantly beyond this world through these fatal breaches, and beheld only darkness. The Bishop made him see light.

'On the following day, when they came to fetch the unhappy wretch, the Bishop was still there. He followed him, and exhibited himself to the eyes of the crowd in his purple camail and with his episcopal cross upon his neck, side by side with the criminal bound with cords.

'He mounted the tumbril with him, he mounted the scaffold with him. The sufferer, who had been so gloomy and cast down on the preceding day, was radiant. He felt that his soul was reconciled, and he hoped in God. The Bishop embraced him and said to him: "God raises from the dead him whom man slays; he whom his brothers have rejected finds his Father once more. Pray, believe, enter into life: the Father is there." When he descended from the scaffold, there was something in his look which made the people draw aside to let him pass. On his return to the humble dwelling which he designated with a smile as his palace, he said to his sister, "I have just officiated pontifically."' [1]

Following the same Master whom the bishop served are three other social workers whom I shall now describe. The first is like a mother of two hundred children to the women in her reformatory, finding in each a heart of gold; the second is like a teacher training youth in his prison to think, reason, and record; while the third (working among foreigners) has made her office recall to them their homeland.

[1] *Les Misérables*, I. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood.

My friend Jessie D. Hodder has arms wide enough to take within their enfolding care the problems of two hundred bewildered prisoners, and to think of each not as a criminal but as a lonely girl. She has loved her own children and she is consecrated especially to all little girls because of a far-away grave that she cannot forget. She has had great hopes shattered, and therefore she can understand tragic wrongdoing. She has sealed away with a triple seal all bitterness over the past, and therefore she can rightly ask others to begin again in newness of life. For her this new life is many-sided. My thought of her recalls deliciously cooked mushrooms, laughter over O. Henry, delight in the beauty of ice storms, and the up-to-date care of young bulls. I recall also her firm resolution and her silent prayer. She is wise about baby clothes and the building of chimneys as well as how to make politicians see her point of view.

The flashes of wisdom in her nature help her to see hearts of gold in women who make their first appearance sullenly before her. This gold is buried, but once seen it can be dug out. She asks herself questions first: Who are these girls? What do they care for? What are they anxious about? What have they had in their homes, and what have they seen in their lovers? What are, not my ideals for them, so much as their ideals for themselves? What are their rooted loyalties? What can they do well and with enthusiasm? What ought to be their place in the world? What is it that pulls them out of the true, and what will restore them? How can I make a somewhat abnormal life become normal?

Questions, questions, what stimulating things they

are! We blunder on dull and half asleep till some one puts a question. Can you direct me to Harvard Square? Even that tiny stimulus makes us alert, communicative, satisfied with success in a tiny act of kindness, or resolved to get that street map out at once. 'What do you know?' flared up like a great bonfire in 1927, and 'Ask me Another' has called all the United States to a voluntary school. But why wait for the timid stranger or the enterprising newspaper to question us? Why not question ourselves, and meet others with questions? Strangers and inquirers as we are in this uncharted land of human souls on their way to salvation.

My genius of a social worker is always asking questions of herself, not the stereotyped questions some other has worked out, dull as the printed sentiment on a birthday card, but new questions, human questions needing answers. All these except the last on my list above are clues for parent, teacher, and social worker alike. Her solutions are vistas for us all. As I look again, I see that even this last question bears on the work of teachers, of many social workers, and even of parents whose homes are complicated by illness or old age in the household. How can I make life quite normal in a boarding school, or in a home where little children must be kept quiet to soothe the nerves of the old? How can I take this so-called abnormal experience and make even it the chance of a lifetime?

Here are a few of the answers Mrs. Hodder gives as she marshals strong temptations to rightdoing in the forbidding atmosphere of a rigidly locked reformatory:

Increase their interests, open new avenues to them, for wrongdoing often comes through lack of interests.

A stray pigeon flies into the Reformatory yard and lands among the hens and chickens. She seizes it, metaphorically, to arouse imagination and a new interest. Her own enthusiasm makes theirs catch fire. A pigeon — what kind? A carrier pigeon. How interesting! Carrier pigeons often travel back home several hundred miles. Let's call up the newspaper and find if any one near owns and values this banded pigeon. So gayly the incident lights the dun setting of the prison. If it does not directly change character, it arouses imagination and interest, those allies against wrong. Here, says the superintendent, is an entirely new world quite unlike ours, the world of pigeon fanciers.

At another time she accents loyalty. Get the women to care, care, care! That's the glorious thing in the world. Here is a woman with a new baby whose lover offered to marry her. The Reformatory, wanting her to love the baby, made it an exquisite outfit. Her lover was in California and asked her to join him. The officers wrote to every linking Travelers' Aid Society for friendly help to her across the continent. So she went to be married, carrying naïvely her baby in her arms. Five years later the husband acknowledged the child as his, and both are happy.

Mrs. Hodder deals with women; her colleague Dr. Guy Fernald in Concord deals like a teacher with recalcitrant boys. What are the temptations to right-doing for these? This psychiatrist asks first the same question she asks: Who are these young men? 'In my first interview they assume,' he says, 'an attitude sometimes high-headed and superior, sometimes

truculent, sometimes bombastic, sometimes overjocose, but I get through that quickly. I try to create an atmosphere that brings truthfulness. With boys it is right to be very direct, definite, even rough and ready, to the point, clear-cut and sharp, but never for a moment discourteous. When I see them drop their assumed expressions and look absorbed in what I am trying to tell them, that to me is success. I have touched the center.

'These young fellows are more truthful when not pressed beyond their desire to tell, and when told that their statements will not be checked up. Having won their assurance of my loyalty I get them first to write out in detail an account of how they got into trouble and why, and then I get them to measure their standards with those of people they know, their fathers for example, and later to make a clear and definite plan of how they mean to run their future lives. It is this making of a new plan that I consider the best help, far greater in result than an emotional appeal that would soon be forgotten.'

Here is a social worker who uses as the best temptation to reform the intellectual appeal of the teacher, who throws the boys back on their own memory and reasoning and believes that the truest friendship is to make them think for themselves.

Social workers and teachers, I have said, often lack the homelike atmosphere which makes confidence and happiness sprout. Parents fit up lovely rooms for children, but here as my third example of the social worker is the description by one of my friends of that much rarer room, an alluring *office!*

'We passed along the crowded sidewalks of a lively business street to the point where it suddenly becomes Italian in signs and population, and, stopping before a homely brick business block, typical of many American cities, turned away from hot sunny pavements into a dark, dusty doorway. It was framed by dreary indexes of business occupants. Up the dingy stair we followed staring black-and-white signs that are like a pain in the eyes, through shadowy corridors smelling of old gas jets and of old tobacco smoke, to Miss Hall's office.

'Unconsciously, no doubt, we were expecting the usual disinterested-looking room, stereotyped dullness with the terribly obvious and forbidding shapes of roller-top desks and filing cabinets. Such a place might be decorated by old-fashioned portraits of the society's early pioneers and benefactors. At best the desk might give a hint of the secretary's tastes or outside interests — a vase of cornflowers or mignonette and the photograph of a mountain, of a bird, or of a best friend, framed in silver — some bit of irrelevance to lift her thoughts from time to time away from the day's work. But we were quite unprepared for what actually appeared.

'The door was hospitably open and against the hot sunlight of the window opposite, from sill to top green plants made a refreshing and beautiful screen. We had hardly finished absorbing this pleasure when, moving through the doorway, the eye was caught by the glorious blue of a colored photograph of the Bay of Naples, luminous on the wall at the right. A step farther and we stood before a spirited portrait of Garibaldi in his red shirt, with little flags of Italy and of

the United States waving above it. By this time friendly faces and voices met us and we moved so quickly to subjects of lovely human interest that, if there was a roller-top desk and if there were filing cabinets, as there must have been, I, for one, missed them.

'These external evidences of thought for the character and point of view of the unending procession of known and unknown Italian peasants in difficulties, and of volunteers who wanted to understand and help them, went very deep, we discovered later. The discussion of their problems was searching but kind. It would have stood the test of the presence of their compatriots and friends.

'On the table in the alcove were Italian Government reports on the customs and characteristics of the Italian *contadini*. There was an index of towns from which the peasants actually come, so that one might with a little study know something of the home background of each, the particular olive groves, or sulphur mines, or saints' days that concern them. And upon closer inspection, among the green plants against the window was the final and conclusive evidence of sympathetic understanding of things dear to the Italian peasant, a pot of *sweet basil*. This is the herb of which a sprig may be used so variously — to flavor food, to wear in the coat or tucked over the ear, just for gayety. In the most crowded sections of American industrial cities, on the narrowest window ledges, this is the scrap of green one may see growing in the most unlikely places for freshness and beauty, in an Italian tenement.

'Who, be his errand simple or tragic and his mind

empty or full, could go away entirely unstirred by such evidences of flexible and sympathetic imagination in his hostess?'

What is the goal of such workers as these? I will answer with words of my dear friend Lucy Wright.

'When I try to help in a family disaster what I want to know is, how far from the earliest beginnings of disaster the members of this family themselves, instead of seeing themselves as the victims of circumstances, held themselves, as it were, voluntarily in a hard situation as fighters in it and as interpreters of their own experience. Or was there silence between the parents, between parents and children, between family physician and patients, as they met mental and physical disaster?

'I do not like to examine the problem of old age, physical and mental handicap, or any other social problem, except in terms of the whole life. Nor do I like to examine them in any different terms from those in which I study the problems of youth and husky middle life. I do not see these individuals as victims unless they hold themselves so. Nor do I think of them in terms of their "patience, heroic fortitude, or self-sacrificing love." I think of them, rather, in terms of *how they met the challenge which life presents* to them.

'Blindness and mental and physical disease are terrific given conditions to live up to. The most nearly adequate battle-cry that I have gathered from my intimacy with the lives of heavily handicapped people I find expressed in the lines of Robert Browning:

> "To man, propose this test —
> Thy body at its best,
> How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

When I see a skilled worker tackle the situation of a person in bitter need, what I long to have both wrest from the experience is some answer to Browning's question: an answer which might conceivably contribute toward adult and social education. Only so, I believe, are we likely to relate social case work to social psychology in a way which will enrich the experience for worker, for client, and for the group. Some one has had early or late the inside opportunity to help as a social worker. What did he give this family to "go on" in their struggle with mental and physical disease, and what did they do with it?

'The right sort of social worker will rarely if ever find herself confronted with "commonplace lives." Given creatures made of anything but nails and sawdust, we are much nearer to the most poignant Greek tragedy than to the commonplace, whether we see it as a struggle for life between two generations, an industrial conflict, or as a struggle of individuals to live with mental or physical disease. We must not be so busy pitying that we fail to sense the "situation" and miss the way in which it is being met. It is because I believe that among the so-called "commonplace" there are individuals able to give us, who are more fortunate, cards and spades on how to meet disaster, that I want to get their whole story in the light of an inquiry concerning their *total experience*, their situation, and their attitude toward it. It is this side, rather than the endurance side, that I am personally interested in.

'I want to know whether the parents fought the evils confronting them, whether they tried to pass along to their children any weapons with which to do battle. It seems to me of comparatively little importance

whether they succeeded or failed, but rather how they all conceived their parts in helping determine the life of the next generation, and how they did battle to that end. Had I not seen people under terrible loads controlling the only thing in their power, their own choices and attitude toward disaster, I could not take this position. But I am convinced that families having fearful experiences and facing even destruction have, in the doing of it, something to disclose to us all. The only real tragedy, it sometimes seems to me, is their keeping their interpretation of it from each other and from the rest of us.'

The interpretation of experience, in order to find its lesson, is the form of rightdoing to which social workers and those with whom they work must mutually tempt one another.

CHAPTER V

TEACHERS

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN,[1] in his stimulating and startling way, remarks that 'a good teacher is like a jailer, with this difference, that his aim is, not to keep persons in, but to let them out of prison. The students are constantly fastening the bolts and pulling down the shutters on themselves, while the master endeavors to show them how to avoid doing so.'

Mr. Chapman is surely right that opening windows and doors to let children out is the work of all teachers who enjoy their subject. But more and more, teachers think of their work as not only opening educational windows to the best that the world has found, but as taking off the fetters of an undisciplined character so that when bolts are out and the shutters open, students can run and not stumble in chains. It is needlessly difficult to climb Mount Everest with shackles or to row with seaweed tangled round your oars. Faults tangle and trip one. Teachers want to take them off.

So, as I tell my students, the teacher is the voice of their future selves. Their greatest want is calling to their temporary wish. They are lingering, picking blueberries part way up the hill. The teacher calls, 'Come up here! There's a view from the top that I know you don't want to miss.' Because he delights in what he sees, he is sure that they will also. Sometimes there is a tone of more anxiety: 'If you don't come soon, it will be too dark to see, even too dark to find

[1] *Memories and Milestones*, 9. Moffat, Yard and Company, 1915.

the way home.' We all want finally to go home, and the home of our desire, our goal, is not easily found without education. My old carpenter looks quite wistful as he tells me how he wishes he had kept on studying to be an architect ('artsheteck' he calls it). 'It must be so wonderful,' he says. 'Why, the architect sees the whole plan of a house right in his mind. If only I had been more ambitious as a boy! But now it is too late.'

'You see,' continues Mr. Chapman, 'education is merely the attempt to prevent the youth from missing his birthright — to prevent him from going by his destination in the night, while he holds a ticket for the great festival in his sleeping hands.' [1]

How exhilarating it is, then, to be a teacher, to wake up sleepy children who without you might miss their fairyland and their feast! What matters it if when they are first waked they are sometimes irritable, or rub their eyes and turn once more over on the pillow. Rouse them if need be again and again. Mr. Chapman uses the simile of a sleeping child, but as a fact little children are usually not sleepy. They wake parents and teachers alike by eager appeals, questions, and merry-making.

At dawn I hear a chorus of robins, catbirds, and song sparrows. At half past ten I hear on the opposite hillside a chorus of children's laughter and glee. Each time it surprises me by bursting out of silence, the unadulterated joyfulness of children leaping out of school for recess. At eleven all is silent again; the birds and the children are busy, but I do not forget to thank the Lord for the unreasoned overflow of each — His daily

[1] *Memories and Milestones*, 73.

proclamation that to the spontaneous spirit the world is good, delicious, enchanting, and so to be laughed over.

With his object in life to give the best that the world has found to the livest inhabitants of this planet, the teacher certainly has a chance equaled by few others. How, then, to become a temptation to rightdoing? I shall speak here of the relation of teacher and pupil, leaving the subjects taught to be suggested in the chapters on 'Education in Appreciation' and 'Interests.' What do students need from an instructor?

I. *Enthusiasm.* First of all, I think, heat transferred to the whole room through whatever subject is taught, not heat that will be a papery inspiration to flare up and die out, but heat that glows and warms like dependable coal. With a few perfectly real exceptions, it is the ardent teacher who is remembered. Among much-loved teachers no longer living, you hear, at Harvard, of Professor James in Psychology; at California, of Professor LeConte in Geology; at Oxford, of Professor Raleigh in English. They warmed their subjects by their own vitality. I recall a teacher in the English Department at Harvard College who once gave so enthusiastic an account of a book — not prescribed for the course — that his students raced to the library after class, at their very lunch hour, to get it out first. Enthusiasm is in part a native quality in great teachers, but it can be increased by training and by penetration into one's subject. When I write about enthusiasm, however, I keep in mind the clever caution of Edward Thring, himself a great teacher, against 'pumping with the lid on.' The more abundant the water the worse will be the result if you have not taken

the lid off the kettle. Therefore at the instant of enthusiasm you must look to see that the class is taking in what you are pouring out; you must remove the lid of inattention from the absent-minded, the discouraged, and the mischievous.

The absent-minded are present in almost every older class, in spite of that well-trained air of attention which they assume. Where are the thoughts of the boys and girls who sit so passively in rows before you? If you should shout, 'Where are you at this moment?' and they were startled into answering truthfully, you would often find them dreaming of some one who is not the teacher and of some subject you are not teaching.

One day in looking over the notebooks of my class in Ethics I found the following letter written among the notes and not torn out. I soon saw with relief that it had not been written in or about my class.

'Dear Polly: I am writing on queer paper, but you see I am in class and the old lady is talking about Current Events. I am terribly bored. I never did care about reading anything in the newspapers except the comic sheet. Are you going to the Yale Game? Is Bob going to take you? . . . Well, now I've got to stop. I guess I'd better kid the teacher along a little and make her think I am interested. Your devoted Dorothy.'

This charming girl needed her lid taken off. She was sunny, unscholarly, absent-minded, living in a much pleasanter realm of thought with Bob and Polly than if she had been forced into hearing about Lenin and Mussolini. But even she, by the second term and when the substitute 'old lady' was retired, waked to Mussolini and Lenin. Perhaps a link was made with types

of character. Was not Bob a leader much like Mussolini? Or she was going to Italy the next summer. Or somehow after many days the interest in the teacher's voice was heard and like a repeated melody she *learned the tune*, and began herself to sing the words to what at the beginning was just a foreign language written to an alien tune. Mysterious as is the process, we do learn the tune on an archaic subject if we keep on even half listening.

'In all pedagogy,' says William James, 'the great thing is to strike the iron while hot, and to seize the wave of the pupil's interest in each successive subject before its ebb has come, so that knowledge may be got and a habit of skill acquired — a headway of interest, in short, secured, on which afterward the individual may float.' [1]

II. *Recognition, or Making Much of Each Member of the Class.* Each autumn I am surprised to find how even calling a student by name without looking at your printed list will wake his interest in the subject you are teaching. We need to be recognized as real rather than as a pupil, a patient, or a prisoner. Knowing the face that goes with the name is a meager beginning but it is a clue. In every class there are apparently colorless individuals who look and seem so like one another that it takes long to identify them. At the outset it is a decided advantage for a boy to have a large nose, or for a girl's head to flame with red hair. Cyrano would never have been overlooked by his teacher. But when a hay-colored student hands in a faded paper it sometimes takes months to know him or her.

[1] *Principles of Psychology*, II, 401. Henry Holt and Company, 1890.

Yet the colorless are usually those who most need a teacher or a friend — unhappy, lonely, or counted dull in every class, or in our pathetic term, 'nonentities.' To turn these nonentities into beings is a life-giving opportunity. They gain color just by the sunning process of recognition. There is always a chance *to make much of people* or to belittle them. I hate to see any one shrivel under belittlement. It is like seeing a young face grow wizened, an opening flower droop, a fountain dry to a trickle. But to make much of people, what an exhilarating kind of horticulture — sun and shade, watering, cultivating, pruning, even transplanting, but always for the sake of making very much of each shrub on our grounds.

'The quivering mind is very shy,' says Angelo Patri, understandingly. 'The slightest jolt, a dramatic note, a change of tone will send it scurrying back behind the wall.' [1] You can't teach scurrying minds much of anything, and therefore the adequate teacher tries early and always to bring in happiness through recognition of the good in each child, and to drive away all fear except fear of the Lord.

It has been prophesied by an experienced college dean that most C men could be raised to B men, though comparatively few B men could be raised to A men. I find something of the same kind in teaching Ethics, which to my students is a new and difficult discipline. Recognition as a real person and the removal of inhibiting fear often lifts the standard of work a peg and occasionally reveals buried talent. The greatest will help themselves but there is need of helping 'the least of these.' There is much stimulus too.

[1] *The Problems of Childhood*, 18. D. Appleton and Company, 1926.

It is like watching a seed sprout, for the almost invisible becomes visible. More and more as I teach I like to fish for those called dull. It is curiously hard not to be impatient with or slightly scornful of the dull. That rigorous law of the ten talents — to him who hath shall be given — overmasters our magnanimity. The world indeed helps those who help themselves, but we, the teachers, want equally to help those who do not know how to help themselves. That is the essence and the glory of teaching.

III. *Differentiation of the So-called Dull.* Dullness is not one thing only. Students are called dull when physically handicapped, when unaroused, when absent-minded, when puzzled, when terrified, when slow but deep thinking, as well as when feeble-minded. We have recognized and in good measure allowed for and modified the dullness due to physical causes, poor hearing, nearsightedness, adenoids, lack of sleep, but we have not yet sufficiently worked over the dullness due in part at least to being frightened, confused, baffled, uninterested, self-conscious, or discouraged.

I once overheard this touching conversation — four children, seven to ten, talking:

Anne: 'Susan is bright and Charles is bright, but you're stupid, Frances, and so am I.'

'Yes, I know it,' said poor Frances sadly. 'I'm very dull, but I don't know how to help it.'

Now, as it happened, Frances was not dull at all. She was a year younger, but quicker and subtler in thought than the other three. She needed encouragement, recognition, and new hope.

The teacher does not go slow enough for all of the class, or fast enough perhaps at moments. She does

not find out what it is that puzzles one or two. Language itself is not the medium for all of us. Take the rule for division of fractions: 'Invert the divisor and proceed as in multiplication.' This phrase was so deliciously musical to me that it never went any farther than my ear. I enjoyed the sound and stopped thinking.

Difficulty in understanding may be a difficulty in character rather than in intelligence. Some people can march straight with quick feet to the mountain peak of their goal. They are outgoing, they are spontaneous, sympathetic, genial, gay, swift to act, effective, skillful. Others have to go by lower, more roundabout paths, only learning gradually and by slow steps how to act, how to speak, how to forget themselves. These wayfarers, the slow, the thoughtless, the self-centered, the cry-babies, the inexpressive, need guidance, for they are some of the least of these.

Speaking of her daughter, a busy, energetic mother said: 'Kitty is blown about like a leaf. The rest of us move too fast for her. Our life is on the go, we can't wait for her, and so she is all upset and tossed about; she cries, she begins things and never finishes them. I can't sit beside her all day. She comes home from school and expects to be petted; I can't spoil her in that way.'

But encouragement, the giving of hope, is far removed from spoiling.

IV. *Difficulty and Hope Together.* There are a few sentences that make a permanent dent in one's thought. One of these read thirty years ago has left its mark: 'The conditions of progress are difficulty and hope.' In the negative form this idea is even more en-

lightening. The conditions of stagnation are facility and despair. This aphorism helps in teaching.

Teachers are not enough on the alert to find out just what is not understood, and the dull pupil can hardly be expected to be bright enough to point out what it is. Are we giving such great difficulty that it leads to hopelessness, or are we making lessons so easy that we demoralize the class into sliding by without friction on a greased track? 'That's too easy' is as scornful a rejection as 'That's too much like work.' There must be difficulty or we discourage growth. There must be hope in difficulty or we engender despair. Here is an example from boarding-school life:

'The most interesting ethical question that has come up in my life at Hilltop School was whether I should let myself get discouraged with my lessons. At night when I'd get ready to study I would look at my book and spend a great deal of time thinking if I'd ever get through. I'd study for about two hours and get so tired of it that I wanted to throw my books on the floor and hope never to see a textbook again as long as I lived. Each time, though, I brought myself to the realization that if I didn't finish my studying then I'd have that much more to do the next night, so I'd start studying again. Another thing that interrupted my studying also was letter writing. Sometimes I could not study because I kept my mind on my letters so much. Usually if I'd stop studying long enough to write one letter, I could get back again to my work. It disturbs me a great deal to have girls come in my room and talk when I'm trying to study. If they insist upon staying in there and talking, I get up and leave until I've finished studying. I think the biggest

ethical part of this whole situation is whether I should let such things as letter writing, discouragement, and people interrupt me, or whether I should make myself study.'

The subject of the dull pupil would be beyond the scope of my book were it not that skill is itself oftentimes a temptation to rightdoing, and lack of skill decidedly a temptation to cheating and also to cheapness of interests.

Skill in music, for example, leads easily to choice of Bach or Brahms, Schubert or Tschaikowsky. Skill in carpentry gives happy occupation for rainy days. And on the other hand, fear that one's dullness will lead to failure develops bluffing and evasion. What teacher of the older grades has not tried almost futilely to mark papers that were irritating beyond words, because the pupils were trying to get by without danger of being found out as ignorant. Fear may lead to straight cheating. I read a clear, well-argued, beautifully illustrated paper written in the handwriting of a girl who had always done poorly. Joy filled my heart. But didn't that last swinging conclusion sound a trifle familiar? Alas, yes! Gradually the sentence brought back the book and I looked it up in the school library. There it all was, Emily's copied pages. When I spoke to her about it she wept and said she had always got poor marks, that she could not think of anything to write on the subject I had given, and that this seemed far better than her own ideas. It was!

'Mother,' said a boy of twelve, 'I wish teachers would just teach and not talk so much about whether we do well or badly.' What he meant seems to me important. People are not all equally bright in all di-

rections. They would be little more than sparklets if they were. For the less bright it is best to cut off range of interests and concentrate on a single purpose. The teacher who is to help a so-called dull student must first of all recognize where his or her talent lies.

Such a girl came to me with tears in her eyes. She had failed in four out of five in the mid-year tests. Her intelligence score was low. As I looked at her, I thought of what an unselfish, thoughtful character she had.

'Failure in studies is not important,' I said. 'You've got qualities that will make you more needed in the world than most of the A-grade girls. Failure is like a signpost. It may point beyond to somewhere else. What would you like to be?'

'Oh, I've always wanted to be a trained nurse,' was her answer.

Of course! Then why should she be bothering with or bothered by algebra, French, and solid geometry? Once recognized, that girl blossomed. She was taken out of academic work and put into subjects akin to nursing.

As for the wrongdoer in school, he may be the most worth while of all, and the easiest to help. He has energy that can be turned in another direction, and sometimes it is almost accidental in which direction the energy is going.

Let me describe here a difficult situation encountered by a young teacher in an ungraded rural school to which she came after it had been thoroughly demoralized. The teachers had been changing every few months, the children were restless and impertinent. There was almost a fixed tradition of bad behavior.

Success meant getting rid of the next comer. I give the young teacher's own account of her problem.

'A day like this leaves you almost blind with a headache. It is the hardest work I ever had in my life and I should feel discouraged if I did not know that by sticking to it I can do it, for I am a decent teacher in spots.

'You see, they are all at different stages of each lesson we touch, and there is a firmly fixed habit of throwing up your arms and saying "I can't" and then rolling up your head in your arms and shuffling your feet. In arithmetic each one is at a different place and it is like trying to drive twenty horses in different directions. I wish I were not such a greenhorn, but the one comfort is I can't ever know less and I can know more. . . .

'To-day I kept three boys after the others — the worst whisperers — for the chief thing to do (besides improving my teaching and not having any vagueness in my own mind about the topics) is to get to know them, and to see how they look at things from the inside. Donald Stevens, about seventeen, I have liked from the beginning, though there has been a curious veiled impertinence in his manner from the start. Asked a question he will answer, "Yes, ma-am," drawling the ma-am so that you could almost speak sharply about it but not quite. One day, told not to drawl, he said, "I always speak this way, ma-am, always." Every one roared with laughter.

'I told him to stay after the class, when he remarked: "You're sure you know *why* you're keeping me, ma-am?"

'"Quite sure. So are you."

'"But I always speak slow, you know."

'It was tantalizing, but you could not help liking his nice, wicked, little shut-up eyes. Then I told him we'd speak truth now, and that he had not given a sincere minute to school since we started.

'"Yes, I did," he said, as fast as lightning, "Monday at the history lesson and yesterday at geography."

'I just shut my mouth and smiled, and he saw he'd done away with the drawling humbug for good. Then I told him I'd help him push ahead a class and he shook hands and said, "It's a go!"'

He became a strong ally. A few days later he came to the teacher and said: 'There were only eight whispers to-day. If you was to get them interested in everything the way you got them in geography and history they wouldn't have the chance to think of guying you, you see.' She told him he was right and he added, patronizingly, 'I expect you've about got down to business now.' In a few weeks she was able to write:

'This hard work is blessedly good. There is not a child in the morning class who has not found his own little groove now and is not spinning along in it. Georgianna, a beaky little thing, who was the greatest nuisance of all, always throwing up her hand and finding she couldn't, gets almost hectic over her arithmetic now. She came up to-day after school to say: "I'm getting on fine, aren't I? I usen't to know how to set them down so well." We have had perfect order this week and no time given to playing and whispering. I don't quite believe it sometimes but just thank God for it.'

This seems to me an admirable example of allurement into rightdoing. My friend liked the wicked one at his wickedest. She was firm but she took his suggestion. She improved her lessons at the same time that she improved her class relations, and above all, she refused to be discouraged.

CHAPTER VI

FRIENDS

'Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. . . . There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue is in us.'[1]

I WANT to pay a fragment of indebtedness on my million-dollar loan from friends by giving a few among many examples which confirm the truth of this saying.

Here is a friend who from the beginning has held up a flag of courtesy before me. I noticed it first in the way he spoke to the boy who blacked his boots in a hotel where we were staying. Before long I saw it was principle as well as instinct that made him especially recognize and thank those who are paid for service. They, he knew, are least often thanked and the very fact that they are paid makes it all the more important that they should have gratitude expressed for a quality of service that is beyond payment. After I had noticed his courtesy to servants, I soon saw that he was particularly courteous to children — not just friendly, but courteous. I saw him take off his hat to his little daughter one day as they parted — a simple enough act but unforgettable as he did it. The sweep of his high-lifted hat, the look of honor in his lighted eyes, the continued glance of farewell and Godspeed as he watched the child run away, might have been the recognition of an ambassador. She must have felt it. I have remembered it for years. His courtesy had a

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Considerations by the Way,' *The Conduct of Life*, 272. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1904.

perfected beauty, for it was carved into character. Now age cannot wither it nor custom stale. Every act of his courtesy is new-minted — his gifts, his smile, his bearing, the last curved sentence of his letters, his farewell. It is all too easy to revel in his gallantry, but when I begin to marvel and to ponder over it, I see its roots in self-conquest.

Another friend brings out 'whatever virtue is in me' by her contagious gayety and her resourcefulness in devices to make gayety. Her laughter ripples like a lark's song. No fog can survive its cutting sunlight. She comes bringing surprises — one never knows what next — a mysterious parcel tied with tri-colored ribbon; words written mystically around the edges of a sheet; magic flowers springing up on a wintry hillside at dawn, with even a bluebird among them. How they got there my sleepy eyes can hardly imagine. That they are real flowers and real birds is inconceivable; yet even though they turn out to be paper flowers, that they are points of delight is incontrovertible. She, rising before dawn to plant them under my window, has fled like the stars. I hear only her laughter. It is the night before Christmas; many packages must be delivered. As I go out to the garage I find in the car a minute Christmas tree gay with blue, green, red, and gold electric bulbs, and, best of all, with bells that tinkle when I drive. Who but she could have done it!

Well, but do you call these gifts a temptation to virtue? I hear some critic ask. Surely I do; one of the best. They are a temptation to merriness of heart that carries one off beyond irritation, boredom, and disillusion, back to a grown-up fairyland. 'There are

persons from whom we always expect fairy tokens. Let us not cease to expect them.' [1]

I think of an older friend whose precious gift is understanding. She is frail and has the garnered wisdom of the physically frail who are spiritually strong. At her low door, she welcomes you with the look of one who has long been thinking of you. I come from the city world, and before I enter must stamp my feet to shake off its dust. But she, in her dark, tight-fitting dress, is as if clothed in white, unspotted by trifles. I see that she has been off to high mountains of the spirit, and because of friendship she takes me with her at once. What air to breathe after the gasoline-infected city! She brings me to great books as they lie on her table; to other lands as she shares letters from England and France and Greece. Above all she links me lastingly to these thoughts and places. I find as I think it over that she has inserted in me, without my being conscious of it, some hope that she has for me, some plan that involves change and improvement. Benignant as is her presence, lighted by its tall candles of interests little and great, it is after I go away that I best realize her creative friendship. Something has been planted, seed has been sown. Virtue has gone out of her. What healing power I am capable of absorbing has come to me!

Friends like these help even more by their standards than by their friendship. To be with them is like *seeing* the goal ahead; you begin to run. As I think of this beaconing influence of our friends' swift advance I recall this scene. Two close comrades had been separated for five years, with the gaunt abysm of the World War

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Gifts,' *Essays, Second Series*, 165.

between them. One of the two had gone to the front, the other had kept in harness at home. They met again in 1919 and were together for a few hours of intimate talk. I shall not forget the tortured eyes of the one who had not grown up to meet those momentous years. He felt no pleasure in talking with his friend; it was a stimulus that was close to agony. The intense pain in his face meant that he feared he was to lose his friendship. Then quickly his strained anxiety passed into a resolve so sharp that it was not so much prayer about the future as incision into it. The look on his face spoke most clearly to me, but this is what he said in words: 'By Jove, I *must* make the next years count. I must do better work. Robert has got way ahead of me during the war. If I don't go ahead I shall not be able to keep his friendship and *I cannot give it up.*'

A man less fine would not have seen that a one-sided friendship tends to become philanthropy, held only by the slender cord of its past. A man less resolute might have leaned on his stronger friend. But Paul turned again to work the harder toward a standard above his own, yet his own visible goal.

Friends help us not only by example but by creative loyalty. Some of the most significant friendships in history were cemented by fidelity in time of danger, and among these friendships there is no greater example than the Old Testament story of the loyalty of Jonathan, the king's son, to David, hated and persecuted by Saul. Is it because the story is buried in five separate chapters of 1 and 2 Samuel [1] that we read the whole of it so rarely? Extracted from the tangle of Philistine warfare, it would become a newly stirring

[1] 1 Samuel, XVIII, XIX, XX, XXIII, and 2 Samuel 1.

example of faithfulness even to the uttermost one has to give, for the javelins of Saul flew about David and Jonathan and allegiance at that moment was but one step from death.

Even more important than loyalty in physical danger is loyalty when one's friend is doing himself an injustice, or suffering from his own sin. I will give two comparatively recent examples: the first of a man capable of an immense success who for months thought himself a failure; the second of a man who, morally a failure, needed the loyalty of a friend to bring out what remained of his best. Both show the sustaining power of faith at a time when mordant cynicism instead of faith would have been easy.

At the age of twenty, Phillips Brooks passed through a year of lonely self-distrust that nearly wrecked his life. He had made a failure, a complete, ignominious failure of the attempt to teach in the Boston Latin School. His discipline was lax, he could not control his rough class of boys. They multiplied occasions to annoy him. 'The thermometer, which hung in the classroom, was plugged with snow, and when the mercury had descended to freezing-point, the boys began to complain of the cold, and the room, already warm, was made insufferable by the addition of fuel thrown upon the fire. . . . One of the boys, a fair-haired, innocent-looking youth, watching his opportunity, threw a handful of shot in the teacher's face, but when the teacher lifted his eyes from his book he saw only the raised hand which had thrown the shot, in the accustomed attitude of one who wished to ask some question.' [1]

[1] Alexander V. G. Allen: *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks*, 1, 106.

Phillips Brooks was not only unsuccessful, he was thoroughly unpopular with the boys. He said of himself at this period: 'In all my experience of boys I cannot recall a single teacher who was honored with such an overwhelming share of steady, honest unpopularity.' Indeed, so entire and humiliating was his failure that the head master not merely required his resignation, but told him flatly that he had no single trait of a successful teacher and that a man who had failed in teaching could not succeed in any other occupation.

Phillips Brooks was overwhelmed by his failure. For a time he would see no one. He wandered restlessly through the streets of Boston. Most often he was alone, reading, writing in his diary, and trying to find his way out from the maze of despair into activity. It is touching to notice that he made at this time a list of his college classmates and put after each name the position this man had won, while he himself was failing.

At last, worn with his struggle, Mr. Brooks found his way to a friend who was a born confessor to souls in trouble, James Walker, President of Harvard College. Brooks asked him with utter humility whether there was any hope that after such a failure he might become a preacher. President Walker clearly, though, as Mr. Brooks said later, without great enthusiasm, assured him that he could. From that talk Phillips Brooks came out white with emotion but reborn in hope. It is an interesting coincidence that Charles W. Eliot, an alumnus only a few years older, on his way to visit President Walker, saw young Phillips Brooks come out from the house and remembered for thirty

years the deathly whiteness of Brooks' face after its travail and rebirth.

To meet discouragement in his attempt to teach was probably the best thing that could have happened to Phillips Brooks. Failure in that direction turned him toward the ministry in which he made an enduring success. What he needed in his time of despair was not a friend who believed, in opposition to the facts, that he was a remarkable teacher, but one who recognized what was fine and characteristic in him and who was ready to support him with that faith.

When we are alert and sensitive we see slight but telling indications that some of the people near to us are suffering in doubt and self-distrust. Such suffering comes most often perhaps at two special times: when a person has not found his career, and when he is condemned by his group.

The case of Phillips Brooks is comparatively a simple one. All that was needed was to see through the hard crust of his recent failure and give him the reasonable faith he just then needed. I will take a far harder case, a case in which evil-doing had almost crushed faith. Oscar Wilde was tried, condemned, imprisoned, for a shameful crime which he himself admitted. The world that had fêted and applauded him turned away in horror and disgust and left him to his fate. It would have shocked no one if his friends also had dropped him into oblivion. Yet the good there was before in Oscar Wilde was still there. His crime showed corruption; it did not show that the whole man was corrupt; it did not prove that he could not be redeemed. One friend recognized this and brought to Oscar Wilde a redeeming hope.

'When I was brought down from my prison to the Court of Bankruptcy between two policemen, B—— waited in the long dreary corridor that, before the whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and simple hushed into silence, he might gravely raise his hat to me, as, handcuffed and with bowed head, I passed him by. Men have gone to heaven for smaller things than that. It was in this spirit, and with this mode of love, that the saints knelt down to wash the feet of the poor, or stooped to kiss the leper on the cheek. I have never said one single word to him about what he did. I do not know to the present moment whether he is aware that I was even conscious of his action. It is not a thing for which one can render formal thanks in formal words. . . . When wisdom has been profitless to me, philosophy barren, and the proverbs and phrases of those who have sought to give me consolation as dust and ashes in my mouth, the memory of that little, lovely, silent act of love has unsealed for me all the wells of pity: made the desert bloom like a rose, and brought me out of the bitterness of lonely exile into harmony with the wounded, broken, and great heart of the world.' [1]

We need not suppose that this friend condoned the guilt of Oscar Wilde. He saw something beyond the guilt, and he appealed to that.

Friends attract us to virtue by insight into and reenforcement of our best. They see what to outsiders is invisible. Writers on friendship sometimes say: 'Treat your friend as if he were to die to-morrow.' It is a crude but vivid form of appeal. It means that we should act as one who beholds not only the meager,

[1] Oscar Wilde: *De Profundis*, 6. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905.

momentary, often distorted bit of him that is obvious, but the hidden reaches of his life in its aspiration, its accomplishment, its pathos, its glory. It is a greater insight to behold our friend in the current of life than as about to die. Every one of us is moving on a path, not fixed like a statue, not riveted to a spot. We see no one truly unless we see him in motion. Judgment of the moment's act is often unfair. A man whom at that time I had known but a few years used to puzzle me by unexpected acts of selfishness strangely in contrast with the generous tenor of his life. It was years before I learned that as a boy he had been a large part of the time self-centered and egotistic. Gradually I realized that he was moving away from a fault which now cropped out less and less frequently. Even the ebullition of selfishness had a new significance when I saw it as a remnant of a fault that he had increasingly conquered. We are shocked to hear that a man has got drunk. If we find that he used to get drunk twice a week but now exercises such control that he has not been drunk for six months, our condemnation is rightly joined with commendation. We should cease to say, 'How low down he is on the moral road.' We should ask, 'Where did he start? Was he lame from birth? Did he have the help that the rest of us have had?' We need, in Victor Hugo's words, to see the road over which the fault has passed.

To see the invisible in any friend is to see him not passively but actively, and to reënforce his efforts. We are finding out in education that we gain little from a lecture or a concert that we enjoy passively. It is even more true of human relations that to treat them passively is not to reach them at all, for in all

human relations something new is struggling to be born. If the new life is to live, if the fleeting iridescent opportunity is to be held, we must turn aside from passive repetition of a happy and easy relation with our friend, and cherish what is new.

Friends tempt us to goodness by their attitude in friendship. I have given elsewhere [1] a threefold rule for friends that seems to me true.

Be worth knowing. Emerson's essays, especially those on Friendship and Character, accent the need of being worth knowing. 'Love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. . . . By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little, you gain the great. We must be our own before we can be another's.' [2] This is the most important and the most easily forgotten means of making friends. Be worth knowing. Have interests and you attract people who have similar interests. Play the violin well and you find yourself the friend of musicians even in foreign lands. Notice another's needs and supply them swiftly; you will find acquaintance opening into friendship. Do something right up to the mark — football, swimming, selling, choral singing, social service, medicine, novel writing, cooking, sailing, aviation — and opportunities for friendship will open.

Be outgoing. To make and keep friends one must also be outgoing. I think Emerson forgot this when he wrote: 'My friends have come to me unsought. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected.' True though this often is, they must also

[1] Ella Lyman Cabot: *Our Part in the World*, 159. Beacon Press, 1918.

[2] Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Friendship,' *Essays, First Series*. Houghton Mifflin Company.

be sought, chosen, hustled for, followed to the end. Emerson knew this, but he knew it on a different day, and having thrown away the hobgoblin of a foolish consistency he never urged opposite ideas to fight a duel that left one of them on the field. What Emerson feared was a shallow meeting, a swift or petty benefit; the use of our friends as an asylum, to shelter us from stinging and stimulating cold. He wanted to be 'not the friend of his friend's buttons but of his thought.'[1]

For himself he was probably right. His best was given by writing rather than by talk, by a smiling yet aloof reverence rather than by long hours of service. But most of us should care for our friend's buttons just as much and no more than he cares for them, because we must share all we can of his many sides.

Be outgoing then, for friendship is made and kept by our going more than halfway in little things and in great. Quick, quick, run when you hear a friend is sick, or in disgrace, supremely happy, or suddenly impoverished. It is tragic to mean well, but arrive late. Do not forget that letters to friends are not received till they are both written and posted; and that all the letters we meant to write are held up in the Dead Letter Department.

Keep on growing. Among the friendships made at the time of the Civil War perhaps the most fertile were those of Major Henry Lee Higginson with Robert Gould Shaw and Charles Russell Lowell. Both these men were killed before the war ended, but their friendship kept on growing in the life of Henry Higginson. By them he lived for fifty-eight years; through and

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Friendship,' *Essays, First Series.* Houghton Mifflin Company.

with them he grew. In their memory he gave the Harvard Union to the University as a common gathering-place for all boys and men; in their name he dedicated the Soldiers' Field; with them in his thought he made this appeal to other boys to serve their nation in time of peace:

'This record of past days is full of meaning for you and for us all to-day and always. Of course, the troubled times developed these men, but the times will always be troubled and will always develop men who are ready for service — be it war or peace. We know that under stress of war you could prove yourselves brave and loyal soldiers, but your trial comes in days of peace, and you, as citizens, are quite as much needed at the front as we were in '61.

'Let your enthusiasm and your love for noble thoughts and deeds, for noble men and women, have full swing, and they will show to you clearly your birthright — the duty and beauty of serving your country. The honor of the nation rests with you.

'What do the lives of such friends as Shaw teach us? Surely the beauty and the holiness of work, and of utter unselfish, thoughtful devotion to the right cause, to our country, and to mankind.

'These friends, one and all, wrote on their banners: "Honor, truth, love, and service to our fellow men and to the Republic"; and holding their banners high they carried them to the front.

'Looking back in life I can see no earthly good which has come to me so great, so sweet, so uplifting, so consoling as the friendships of the men and the women whom I have known well and loved — friends who have been equally ready to give and to receive kind

offices and timely counsel. Nothing will steady and strengthen you like real friends, who will speak the frank words of truth tempered with affection — friends who will help you and never count the cost. Friendship is the full-grown team play of life, and in my eyes there is no limit to its value.' [1]

[1] Henry Lee Higginson: *Addresses*, 62.

CHAPTER VII

LEADERS AND LEADER-FINDERS

THE need of leaders is obvious. In politics, in business, in art, in education, in social work, and in theology, every one calls out for leaders. But not every leader tempts to rightdoing. Many powerful and beguiling leaders should rather be classified as misleaders. There is a likeness between all leaders, good or bad. They have power to adventure and power to command. They are able to accept and to refuse. Almost invariably they have an instinctive or acquired understanding of what moves people to action. All leaders, too, are sharply distinguished from indecisive, colorless followers and from solitary, eccentric beings whose work, however great, is carried on alone, who cannot intrust and cannot delegate. The timid follower's only activity on a committee may consist in seconding the motions, but the eccentric genius seconds nothing. He pursues a lonely path to his end.

If leaders are to be considered as a temptation to rightdoing, it is important at the outset to distinguish leaders from misleaders.

'I would follow Mrs. Hill to heaven,' remarked an enthusiast in the cause of prohibition, 'but I would follow Miss Boott *anywhere*.' An untested leader may be a temptation to hell rather than to heaven.

What, then, are the tests of a leader for good?

1. He is himself following a cause.

2. The cause is not fantastic but to the best of his belief is fruitful.

3. He wants his followers to become leaders in that

cause or in others. The true leader is also a follower, a listener to commands far beyond himself. He sees, like Saint Paul, a heavenly vision. This absorption in a cause is the primary attractive power of a leader. He is like a man in a busy street staring into the sky at noonday. People want to know what he is looking at. They join him and they, too, look. Such intentness which grows out of conviction has a far stronger drawing power than dominance in physique. President Charles W. Eliot's height, poise, uprightness, firm deliberate movements, clearness of voice, unruffled health, undoubtedly added to his influence, but he commanded by the length and strength of his conviction. This young Jove of a New Yorker, handsome as a Greek god, six foot five in his stockings, attracts every one at first, but his inherent half-heartedness and his dullness of speech soon make for weariness. He lacks conviction and integrity. He cannot kindle a fire from his lukewarm heart. He cannot rouse a zeal he does not possess. He is no Tolstoy, of whom Gorky writes, 'Every thought burrows into his soul. He has energy enough for three lifetimes.'

The boss, unlike Tolstoy, has no cause. He seeks his own and he wants his followers to be servile. The boss never frees, never points to a cause. His followers are rightly called heelers, for his characteristic is to whistle that they may 'come to heel behind him,' like dogs with heads down and tails between their legs.

The true leader points his followers beyond. He frees men from himself. He may even say in the amazing words of Jesus, 'Greater things than these shall ye do.' Greater things than Christ could do! What a summons!

Conviction and enthusiasm are essentials to all leaders, but not all followers are attracted and held by leaders of any one type. Leaders themselves may be divided into three kinds: the heroes, the teachers, and the saints. The heroes lead through courage in support of their cause. The teachers attract through eagerness to convey the truth. But the saints attract more inevitably by the halo shining around their lives. In some degree every one is moved by courage, by truth, and by holiness; but the man of action is more quickly caught by dauntlessness; the thinker, by great philosophy; and the pure in heart, the wistful, and the lonely, by saintliness of life.

Garibaldi represents the hero type — dauntless in his cause. To the youth of Italy Garibaldi spoke not of easy but of arduous tasks. 'I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions. I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me.' [1] And they followed through exile and hardship even unto death. They followed Garibaldi, the fearless and faithful lover of his country; the spell of leadership was upon them. Yet Garibaldi was no teacher. Trevelyan wrote of him, 'It was not in Garibaldi's nature either to learn or to teach. Men, he declared, are reformed "by example more than by doctrine." And so his doctrine was of one word "*Avanti!*" But on his lips it had as much power to transform the minds and souls of men as the studied wisdom of the theorist.' [2]

[1] George M. Trevelyan: *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.* Longmans, Green and Company, 1907.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 99.

That studied wisdom of the theorist we find in leaders of the teaching type, a glorious company exemplified by the pupil-loving Socrates. 'How shall we serve you best?' asks his faithful friend Crito, as at sunset in the prison the disciples gather to listen to the last commands of Socrates. 'Simply by doing what I always tell you, Crito. . . . Follow the paths of life which we have pointed out in our discussions both to-day and at other times.' Plato, the greatest follower of Socrates, so traversed the paths of philosophy that he deliberately led his master's thought into new countries.

The saint leads without trying to lead. His good works shine and attract. His total disinterestedness, his freedom from such commonly dominating motives as greed, self-interest, luxury, worldliness, power, excite the roots of folks to grow and to cast out parasitic invaders. Edith Cavell, in the last days after the order for her execution was given, leant on Thomas à Kempis. A saint turned for support to another saint, who himself gazed with steady eyes toward the Son of God, welcoming his Father's will. To follow Edith Cavell is to follow a leader of leaders, but even more a follower of followers.

This adherence to unseen leaders is not exceptional in the great; it is the rule. The ultimate leader is always invisible, as was Italian freedom to Garibaldi, perfection of living to Socrates, the imitation of Christ to Edith Cavell. The listening leader tries to understand, to follow, and then to interpret the commands he hears, because he wants his followers also to become leaders. When Jesus saw Peter and Andrew casting their nets into the sea, he said not only, 'Follow me,'

but 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men,' not followers merely that is, but leaders. Their alertness to leave all must have come not alone from the light in his eyes, but from his recognition of their inchoate leadership. Jesus was not a leader only but a finder of leaders in his cause.

In our time we recognize few towering leaders, but it seems to me possible to develop a body of leader-finders. Parents and teachers through their talents of recognition, faith, and persistence, can become leader-finders. Recognition is not exaggerated praise for a slight talent, but successful search for definite excellence. The leader-finder has faith in what may be there, sees as a flower-finder sees under thick leaves the furry stem of a hepatica. He has ears persistently to listen as the Indian listens to faint crackles inaudible to the untrained.

Such leader-finders are not always, in any apparent way, leaders themselves. One I think of who so keenly followed the scent that she could pull a leader out of his most deeply buried hole. Her power was that you could not refuse to do what she asked. In a voice no stronger than a silken thread she spoke of her cause without apparent urgency, but with a contagious conviction that its success would mean a new heaven and a new earth. The leaders she called did not usually agree with her, but they heard that soft, small, persistent voice and they took up her cause. Then invariably she retired, drew back into silence and seclusion. She found it difficult to speak to more than one person at a time. She could not write, but she could tell others with her intent eyes and her weak voice so that they saw, spoke aloud, and wrote. She held up

persistently, devotedly a picture of what art-education might do to reform a sordid time. Thus she pulled everything and every one into service. Was she leader or only a finder of leaders? One only knows that when crippling illness prisoned her at home with trembling hands and trembling voice, the structure fell. Her little pale hands had held it firmer than the stalwart arms of day laborers. *The greatest truths*, says Charles Wagner, *are strongest when proclaimed by weak and humble voices.*

My friend had most pungently the second quality of the leader-finder — enduring faith to hold the vision of a need and to encourage the future leader. She knew that an important book on democracy or on human relations was called for by the hunger of the time. Unable to write effectively herself, she had faith in the men who could and called on them persistently till the work was achieved. 'Why don't you write against slavery? I would if I had your talents,' demanded Harriet Beecher Stowe's sister, and out of that incisive appeal 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was born.

Persistence I named as the third quality of leader-finders, for there are times when they must repeat and repeat the insistent appeal of faith. Sustained recognition of a capacity to make good is one of the greatest stimuli to rightdoing. In a single sentence Romain Rolland has said what a future leader, still tremulous, unstable, needs to have said to him: 'Thou art not alone and thou dost not belong to thyself. Speak and strike for me.' [1] Such a call is a touch of the sword of knighthood on the shoulder. 'Thou art Peter.' Vacillating, impetuous Simon, behold thou art a rock.

[1] *Jean Christophe*, Part IX.

The leader-finder will naturally tell his group about great leaders to be followed. In our methods of so doing we overpressed teachers have often made mistakes. One of the most brutal acts in a merciful age is the way we serve up heroes, quite raw or horribly stale. The distribution of slices cut off a hero to be swallowed raw, is worse than futile. It is nauseating. We are not cannibals. Aristides the Just was rightly exiled at least from the minds of youth if his justice was the one thing told and told repeatedly about him. Even sunny-tempered Charles Lindbergh was driven to the desperate act of smoking a cigarette in order not to be constantly quoted as an angel by a Society whose zeal for the reform of youth is greater than its skill. He knew well how dreary it is to be a stereotyped hero in goodness. A hero is too valuable to point a moral with. He must be not only good but companionable. There are heroes drawn for our improvement so tall and shadowy that we cannot see their faces; or we are shown stiff-backed, unbending leaders who cannot tell a lie. It does no good hastily to throw in some bad temper to make George Washington's truthfulness more acceptable. He is still raw in the center, though slightly singed on top.

Just as indigestible as the tough, uncooked hero, and more unbearable, is the over-scented heroine, all sweetness and light. Salt, spice, pepper, even vinegar and mustard are needed to redeem such a sugary heroine as Pollyanna. It was fatal to write more than one book about her. She became a thing not to follow but to shun. Wise children object to a moral in a hero story. They are right. The hero creates his own halo. The atmosphere shines around his acts. But when you

pull him indoors and set him up to witness, the halo has vanished, and with it the audience.

A story told for the sake of its moral makes the teller cross-eyed. You can't keep one eye on the story and the other on the moral without having, as Hamlet puts it, 'an auspicious and a dropping eye.' Children are quick to recognize how queer you look. But if you care hotly for the story of a hero and *all it means* (and that truly includes its moral, its afterglow on character), then the story bears its moral lightly as a horse its rider, as a ship its sail.

On hearing first-hand of a great hero we are stirred from a glacierlike state and *begin to move* in his direction. We genuinely — though in a tiny degree and for a pathetically short period — become the greater person of whom we hear. 'What would Lincoln do?' asks a friend of mine, one of the public-spirited men of Massachusetts, when confronted with a difficult moral problem. From boyhood to middle age this leader has drawn living inspiration and comradeship from the life of Abraham Lincoln. He lives Lincoln's life with him, shares the struggle to overcome his poverty and his gaunt, awkward country ways, grows with him in the deepening sense of a need to serve the nation, catches his conquering humor, is companion in the lonely vigils of the Civil War, matches his undying faith. Many know my friend well and with many he is in daily converse, but there is, I truly believe, no one in the visible universe with whom he lives in as intimate friendship as he lives with Lincoln, whom he knows only through his written words and deeds.

'What would Lincoln say?' he asks. And as he listens to the answer, my friend's face so lights up

with kindliness, humor, patience, and generosity, that it is captivating, literally captivating. It holds you as prisoner of his favorite comrade.

> 'Whatever way my days decline,
> I felt and feel, though left alone,
> His being working in mine own,
> The footsteps of his life in mine.'

I wonder whether Tennyson's simile of the footsteps of another's life in his was not almost a physical experience. It has been so with me. As I walk in our century-old garden in early spring, I can feel with my feet my parents' footsteps, their loving-kindness, their warmth, their generosity. It is less that I am with them as that they are in me. At its height this experience of a compelling leadership fulfills the prayer, 'I in them and they in me, that we may also be one in Thee.'

PART II
EIGHT WAYS OF BECOMING A TEMPTATION

CHAPTER VIII

STANDARDS

It is a curious instance of the central appeal of speech to human beings that when people refer to holding up a standard they usually imply a coming lecture. 'I felt it right to uphold my views,' we say somewhat pompously. Yet words may be not only futile, they may be ruinous to a cause. Speech is rarely the most effective way of carrying truth across to another. 'What you *are* talks so loud that I cannot hear what you say.' [1] What you are is your standard. It is sign and signal of loyalty. As such it speaks for itself.

In Boston, on Christmas Eve, a lantern bearer moves among the steep streets of Beacon Hill. The lantern on its tall pole is far above the head of the leader. He is on the level of the crowd about him, but his lantern shines high as he moves on ahead, guiding his flock of carolers. 'Follow!' the lantern signals. 'Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes!' Oh! how much better the swift movement of a signal than a wordy colloquy! Not what men talk about, but 'What Men Live By' — Tolstoy's beautiful title — is seen and remembered.

Children want to see standards. With all the world in its bewildering profusion to choose from, how can they select unless they see something upheld? Even in the rebellious age from eight to twelve the most unruly boys want to find *something* firm. As an experi-

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Courage,' *Society and Solitude.* Houghton Mifflin Company.

enced boy-lover puts it: 'The child is also testing you. He tries these various stimuli upon you to ascertain whether you too are real. And he is testing at the same time the social laws and institutions which you represent. . . . He is like the man who goes along the train at night when you are trying to sleep, striking every wheel with his hammer to see what kind of sound it will give forth. And it is important to him, in this connection, that you, the representative of the grown-up world, should not give forth an uncertain sound. . . . He is like a man prodding in the snow to find the outline of the solid ledge. It will not answer his purpose to find that there is no ledge there.' [1]

At the far more difficult ages of eighteen and beyond, standards are equally needed. We are misled by the energy of modern youth to think of it as independent and decisive. In my observation, youth is characteristically uncertain in things spiritual, and far less independent than it would fain appear. It is not clear-cut, it is imitative. It flocks with the group, it is feeling its way — often an impetuous way, occasionally a new way — but not as yet a firm-footed way. I find youth far readier to say what it disbelieves than what it is sure of concerning important issues. Its most positive-sounding assertions, 'I believe in freedom, in being independent, in living my own life,' are, when we come to analyze them, mostly negative. Youth does not want to be dominated, but it does want to see and understand the standards of the older generation.

'We want to know what our parents think. We

[1] Joseph Lee: *Play in Education*, 182, 183. The Macmillan Company, 1915.

want to hear any one's real experience. I think we want it more than the generations before us did.' That is the direct testimony of a fairly typical group of girls of eighteen years. They want, they expect the generation above them to be standard bearers, both firm, and responsive.

Emerson, better than any one I know, has expressed this attitude at once of sympathy and of resistance: 'Respect the child. Wait and see the new product of nature. Respect the child. Be not too much his parent. Trespass not on his solitude. But I hear the outcry which replies to this suggestion: Would you throw up the reins of public and private discipline, would you leave the young child to the mad career of his own passions and whimsies, and call this anarchy a respect for the child's nature? I answer: Respect the child, respect him to the end, but also respect yourself. Be the companion of his thought, the friend of his friendship, the lover of his virtue, but no kinsman of his sin. Let him find you so true to yourself that you are the irreconcilable hater of his vice and the imperturbable slighter of his trifling.' [1]

To be true to themselves parents must know their own standards. What, then, are some of the ideals of parents?

I once asked a lawyer, a teacher, a banker, and a novel writer what each thought of as the aim, ideal, and end of their children's upbringing. The lawyer considered himself hard-headed. He said, 'I want my children to stand for a sane and reasonable attitude toward life. I want them to buck up against reality, to

[1] 'Education,' *Lectures and Biographical Sketches.* Houghton Mifflin Company.

meet life courageously and straightforwardly. I ask from my daughters as well as my sons manly virtues, courage and truth. They must meet any experience without whining.' The teacher said, with quick tears dimming her eyes (for she had three children of her own and was a widow), 'Nothing else matters if they will only serve the ideal.' The banker was a man to whom every second counted. He insisted, 'I want them to find their own kind of service through work, their own kind of recreation; I want them to make the right kind of friends and the right marriage.' The writer could hardly wait to say, 'It is the State that I put first. I want my girls to learn to serve others. They must feel themselves a real part of the Nation, bound to do their share in strengthening it.'

Such ideals as these are typical in American parents and teachers. They want children to acquire the power to meet issues gallantly, gayly, without evasion or whining; and to be serviceable in anything they undertake. Exacting tests of human relations will come, in work, friendship, marriage, parenthood, in patriotism that means enlistment. Bewilderment and tragedy will meet children as well as 'those two impostors,' triumph and disaster. Can they learn to watch with steady eyes, to lift with powerful hands? Are they so trained that they can bring their unique talent into full service? Have they, in Jeremy Taylor's phrase, 'a mind apt to noble choices and a heart capable of mighty love'? Of the answers to these questions parents and teachers are thinking.

The younger generation not only wants standards, it wants them steadily held and confident. Its need for assurance in standards is so deep that even severe

commands are respected when they are those by which the speaker lives. There are times to uphold one's views by speech. Any one living intensely can speak with the energy of motion; and will be listened to while he is whizzing by. 'Lift your aims!' This was the fiercely spoken command of one, a vicarious parent, who, when her brother died, leaving his widow in straitened circumstances with five little boys to bring up, took it upon herself to stimulate their ambition and elevate their standards.

'Aunt Mary Moody,' wrote her nephew, Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'is a genius always new, subtle, frolicsome, musical, unpredictable. Never any one gave higher counsels nor played with all the household incidents with more wit and humor. My life and its early events never look trivial in her letters, but are full of eyes, and acquire deepest expression. She was a spurring, guiding, rebuking, and loving enthusiast.' [1]

'Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo,' Emerson wrote later, and perhaps he thought of Aunt Mary, witty, spirited Aunt Mary, who, when introduced to Lafayette told him that she was 'in arms at the Concord fight.' [2] Aunt Mary was certainly in arms in a different sense for the rest of her life. She surprised, attracted, chided, and denounced her companion by turns, and by pretty rapid turns. 'Scorn trifles, lift your aims.' Mary Moody Emerson is in herself a fascinating and provoking character, and deserves more space, but here she must illustrate only the fact that even a rigid and fierce, if at the same time loving and spirited, nature will be followed because

[1] *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, 40. Houghton Mifflin Company.
[2] Edward W. Emerson: *Mary Moody Emerson*, 600.

of the intensity of her affection and the constancy of her ideal.

Uphold a standard. The word 'uphold' is important here. Standards must be held vertical. It really won't do to drop them to the horizontal, and use them to poke some one with. Against that youth rebels, for that is using a standard as a goad. Nagging is not using influence; it is using ill humor. Standards when lowered and used as clubs fail to carry — because they are not upborne.

Nor must color bearers let their standards wobble. French, dancing, truthfulness, clean hands, house parties, college examinations, trips to Florida, worship of God, straight teeth, fashionable clothes, religious education — sometimes I meet families where the order of these in importance is utterly chaotic. Vagueness or timidity hover like fogs about the aims of such parents. Either they have not thought clearly enough about what they want, or they fear that their aspirations will seem old-fashioned. Through vagueness they put French and dancing-school before religious teaching or disciplined work; or through bewildered fear they let the children decide alone and unadvised. Such parents are afraid of losing their influence. They have lost it already if they never exercise it. They will regain it when they unite sympathy to firmness.

Standards must stand firm and be well planted. I turn back a generation to a group where there were standards in the sense of definite, continued, well-developed interests on the part of the older generation. One father drew exquisitely. He taught all his sons to sketch. It was as definite a mode of expression to them and to their group of cousins as letter writing,

and as simply accepted. Some of them at sixty still sketch the landscapes around them, still illustrate their letters. In a second family of the same group, amateur acting was a tradition. Year after year plays were given. It became a deep-rooted custom to produce a Thanksgiving play, and there is still laughter and quickening memory over those days. One of the group acts still in private theatricals and another has gone on to the professional stage, with marked success. The custom of reading aloud from classic books goes deep into the lives of this same group. The tones of the father's genial, contented voice, that drew together the whole family as he read Scott's *Old Mortality*, may still be heard as his son reads aloud.

Such interests, concrete expressions of standards, have decisive influence. For there is a logic of admiration. When parents share their love of art, of music, of literature, and of religion, they are planting for the future. It is only natural to come to admire what the people you care for most genuinely delight in and practice. Admiration of the best, and above all skill to take part in what one admires, will drive out lower and more passive tastes. 'People talk of how you can't keep your children from movies,' said the father of four sons, 'but mine enjoy our mountain climbing and riding so much that they have no use for movies.' There was a minimum of sitting and looking on in this family.

Passivity — *sitting* — is our worst external danger now: sitting on the bleachers, sitting at the musical comedy, sitting on the fence, sitting at the movies, sitting to hear the radio, sitting in the motor car. But he who can swim, paint, act, climb, ride, sing, play,

read, folk-dance, is not likely to relapse into an adipose sitter.

Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you after many days. 'Your children will come in time to share your interests if they are genuine and not pressed in too hard,' is the verdict of an experienced mother. This is true of the interests instilled into us in youth, though not often of those inculcated. I have just looked up these words in the dictionary and they are used as synonyms. But how different they are as sources of future interest! *Inculcate* is a hard, beating word. It drives away interest by arousing resistance. *Instil* is a soft, mysterious idea; it drops like rain and hidden seeds begin to germinate. Don't inculcate but instil. Firmness, even resistance, on the one hand; but recognition, sympathy, on the other. These two, not alone but together, we all need. They are not contradictory but complementary. For to hold standards for yourself gives power to recognize standards in another. Recognize another's power and you may set it free. When you see what any soul is trying to do and are glad, you are the parent of new life.

It was long ago in my childhood but I recall even now just where I was standing on the hillside among the blueberry bushes turning crimson in the autumn sun, when a motherly woman whom I knew came by and simply looked at me. I cannot remember that she said more than 'Good morning,' but the look in her eyes gave me life. I did not speak of it to her then or later, but I almost gasped with new hope. 'You have faith in me,' was what bubbled up in my till then arid well of consciousness, 'and if you believe in me I can begin to live better.' It was a mysterious gift of un-

derstanding and therefore of self-help — mysterious but not uncommon. Often I see parents smile at a child so that they give it life.

Looking forward we see our aims for children. Looking back they express what they have received. To prove the value of upholding standards I give here some papers written a few years ago by girls of nineteen on the topic, 'Things I am most grateful for in my bringing up.'

'I think I am most grateful to my father for being a pal to us, as children, and because he let us have our good times in our own home. We were always allowed to make as much noise as we wanted to, and at any time, as it never disturbed him. All the children in the neighborhood came to our house, it was the regular meetinghouse. Now since we are grown up, we still have our good times at home. During the past week there was seldom a night in which the different girls and boys did not come in for dinner. Every one was welcome, and there was no formality about it. Father enjoys being with young people, and finding out what they expect to be and all about their work.

'I am thankful too that Father insisted that we should go to church when we were quite young, because as I grew older Sunday did not seem right unless I went to Sunday School or church. Religion brings people into closer relationship and serves as a stronger tie than almost anything else. Many families become indifferent to one another simply because they have nothing in common.

'When my sister and I were younger Father never allowed us to go to the Club and dance. Even now, he

wants to know with whom we are going and all about everything. It used to make me cross to have him so particular, but I see now more every day the reasons he was so careful. If my father said "No" it meant "No," and there could be no argument on our part. Gradually we have learned that when he said "No" it was only for some very good reason.'

'The thing in my bringing up that I am most grateful for has been learning to use my judgment in forming my view of matters. I have always been taught to weigh both sides of a question and to decide it as I think right and not as everybody else might think right. I have been closely associated with my grandfather, who possesses a very powerful intellect. To me his mind has always seemed a great light piercing the shadows of falsehood and always searching for truth. He is never influenced in his decision by what other people say. The question is, What are the facts, and what conclusions can I reasonably draw? He has never been afraid to stand on the unpopular side if that has seemed to him the right side. He has taught me in a measure to think independently. From him I have learned that if one stands alone he is not necessarily wrong. But greatest of all things which I have been taught by my family is to be gentle with those who through ignorance do evil, to pity rather than condemn them.'

'The thing that I am most grateful for is the wonderful environment that my family brought me up under. I have seen so much unhappiness in other families, caused by drink, divorce, too much money or too little,

unsuccessful marriages, and numerous causes, that I feel especially fortunate in my wonderful congenial family. It is not only my brother, father, and mother who are always doing for one another to make others happy; but also my aunts, uncles, and cousins are marvelously congenial. I never realized this until I became older and discovered so many families lived their own lives and did what they wanted to and never thought about the brother's or sister's family, and if I may go so far as to say, they didn't even care. To me a family is one of the most influential things in a child's life, and I am mightily happy that I have all my adorable relations.'

'My grandmother, hasty and unconventional and kind, was the haven of security and rightness in a hostile world. Her courage, her generosity, her lack of rancor, and her veracity made a foundation for my feet. Not that I ever analyzed these qualities, but they made in her grandchild a homing instinct. Here was a person to talk to, to ask things of, to play with — some one who neither preached nor scolded. Never, that I can remember, did we discuss moral judgments. They lay too near our loyalties. But looking back at the two of us, grandmother and grandchild, sewing dolls' petticoats before her open fire, I doubt if our silent reflections were unlike. Probably I gathered her standards of life by infection. What sense of right and wrong I had, what moral judgments I made, were things that grew in silence, but they were very hot and positive for all that, and *differed* at their birth from the standards I saw practiced or heard discussed.'

'I am grateful to my father because he is very businesslike and his influence, I feel sure, has made me very much less lax about my affairs and responsibilities.'

'It is not easy to tabulate the privileges one has always had. By privileges I mean the kindnesses done, whether they be in the form of punishment or opportunities. But as I look back now, I'm grateful to my parents for insistence on:

(a) discipline,
(b) respect,
(c) obedience to my duty and to the laws of my country.

'First, take discipline. My father came from a Scotch family who were very strict and I have been brought up in that same light. I was never allowed to question my father.

'I was taught respect for my parents above all things. I don't think there is anything more disagreeable or heart-rending than to hear a son or daughter talk back or be impertinent to his parents; and how often we hear it nowadays!

'My parents also taught me obedience to my duty before pleasure. I always had to put music lessons ahead of playtimes, etc. My father used to tell me how important it was for *all* persons to obey the laws of our country in order to have order. Somehow speeding in a car doesn't seem to be breaking the law, but whenever my family are in the car they insist upon my going within the speed limit.'

'It seems to me that the thing I am more grateful for than anything else is the chance to live with the

kind of people my family are. I have never seen two human beings who love each other as beautifully and continually. It gives our home an atmosphere which cannot be surpassed for inspiration and real beauty. Throughout my life I shall be able to keep it before me as an ideal for my own life, and as a proof that every-day life can be made a very beautiful thing.'

These comments seem to me full of encouragement for those who would uphold standards. In them young people express approval of their parents' participation in youth's social life, of their firmness in saying no, of their demand for discipline, respect, and obedience to law; as well as for the training given in independence of judgment and the responsibility of choice. Already some among these girls see the value of church-going; already they admire courage, generosity, truthfulness, and ability to stand alone in a right but unpopular cause. Above all, I value in these comments the appreciation they show of parents who love each other 'beautifully and continually.'

CHAPTER IX

SKILLFUL CRITICISM

BEHIND the brilliant foreground of such parents as those described earlier we often recognize a black background of others, foolish or bewildered. In 'The Survey-Graphic' of November 1, 1926, Dr. Miriam Van Waters wrote an illuminating article on 'Parents in a Changing World.' 'We see in court,' she said, 'the end-results of tendencies, attitudes, emotions, habits of thought and action in family life that are almost universal.' For Juvenile Courts are concerned, not only with children's crimes, but 'with individuals and families in various kinds of trouble: bereaved or deserted parents, parents who wish to know what to do when children leave home, or marry without consent, or are caught in the mud of commercialized recreation; parents who suddenly are confronted by the problem of control of youth in a neighborhood where most of the boys and girls do what they please with a tacit, grudging, or admiring consent from their elders; parents who believe in a single definite code of moral behavior, but who look to the State to declare it to a wayward fifteen-year-old whom they lack the courage to face. The parents have lost the power to influence their children.'

This pathetic picture of baffled parents makes one long to help them. We have been so absorbed in the younger generation that we have hardly noticed how lonely and puzzled are the parents of children who have gone astray where older feet do not know how to follow them. There are, of course, parents who fail

through carelessness. But why have these well-meaning parents failed? Dr. Van Waters helps us by quoting some letters from the older children. They are bitter letters, and they name various reasons for bitterness — mainly these:

The parents nag, and humiliate them for little things. They scold children for lying down after dinner to take a nap, for sitting on the best sofa to shell peas, for leaving dirty overshoes around, for hanging the dishcloth on the door knob. (Such little misdeeds!) They read their daughters' letters, criticize their friends, run down the younger generation. A common complaint is that home life is too crowded; it leaves no time for privacy and solitude, or it is monotonous and stagnant.

In another article, under the clever title, 'I Would Rather Die than Go Home,' [1] Dr. Van Waters says: 'Of all the conditions favorable to the development of antagonism the infliction of humiliation ranks first. Ridicule, sarcasm, petty slights, the meeting of emotional warmth with coldness and misunderstanding, the tactless reprimand, appear trivial as against the balance of a home life which may contain a well-ordered household, earnest behavior codes, and the satisfaction of material wants. But the child, particularly the child deprived of the companionship of other children, nurses these humiliations in lonely hours, feeds them with dreams and reveries, until they become large and absorbing grudges.

'Antagonism flourishes in broken homes, among children of divorced parents, children who have been adopted, and is frequently found in an only child of

[1] *Survey*, February 1, 1927.

aged parents. Fussiness and anxiety on the mother's part are predisposing causes. . . . Comfortable mothers do not have antagonistic children.'

That last sentence is well worth underscoring. Is it not usually irritation in oneself, that, like a bee-sting, makes one violent and unskillful in response to another? A mother had just been reprimanding her small daughter, who, as I entered, was to be seen escaping from the room in a flood of tears. I asked her comrade of five, now left alone in the room, what the trouble with Amy was. He looked up at me with the most solemn, the widest-opened eyes I have ever seen and replied, 'Mrs. Browning said *everything* to her.'

Everything! That is often a child's impression of even well-meant criticism. Everything depressing, condemning, overwhelming, is said at once. And if such a downpour does not rouse tears, it is likely to rouse anger, bitterness, and sullenness. It is true that there are exceptions. A girl of fourteen came home from school one day exultant with: 'I adore my swimming teacher. She's not a mealy-mouthed idiot. When I make a poor dive she doesn't say, "That's pretty good and you tried very hard, dear." She says, "That's *bad*. Do it over again."' Folks as healthy-minded as this girl will get on anyway; the others may need skillful criticism untinged by irritation though not devoid of warmth.

Skill in criticism is taught in part by past failures. I recognize that private ethical teaching in the family, among brothers and sisters, unless well buttered with good humor, usually does harm; that unasked lessons in conduct given by disapproving outsiders disagree with the young, and that youth cordially

disagrees with them; that trying to make others good (especially after the others are grown up) is an irritant and often a counter-irritant. How can criticism succeed?

1. Through a combination of geniality and of humility in the giver. One one-hundredth of a grain of superiority will ruin the mixture. 'I may be wrong, but this is how it seems to me,' or, 'I've made so many mistakes myself that I've learned just a little,' must be the attitude of the giver of criticism.

2. Through respect as well as the desire for improvement. Hunt for fine traits in the person you criticize. Keep your eye on them. Never speak of a wrongdoing until you are also aware of a rightdoing in the person.

3. Through very *present* love. Distrust yourself as a critic unless you feel warmly affectionate at the time, unless you speak because you can't bear to have your hearer the least bit below his own ideal.

4. Earn the right to criticize by long, patient devotion. Giving money is no reason for expecting to give criticism. Philanthropists please take notice.

5. So far I have spoken of some right attitudes in criticism, but in addition to these there is a fine art of statement, the art of carrying across your meaning when there is a difference of opinion. In ensemble playing you must both play and listen to the other instruments. So in the best discussion you listen even while you speak, listen both to the truth which as a chosen ambassador you represent and to the meaning you are trying to convey to your friend. It would be easier, and *at the time* more fun to hammer in your own views, forgetting those of the opponent, but listening

to the truth will keep you from saying *contradictory* things to different people because you wish to be sympathetic. It will make you ready to stand firm when sure you are right, ready to yield when wrong.

Skillful criticism is wholly distinct from gentle criticism. It is criticism that hits the mark, whether by gentleness or by severity. There are times when a sculptor of character must use his knife with the skill and incisiveness of a surgeon. In 'Revolt in the Desert' Colonel T. E. Lawrence tells of his first visit to Feisal, the Arab leader, who instead of fighting his way northward toward Damascus had fallen into a passive, discouraged state of mind and had not moved for many a month.

'And how do you like our place here in Wadi Safra?' asked Feisal as the Arabs and their chief entertained Lawrence in their tent.

Lawrence's answer was a piercing one: 'Well, but it is far from Damascus.'

'The word had fallen like a sword into their midst. There was a quiver. Then everybody present stiffened where he sat and held his breath for a silent moment. Some perhaps were dreaming of a far-off success.' [1]

Next day it was clear that Lawrence's sharp slash had gone home. Feisal agreed to the northern attack and threw all forces into it. The scourge that Lawrence applied was no schoolmaster's whip. It was a sting to rouse their *own* forgotten, half-buried will. It is when responsibility has once been accepted, that severity is right. You can kick a wood fire when it has got heat in it and it will go all the better. Rough treatment may suit it best. Sparks will fly out. Sparks will

[1] *Revolt in the Desert*, 18. Doran, 1926.

fly up. But with a newly lighted fire, when the wood has not yet caught, when there are no hot coals, the opposite is true. Delicate handling then: tempting bits of birch bark or paper; the driest twigs; the logs exactly far enough apart and near enough together. So it is with criticism. We may have to use it cautiously, to lure and coax a dampened character into flame. But once it is aroused a blow will make it leap up, resistant, fiery, and strong.

Therefore the best moral surgery is that which the patient, under the guidance of a surgeon, inflicts on himself. I have seen an upright teacher use moral surgery to scourge a cringing liar into honesty. It was like driving one poisoned by opium about the room to prevent his falling asleep and so dying. The boy denied his misdeed. The teacher proved it by a document in the youth's handwriting.

'Yes, I did do it,' he confessed, 'but I don't know how it happened.'

'That is wrong. You do know how it happened. Think it out and tell me.'

'I'm awfully sorry.'

'Don't say that. That means nothing till you tell me what you intend to do to prevent it next time.'

'I will never do it again.'

'Stop! You will do it again unless you plan exactly how to prevent it.'

This teacher demands of herself even higher standards than she exacts of her pupils. Driven out of the crumbling ruin of dishonesty they follow their leader into truthfulness. I have never known her fail to make friends of her pupils by her righteous severity. She recalls the erring to themselves, because she stands in

the presence of the truth or the courage that they are already seeking — if they only knew it.

So stands my friend of the Women's Reformatory. A sex-offender wails: 'It was when my baby died that I went wrong. I couldn't help it, when she was taken from me.' How natural to be condoling and condoning at such a moment. How supernatural and right to prick the bubble with: 'What a cowardly thing to do! Couldn't you make a finer memorial to your darling baby than that? See if you can't begin right *now*.'

In this chapter I deal with criticism both as given and received. Therefore I will turn to the value that the victim of critical irritability may gain from it. Irritability, let him say to himself philosophically, is a form of sensitiveness. We mean by the 'irritability' of plants their quick response, their sensitiveness to impressions. There is something to learn from an irritated person. He has become sensitive. He is seeing the situation with clearness, with a sharp and therefore enlightening outline. He may accuse me of being a spendthrift or a miser, of being always late to a train, or of never posting a letter. These are exaggerations, of course. Nevertheless he may be hitting in this awkward manner an ancient and entangling fault of mine. I don't want to have faults in my life any more than in my tennis service. I must improve my technique. Cutting remarks are like balls returned with a cut on them. Can I hit them to the proper point, or do I crash them back straight at my opponent, so that he will at once fiercely return them?

'You are always half an hour late,' remarks one's husband. Is it true? Then let me make a closer hit

next time. Is the statement false or exaggerated? Then at least it teaches me something about him. Why is punctuality his hobby; waiting, his bugbear? Surely, I see, when I turn my attention his way, that it is because he is a far more concentrated worker than I, loyal to every second, a true minute-man. I must not betray his allegiance.

Or suppose the outbreak reveals no such obvious fineness of character. It may still be enlightening. A trained nurse knows how to handle her tempestuous patient: 'Poor woman, she lets out her temper suddenly, and swears that she will never speak to me again. In half an hour she wants to do me a kindness. I listen to her splutterings and murmur, "Um, um." Soon she is all right.' The receiver of even unjust criticism should remember that he wants to improve in his human game; that blame is really a compliment to his power of growth. Blame can then be welcomed. As G. K. Chesterton says, 'Blame is itself a compliment. It is a compliment because it is an appeal, and an appeal to a man as a *creative artist making his soul.* To say to a man "rascal" or "villain" in ordinary society may seem abrupt, but it is also elliptical. It is an abbreviation of a sublime spiritual apostrophe, for which there may be no time in our busy social life. When you meet a millionaire, the cornerer of many markets, out at dinner in Mayfair, and greet him (as is your custom) with the exclamation "Scoundrel!" you are merely shortening for convenience some such expression as "How can you, having the divine spirit of man that might be higher than the angels, drag it down so far as to be a scoundrel?" . . . It is obvious anyhow, that when we call a man a coward, we are in

so doing asking him how he can be a coward when he could be a hero. When we rebuke a saint for being a sinner, we imply that he has the powers of a saint.' [1]

Much of Mr. Chesterton's writing is so wreathed about with fun that some folks cannot see the central point. But here the central point is clear as crystal. At the best blame is 'an appeal to a man as a creative artist making his soul.' Take it the other way round. We abandon criticism of any one because he is hopeless as a man (or at least as a receiver of criticism), or because he is perfect. The last is certainly not true of any of us; hence refusal to blame a man implies that we consider him hopeless, non-moral, or irretrievably ruined. 'It is no use telling her anything, she just goes up in the air.'

Again reverse the situation. To receive blame is to receive a disguised compliment. Back of it, when it is not a pure eruption of ill nature, is the hope that you can improve. You are not given up, you are given uplift with a somewhat unpleasant celerity. When you arrive after the jounce you can see the compliment, the 'Go up higher' to a guest who is taking too low a stand or seat.

[1] In *The New Witness*, July 23, 1922.

CHAPTER X

AN ATMOSPHERE FOR GROWTH

A. OUTWARD

CHILDREN need — indeed we all need — the enveloping memory of a loved place; the caress of an old family house. For the house of our childhood, the hay barn where we have watched solemnly munching cows, the blueberry pastures up the hill hold childhood and youth together and give firm footing through the slipping, transitory stages of growth. Just as old pastures reveal, when the turf is turned, the most fertile soil, so old memories have a patient way of offering fertile soil for growth of the young. It is right that youth should be looking forward, not back, yet there are voices from behind whose messages will be heard in later years. There comes a time of quiet or of decision when we look back and see, hear, touch — even taste and smell the invading past, for the past is a perennial plant. It may even in winter begin to burgeon and grow, because it is strong with the depth of the root itself, not tender like a showy annual sure to be killed by early frost.

The houses of grandparents are subtly fitted to preserve loyalty. Taste and smell may first bring their recalling message. Gingerbread hot from the oven; peaches off a warming brick wall, fragrant with sun on ripening fruit. Sight comes quickly after smell; a delicately chiseled face, smiling with eyes rather than with lips as he offers the fruit to you, his child. Your receiving hands, both of them, clasp the peach, but

you do not know what you receive. Then, it is only a peach or a nectarine; but by and by it is a vision, a whisper, and a command: 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' The past becomes more present than to-day; air floats around it, the bees of endless summer hum; uncounted nectarines hang just beyond, and his face is the face of your consecration.

For many of us, even more provocative to good than the gifts we receive are the things we made together in childhood. I know a green and buff house in which every door clasp, every wooden latch, every seat, every bookshelf, has been made and carved by parents and children. Even the telephone list is of white wood chiselled out as a decoration with the names most often called. It is as if even when one names one's friends to the operator one does it with entwining affection. The garnet sands of the near-by beach line the pathway, the windmill sails are of the father's design, and as the days go on he builds bit by bit a tiny steep-pointed building called 'A Place to Think.' 'We never think,' he said, 'but all the more we need a place to think.'

I cannot picture his children going far astray. Deep inbred in them must be the practice of taking their part, and clear as a trumpet will come in need the call of their high-perched home with its 'Place to Think' and its thoughts cut in wood.

It is the tenacious hold of sacred places inhabited by presences that makes a home more precious with age. 'Home, sweet home,' is played on every music box and sung by every child, but who will ever sing: 'Sweet, sweet apartment!' Sweet, sweet apartment, with its dusty tube instead of a bell, its unwelcoming outer door that tries its best to knock you down as you

hurry by, its dark stairway leading to an annoyingly invisible name on a dingy card that you try to make out in the dark; its steam heat within that dries and cracks your skin; its gas log that pretends to be a flame and is a leaking poison.

No — we shall never sing 'sweet, sweet apartment.' It won't rhyme with anything but department, compartment, and escarpment, which are not cozy thoughts. Even if the only homes left are the 'Homes of the Cadillac Car' we shall never grow musical over 'sweet, sweet apartment.' Luxurious apartments are spiritually dark compared to houses, or spiritually blinding when glaringly lighted. It takes a homemaker to redeem them.

As I look back I see my father's flashlight gleam as he closed our many-roomed house at night. He went about to see that every outer door was locked, every window closed, and that all was safe and in peace. Those days are past and I shall not again see him move quietly about in the house of his own childhood. But his flashlight still gives its sudden gleam as I turn dark corners. Like the quick beauty of his lighted eyes, it illumines still.

Houses influence character; what then should be the central foci of interest to make a house expressive?

When I once turned on mine the searchlight of a question: 'What spirit does it express?' I was horrified. It expressed — no, let me go rapidly on to a less embarrassing question. What should every house express? First of all, homelikeness, and second, hospitality. A house is made homelike by very simple desires that yet are spiritual values: first of all, the love of children and the love of God, then by special love of

flowers, of books, of pictures or music. To express these interests there must be a center in every house, and that center must be one in which all the family can share. In the dining-room we all gather round the table. We all share the mysterious gift of food which becomes transformed into ourselves. The dining-room has a focus. In it we unite, at least for daily bread. But what do we really do together besides eat? What should be expressed, for example, in the living-room?

I. There are several excellent centers of attraction for a living-room: fire, music, flowers, pictures, books. Those who are fortunate enough to live in the country with wood accessible can have open fires. Now a fire is vastly superior to a radiator or a stove in spiritual significance. You can't sit cozily in a circle round the oil stove, or converse sociably about the radiator. But evenings by the fire with some one reading aloud or some one cooking chestnuts or popcorn over the embers may be a uniting memory for sixty years. The fire, as Chesterton says, is the red heart of a house. A radiator supplies heat; a wood fire supplies atmosphere. It draws in more than the air about it; it draws the family to a center. In the homes I have loved I remember fires almost more vividly than any other thing in the house — reading by the fire; intimate laughter of groups by the fire; playing on the floor by the fire; lying on a sofa, gently nursed back into health by the fire; and talking by the fire late at night of hopes and dreams that could never have been told in broad daylight, certainly never beside the dry warmth of the steam radiator or under the glare of electric lights. So I maintain that wherever it is possible economy should be practiced on coal and overhead lighting and the

money saved spent on building and using a fireplace. Wood fires are financially uneconomical, but spiritually worth far more than they cost. They become the quiet centers of family intimacy.

II. When the life of the house cannot center round the fire it may center in music. President Charles W. Eliot was fond of telling the story of a Maine music teacher who loved her work. She married young, but resolved that her great interest should continue. Eight children were born to her and each of the eight was taught to play some instrument. For years they held family concerts. After the children married they came back to play together, and when the sound of any of the pieces they played is heard by any of them, however separated, surely they are all together.

'It may seem absurd,' said a young violinist after his mother's death, 'but to-night I just played *at* mother. I wanted to share it with her, to play again to her, and I felt her spirit come back.'

There will, I imagine, be some protest against what I have written, especially about the sharing of fine arts in the home. 'It is all very well to share music or carving or drawing if you are talented, but unfortunately I have no talent.' To those who take this point of view I want to contribute a sentence of Chesterton's that has long encouraged me. 'Anything worth doing is worth doing badly.' Startling as is the remark at first, one grows to see its significance. A third-rate violinist can enjoy immensely a duet with his daughter at the piano. We gladly go to hear great singers, but we can rouse the true spirit of family life better by singing four-part songs at home. The performance may be a poor thing, but it is, as Shakespeare wisely remarked,

'A poor thing, but mine own.' There is no need to do anything extraordinarily well in order to extract its uniting value.

So in relation to pianos as in relation to fires, there is a financial and a spiritual economy and we must choose which to put first. The Victrola is cheap, because it implies no lessons in music; the piano is dear, but in two senses, for it is endearing.

III. A third focus of interest emerges in growing things. Many children, lovers of nature, find growing plants of real spiritual value. In a family of children there are sure to be flower lovers and to them the scent of a daphne or a fragrant olive or one of the gay little orange trees that flourish with the slightest care may come back after many years, laden with precious memories. Flowers well cared for instantly make a room homelike, nor are they hard to manage. Azaleas will do well in a somewhat shady house; the *olea fragrans* will grow anywhere, and bulbs of the Chinese narcissus need only water and sun.

IV. It is not enough realized how strong an impression is made on children by the pictures they live with. We see our home pictures so often that they become unconsciously part of us. Yet how rarely are they chosen with the single aim of expressing spiritual values. How rarely is one great picture a center in living-room or bedroom. One mother I know chose for her dining-room a set of photographs of Millet's peasant scenes. There was the potato-planting, the feeding of the chickens, the sower scattering his grain, the child running to its mother to be fed, the Angelus in the field. The room was made one by these pictures and made spiritual because in each Millet expressed the

spiritual meaning behind the daily toil. He saw and makes us see that labor in the fields is full of informing dignity and wisdom, that the care of children is at the root of happiness, that the ending of the day is a hallowed experience.

V. A house seems barren to me without books, not books shut up in cases but books on the table, that show signs of being read. It is sometimes difficult to find books in whose spirit children of many ages can share, but they can be found. Tolstoy's short stories put together by Aylmer Maude in 'Twenty-three Tales,' Mark Twain's 'Joan of Arc,' parts of Malory's 'Morte Arthure,' 'Don Quixote' in an abridged edition will appeal to a wide range of listeners. Many of the classics are far better read aloud than to oneself, and evenings of Dickens and the best of Scott, Kipling, or Stevenson still entrance children and grown-ups who love humor and adventure. Among modern books I put high for its spiritual influence George MacDonald's 'At the Back of the North Wind,' Mary Antin's 'The Promised Land,' and for boys and girls of all ages, Turley's story of Captain Robert Scott's journey to the South Pole. In Captain Scott's diary the message pierces home and every one who reads of his heroic struggle and death aches to save him, aches to follow his glorious way of life. In all that journal modesty goes hand in hand with heroism, and firmness with fairness. Not one single record but sounds the note of faith and courage even in hardship, and disaster.

B. INWARD

I have given illustrations of atmosphere reflected from houses. I turn to the inward atmosphere that

best entices to rightdoing. Such an atmosphere is made by genuineness, geniality, and generosity. Of genuineness little need be said. What Emerson wrote fifty years or more ago is still more pertinent now:

'Even children are not deceived by the false reasons which their parents give in answer to their questions, whether touching natural facts or religion or persons. When the parent, instead of thinking how it really is, puts them off with a traditional or hypocritical answer, the children perceive that it is traditional or hypocritical.' [1]

Thoreau, Emerson's neighbor, has also expressed the need of genuineness in memorable words:

'By the truthfulness of our story to-day we help explain ourselves for all our life henceforth. How we hamper and belay ourselves by the least exaggeration! The truth is God's concern; he will sustain it. But who can afford to maintain a lie? We have taken away one of the pillars of Hercules and must support the world on our shoulders who might freely have walked upon it.' [2]

Lack of genuineness is fatal to any permanent relationship, and to any power for good. Pretense, untruthfulness, exaggeration break down the very meaning of language. As nickels lose their marking by overhandling, and must be turned in to be reminted, so words carelessly or untruthfully used wear smooth and meaningless. The word 'wonderful' is an example of atrocious cruelty to adjectives. So many thousands of folks have used it falsely that nothing is left of its pristine mystery of surprise. Even more fatal than ex-

[1] *The Conduct of Life*, 30. Houghton Mifflin Company.

[2] Henry D. Thoreau, *Winter*.

aggeration is any pretense in affection or of sorrow. Genuine affection makes its way even unknown to the giver.

'After my wife's death,' said President Charles W. Eliot, 'I received many letters and visits even from strangers who wanted to express their sympathy. One visit was from a woman who said she came to tell me that my wife's relation to me had changed her own intention to apply for a divorce.' 'When did you see us, and what was it that influenced you?' asked President Eliot, intent as always on understanding. 'I saw you only once in a hotel,' replied this woman, 'and what influenced me was the way you looked at her and she looked back at you.' It was the genuineness of their affection that hit home.

'Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches' is one of Emerson's aphorisms.[1] It is true. Geniality like sunshine is the simplest as well as the most pervasive atmosphere for success in meeting sour, small, and hard situations. But how easy it is to turn sour in a muggy atmosphere, small in a petty one, and hard when faced by stoniness. How memorable is the sight of geniality coming right out of the sky in the middle of a moral thunderstorm.

His friend, Henry, had been damning with mighty oaths a sea captain whom John admired. No murderer could have been sentenced to death by a judge in more scathing terms. The room was full to the ceiling of the atmosphere of tobacco smoke and irritability. Could John help catching the contagion? I marveled to find that he did. Many dealings with difficult folk had

[1] 'Consideration by the Way,' *The Conduct of Life*, 264. Houghton Mifflin Company.

made him immune against irritability. He laughed the pleasantest of laughs, as much as to say, 'Well, well, how many interesting differences of opinion there are in this world.' Then he told in great detail a story of that same captain's extraordinary courage, skill, and self-sacrifice during a storm at sea. He added no comment. None was needed. His friend was converted.

Even more significant than geniality is the atmosphere of generosity. 'You have been working overtime lately,' I heard an employer say to her farmer. 'Here is some money in addition to your regular salary.' 'No, you don't, Mrs. Curtiss!' his answer came energetically. 'You helped me out when my boy had appendicitis, and working overtime is the only way I can get even with you.' Atmosphere is created by such a man's generosity. When in the days of the writer of Proverbs some one enunciated the phrase 'If thine enemy be hungry,' and then paused, I wonder if the scribe did not begin to write, '*starve* him,' and whether he did not look up startled when the phrase concluded, 'give him bread to eat.'

The generous attitude is not alone one of giving. It is shown in hospitality. Take, for example, the celebration of festivals. Do we bring out the full value of every one's birthday? I know a family where the cook's birthday is celebrated as delightedly as that of any of the children, and where at Christmas the ass and the shepherd dog are brought in to receive the gifts from what by courtesy are called their stockings. I prize birthdays as peculiarly the days in which all the family recognize the unique gift of a special child, the regal day in which they express their love and gratitude to God for him, the days on which by sharing as well as

by receiving, he is most himself. When it comes to Christmas, cannot the same spirit of gratitude for that great gift to the world be the spiritual center of our rejoicing?

It seems to me that we often crush children's native and admirable hospitality. Most children are ready to invite in every child they meet, and though there are limits to be drawn, we can keep alive by increased simplicity and added open-heartedness that native spirit of hospitality which is truly of religious significance. Hospitality and an open house also give us a chance for physical service and so for spiritual service. Here is a home where a sick teacher is taken in for three weeks' rest in bed. Not the tired mother, but the children wait on her. They vie with one another to take up attractive meals, to bring her books, to read to her. They do it eagerly because it is the standard of that house. From the outset they have been brought up to minister as well as to be ministered to.

Gifts and hospitality do not exhaust generosity. It is peculiarly well shown in taking the blame on oneself. It was no book but a living example that showed me how literally marvelous is the effect of sharing the blame of another's guilt. 'I do so dislike to have any one else blamed,' she said. 'It is like seeing a kitten hurt. Besides,' she added quickly, 'it usually *is* partly my fault anyway.' At first it seemed to me that her acceptance of guilt was almost untruthful. I came to see that it expressed not alone sympathy but honesty, for guilt is rarely all on one side. A well-known judge has said that the greatest trial in his work is the need of deciding in favor of plaintiff or defendant when both of them are clearly in the wrong. But though we

recognize that guilt is rarely all on one side, it is natural to push our guilt away toward some one else. Natural. Yes, but this girl was supernatural. She instinctively pulled all imaginable guilt her way.

When we have not been clear in our agreements, when we have been provoking in our arguments, when we have let things slide till we put temptation in another's way, when as members one of another we have not done our part, there is truthfulness in taking the blame. There is also a lifting quality in assuming our share of the blame and a trifle more for good measure. It makes an atmosphere in which repentance can grow. The meaning of the atonement may in our age need new interpretation, but there can never be more noble words: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.'

CHAPTER XI

CHARACTER STUDY

A. DIFFICULTIES IN CLASSIFICATION

ANY one who attempts to classify folks into types finds that his task is endless and even, strictly speaking, impossible, because it is an attempt to merge the unique in a class. It is difficult to complete a classification of flowers, and people are subtler than flowers. Their colors are not only many-hued, but they change. Where is the marvelous imagination that made Hubert entrancing at five years old? It is not visible in that stately captain of industry who signs the same name, though with more flourish now. Has his dramatic fancy dried up or is it merely running underground to come back, perhaps, in the quiet of autumnal days when the pressure of work is lifted and again he can play?

A smiling mother once announced that every nursery should be decorated with the sign, 'This too will pass.' 'Just as I had become uncomfortable over the selfish traits of one of the children, just as I had exhausted my resources, behold the fault vanished.' The child had changed. 'Many a teacher takes undeserved credit for alteration in a pupil's disposition,' said an observant superintendent, 'when it is the year added to the boy's age that has accomplished the change.'

The proportion and arrangement of the child's va-

rious traits of character shift again and again during a child's growth. Which of these successive phases are we to choose for our character portrait?

Another difficulty in the classification of character types is that what seems like a permanent characteristic of the person may be due largely to transient anxiety, ill health, growing pains, or desire for self-assertion. The dentist rarely sees the best side of any of us. He must think of human nature as slightly depressed and a bit nervous. He little knows how buoyant we become after we put our hat on, for our attitude toward dentists brightens as we leave them. So it is with restored health. A baby freed from adenoids leaps into gayety. A slow-minded boy, plodding along with difficulty, always behind in the race, quickens his pace when thyroid extract comes to his help. A timid repressed child may now and again be lifted into happiness by having his fears taken away.

There seems to me evidence that not only at adolescence but before it and after it new strains and new aspirations invade our minds and our bodies, affecting character as well as physique. It is a moral risk and a physical strain to become a new person. The butterfly sits drooping-winged on the edge of his chrysalis. Even waking, the return from twilight life into active day, seems hard for some babies, and the emergence from being-a-baby at the age of three or four is often, I believe, a struggle all the harder because it is unrecognized. We see signs of this struggle, sometimes, in the child's first impatient, 'Don't help me. I want to do it all alone,' sometimes in aggressive attacks of rebellion against authority. I doubt if the babies themselves know why they are 'bad.' In the ones I've

watched a sudden traitor appears and organizes a brief but fierce rebellion against the crown. The child seems really happier, more peaceful, more at one with his world after he's been isolated in punishment. Through fasting and solitude the demon has gone out of him. But punishment is no cure. We must get some outlet for the new powers. Often the beginning of school life, regular inescapable work with a group and away from home, is a godsend both to the bewildered parent and the bewildered child entering unknown to himself a new stage of his ripening.

More often than we realize, the need of self-assertion produces bizarre phases of character. I am impressed with an instance of this given by Max Eastman in his 'Enjoyment of Poetry.' He pleads that wrongdoing may be an effort at new experience. 'I remember discovering *insolence* with exactly the same happy spirit of gratification with which I see babies discover light.' He was profoundly interested in Nancy Hanks, the trotting horse. Once his aunt asked him quite sweetly, 'Do you know who Nancy Hanks was named after?' '"No," I shouted, "I don't know and I don't care a *darn* —see?" My memory of the punishment that followed . . . is dim, but of the excited pleasure of the adventure, and my underlying friendliness toward the old lady throughout, I am quite certain.'[1] Are there many grown-ups keen enough to see through the contorted, grinning mask of a boy's insolence, to recognize the young adventurer behind it and then to rouse him to just the right atonement?

When a man slips on an icy pavement he is apt not to present a graceful figure. His fall is made hideous

[1] Max Eastman: *The Enjoyment of Poetry*, 12.

by the very fact that he tries with many contortions to save himself. Many of the faults of childhood that lead us to the wrong classification of character have this twisted nature. They are efforts either to attain a footing in a slippery world, or to avoid a fall.

One of the earliest self-assertive interests is that of making a noise. *Don't blame the child.* It is about the first thing he can make. It is often splendidly effective. It brings in parents, nurses, conversation, and occasionally food and drink. A small boy sat on the floor, howling. Something in his forced expression made me say, 'Don't cry, Bob; you know you can stop if you want to.' Looking up quite peacefully he answered, 'You have to cry. It is the only way to get things.' Very soon the child will go on to the next important stunt — the one we call 'making a fool of himself.' This, like making a noise, impresses on the world the variety of his talents and the need of paying attention to them. Quite unconsciously to himself the desire to make himself felt, to get on the band wagon and play the cornet, pushes him on. When the effort to be felt results in learning to swim, or learning the alphabet, we praise; when it results in smashing lamp-posts, we punish; and when it results in noise, rudeness, mischief, we call it being a bad boy.

Nor are the difficulties of classification alone those of health, of changes in character, or of desire to make oneself felt. Even at any one time human beings refuse to be all of a piece. How confusing it would be if a rose was part rose, part thistle, and part pussy willow; or a dog part bull, part cat, and part caterpillar. There are many different sides all at once in the same person. Indeed, I suspect each of us secretly

hopes that he embodies much more range of character and ability than the world gives him credit for.

Nor are these variations all. Different aspects of people appear in different settings. In a congenial group people who looked like recluses are brought out and become sociable; people we thought humorless become deliciously funny. Even within a character the traits we classify as the same are decidedly different. The aggressiveness of Roosevelt was his own and quite unlike the aggressiveness of a Jewish student, an Egyptian beggar, or an efficient salesman. At bottom I come back to my first assertion: Every person, when closely looked at or when tenderly loved, is known not as a type, but unique. It seems brutal to classify the unique — to pinion types of character in rows like butterflies in a cardboard box. There are insuperable objections to any perfect classification of character. But in spite of this, certain general classifications are useful when not taken very seriously. They are sure to be partly wrong, but nevertheless they have a good chance of being helpful. I here attach a sign, before you cross. Danger: This classification of character will not support a weight of more than 2500 pounds.

The value of studying character is perhaps first of all that it enlarges our acquaintance. We notice and enjoy differences in people. Even individual peculiarities are a source, first of amusement, and then of enlightenment. Society becomes engrossing when we appreciate a wide range of folks, when we delight in the strong points of each, as in the clear intellect of the French, the humor and fancy of the Irish, the deep thinking of the Scotch, the ardor of the Russian, the stoic courage

of the American Indian, or the geniality of the negro. We can hardly imagine Dickens bored in any society. In his creative vision, Sairey Gamp, a sordid, drunken nurse is transformed into an originator of gorgeous and classic phrases; a feeble-minded boy becomes Toots, most lovable and laughable of comrades, and Mr. Micawber — most troublesome of borrowers — turns up as a supreme source of laughter. One can almost say with Chesterton, 'There never was an uninteresting person, but only an uninterested observer.'

Not only enjoyment but the power of making distinctions is won through observing character. The Golden Rule — do unto others as you would that they should do unto you — is sometimes used to cram down another's throat what you like and he particularly dislikes. You like a room temperature of 75°, oatmeal for breakfast, fifty-miles-an-hour speed in your car, musical comedies. She likes a temperature of 65°, fresh fruit for breakfast, twenty-five miles at most in the motor, and when she weeps over Shakespeare's *King Lear* you have to dry her tears with your handkerchief. You learn that the Golden Rule is not a specific, but an interpretation. Do unto others what, with their nature, you would like done unto you.

There are ways in which we should treat every one alike, the obvious human ways of courtesy, of honor, of warm welcome, of justice; but we should treat each one differently in so far as people's temperaments and their likes and dislikes are individual. Japanese iris will not thrive in dry soil nor German iris in the water. The slow child must be treated as differently from the quick child as the tortoise from the rabbit; the sensi-

tive child as differently from the thick-skinned as the Italian anemone from the New England aster.

Study of character, then, helps us to avoid doing what folks dislike. Even more, *it may help us to find the gifts of each person.* 'My friends always seem to me like different colors,' commented a sociable woman. 'When one goes I miss a color out of the group.' Colors, shades, fascinating variations within a color, that is what we can find and bring out in a group or within an individual.

B. THOUGHTFUL, EMOTIONAL, AND ACTIVE TYPES

I. One may sometimes recognize in very early years the thoughtful child who plans ahead, who may even at the age of eleven months plan the most efficient way to creep or to step from chair to chair without falling. I have in mind the case of two little sisters learning to walk. The elder sister learned much the more skillfully. From the vantage of one chair she planned her next base of support; she went very slowly, watching her legs; she put intense and silent attention on her task. The younger sister darted recklessly into space, cried out, and gesticulated like a drunken man. It was not until the fifteenth month that her end was gained, while the elder had learned at ten months. In later life a thoughtful child can be swung on an idea so effectively that interesting intellectual work will pull her out of grief, wrongdoing, or moodiness.

I have never understood all of Shelley's 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,' but I do know the divine beauty of a mentally alert nature. This child is only nine, but from morning till night her laughter over new insight rings out. Sometimes her laughter is so loud that

I call it a peacock laugh. It is like exultant crowing, and when I ask her what causes it, she leaps up with a discovery that four quarter-notes are equal to two half-notes, that a red oak and a black oak both have pointed leaves, or that the Germans call a thimble a finger-hat. She is of all children the happiest, for her resources are wide as the world of knowledge and of growth. 'Tell me about that,' is her incessant demand, and, 'Let me try to do that myself; I *will* learn,' her reiterating appeal. '*Amor intellectualis*' is the greatest gift of geniuses, and often the gift least appreciated by ordinary mortals. This gift is hers.

II. To another, affection is the center. Unmoved by or even puzzled by appeals to thought, the love of some person will carry him far. Where no one else is concerned, you would certainly call James lazy. He lacks initiative, he loafs when he should be studying, he sees nothing as quite worth while. 'Why should I work? I don't see any good in it.' And since he is no longer a child and has independent means there is practically no answer to his question. Yet he answers it for himself as soon as any one he cares for heaves in sight. Then he is like a yacht with flying sails in a breeze. Without a word he is off, quick to foresee needs, swift to help, energetic, enterprising, persistent to the end. He sees life in terms of people and as yet he can see it in no other way. Only the wind of personality can tighten his flapping sails.

Here is a delightful description of a woman in whom affection was central.

'She had, perhaps, the keenest, the most extensive, and the most sympathetic interest in people that I have ever witnessed. Her religious faith was of that

kind which reason never built and criticism can never destroy. Faith, hope, and charity were simply so many voices of her inmost being. I have seen her in times of colossal sorrow, in the midst of as deep tragedy as ever visits mortal men, and I never knew her serenity of spirit to be seriously shaken. She was a veritable mother in Israel. She, too, was one who stretched out wide arms of helpfulness, and sought to gather all kinds of souls, "as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings." What sunshine there was in her presence, and how impossible it was to quench the good cheer of her pleasant laugh!' [1]

III. The man or woman of action is like the executive branch of any government. In him will is central as his attitude toward obstacles. 'Let us then be up and doing,' is his creed; engaging and pursuing delight his soul. I cannot classify will power under less than three types:

1. The cool and clear will. Here is H. H. Asquith, man of action. He gives his list of maxims:

Never quarrel
Never explain
Never hate
Never disappoint
Never fail
Never fear
Never grudge
Never spare
Never tell
Never detract

You see at once a man orderly, controlled, canny in

[1] Howard N. Brown: *The Brookline First Parish in My Time, 1875–95.*

the ways of getting things done, but through nature or discipline almost pitiably deficient in emotion. A useful list are his ten maxims, but how negative, how thin, how cool!

2. There is a hot and short will, apparently intense but soon forgetful of its aim. At its weakest this will is mulish.

'In spite of his forthcoming quality there was in Norton something that balked. If Goethe could say of Schiller that he was like a camel, I may be permitted to say of Norton that even his greatest admirer or best friend felt in him an element of mulishness which nothing could quell or guide save the power that made him. He was not a bad mule; he was good; but you felt that he was putting his feet down somewhere and was prepared to resist. Even before you spoke you received an ultimatum.' [1]

3. There is the hot and long unbending will typified in William Lloyd Garrison: 'I am in earnest; I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.' Garrison had a long as well as inflexible will, but there is a greater type — the thoughtful, pliant, yet ever returning will of Lincoln, or the steady, adhesive, unmoved will of Charles W. Eliot, that enabled him finally to carry through at Harvard College an improvement rejected for forty years. His was a quietly persistent will, yielding when defeated by his colleagues, but growing up again from its roots.

Thought, feeling, will, we see as springs of action, but there are also people of a more purely motor type, so eager to *do* that they leap into action simultaneously

[1] John Jay Chapman: *Memories and Milestones*, 132.

with the appearance of any need. I recall a woman so intensely eager to 'see it through' that she hardly waited to find out what 'it' was. 'Well, what are we going to do about it?' was always on the lips of this admirable executive.

IV. Finally, we should not omit to mention those rare characters in whom thought, feeling, and will are so perfectly balanced, in whom the vision of the good, the ardor to pursue it, and the will to reach it are so commingled that in them the world has known its greatest servants.

The initial step in understanding people whom we would help is to see with which of these four types they most clearly coincide. Many a child of the motor type is slow in thought, many a child of the thoughtful type is hesitant and indecisive in action. We need to study further the meaning of what is called 'slow' or 'quick.'

C. SLOW AND QUICK

Differences in character show up glaringly when we contrast two types of what are facilely called 'entirely different' children or adults, as genuinely different, for instance, as was President Theodore Roosevelt from President Calvin Coolidge. But *within* each type of character there are also wide distinctions. Therefore I shall adopt the method of flower catalogues, which describe colors as ranging from deep crimson to rose, or from midnight blue to sky blue, an immense range all within a 'single' (so-called) color. My division into the slow and the quick illustrates these points. The plodding and the rapid are as easily distinguished as a donkey from a Packard car, but there are times when the donkey runs and the Packard stalls. There are

degrees and kinds of speed and of slowness. We need then to ask:

What is the range within characters classified as slow? What are the reasons for slowness?

Slow: yes, he is slow, but why, when, and how?

Why slow?

Slow from feeble-mindedness.

Slow from interest turned elsewhere.

Slow from a nature profoundly questioning or balking.

Slow from sleepiness or wool-gathering. (If so, what kind of wool — blue, pink, gray, or black?)

Slow because he is making roots.

Slow from fear of saying the wrong thing and being laughed at.

Slow from lack of skill.

Slow as an oak is slow compared to the growth of a willow.

When slow or quick?

All the time.

With special people.

On certain subjects; puzzled — wrong teaching — lost hope.

When feeling his way into thinking.

When overwhelmed with emotion.

How slow?

In act.

In speech.

In emotion.

In thought.

Let me illustrate a few of these points by cases:

Here is a boy of eighteen, the coolest thinker in an emergency that I know. But ask him an ordinary

question about a book, a picture, a person, or a sermon, and he is slow. His mind does not work in that way. He is a 'man of action.' Speech he finds as difficult as is translation from English into French for most of us. Speech indeed is for him a translation from action. Therefore in school he will seem slow till he reaches the laboratory. There he will be classified as steady, reliable, effective, almost brilliant.

Of the slow-growing who are making roots, Angelo Patri, who looks always for the gifts in each child, gives a delicious picture. He refers to a citizen of the United States, who at the end of his teens could hardly read, yet who to-day is at the head of an important educational institution and who doubtless helps dull boys more understandingly because he himself grew slowly. Angelo Patri lights up the picture of this man by the simile of a slow-growing seedling.

'In the seedling bed was one that was simply at the four-leaf stage. The others in the row were transplanted and transplanted until they reached the showy border and flowered, and there he sat with his four sturdy leaves.

"'He'll have to be moved so that he can be fed and watered. I'm sort of attached to him, sitting so patiently there with his four leaves and all the others grown up and away," said the gardener one day. "I'll lift him now and give him a chance in the other bed." Up he came on the trowel, and such roots — a handful of beautiful fibrous roots.

"'The rascal. Sitting there making roots all this time. He'll be a beauty. Never saw such root growth. Come along, old man, and we'll see what we'll see some day." He was a prize winner, of course.

'Look out for that slow one. Maybe he's making his roots.' [1]

I once asked a too-sudden question of a 'slow' child. 'Don't you know the answer?' 'I am thinking,' she answered, and I stood self-rebuked. She was digging in memory, calling up the past, comparing experiences. Even if she did say, 'Oh! I don't know,' at first, she was burrowing her way toward knowledge. Her silence was a proof of insight.

'Which do you like best of these two pictures of angels?' I asked. 'Oh! I don't know,' she answered, as usual. And then, after a moment, came her original reply. 'I like them both best. One is the prettiest, but the other says more.' Her answer was deeper than my question!

Of the slow in thought seen at Chautauqua in 1896, William James gives a description all his own:

'I've been meeting minds so earnest and helpless that it takes them half an hour to get from one idea to its immediately adjacent next neighbor, and that with infinite creaking and groaning. And when they've got to the next idea, they lie down on it with their whole weight and can get no farther, like a cow on a door mat, so that you can get neither in nor out with them. Still,' he adds generously, 'glibness is not all. Weight is something, even cow-weight.[2] Indeed, speaking of another philosopher, James writes, 'I never knew such an unremitting, untiring, monotonous addiction as that of his mind to truth. . . . I suspect that he will outgrow us all.' [3] So, following generous William James, it is well to look for the weight and the growing power in slow minds. Perhaps they will outgrow us all!

[1] *The Problems of Childhood*, 104. D. Appleton and Company, 1926.
[2] *Letters of William James*, II, 41. [3] *Ibid.*, 229.

Every one knows how uncomfortable it is to go up a mountain with some one who never gets out of breath. The great need with a so-called slow person is to keep him up to his own best without pushing him until he is breathless and unhappy. It is fatiguing for the quick person to go slow, but when he lives with a slow mind to whom everything must be explained thoroughly in words of one syllable, the quick may find that his speed after all has been superficiality. It is the swift who may be in danger rather than the slow — danger of conceit, danger of slackness, danger of never mastering difficulties, danger of going to college too young to appreciate the studies that he can easily pass. He needs the advice given by Professor Bôcher, to a student at Harvard who asked which of two courses in French he should take. 'Take the advanced course,' replied the professor. 'If you took the elementary one you would probably fail in it; the difficult one will make you work.' The great danger for the quick child is that he or she outstrips his own maturity. It takes time to have the fruit of character ripen. It is hard for the quick to be also profound. He 'gets by' too easily. Tests worthy of his speed and demanding thoughtfulness as well as quickness must be given him.

D. OUTGOING AND INLOOKING

The outgoing and the inlooking (called by Jung the extrovert and the introvert) make up another pair of contrasts. The *assets* of the extroverts are obvious — their contagious happiness, their single-mindedness, their directness, their healthy-mindedness, their swift recovery from misfortune or blame.

Here is Lucy, a deliciously warm, enthusiastic, help-

ful little person who beams and leaps when she can help any one. She is the quintessence of happiness. She loves housework. She is an absolutely perfect listener when you read aloud. As she attends, she laughs, she questions, 'What does that mean?' at every hard word or idea. 'What is a disciplined heart?' she asked. Her uncle bent over her, smoothing her hair and said, 'It is the power to bear hard things well. You haven't had many sorrows yet, so in that way you are undisciplined.' 'But the canary bird died,' said Lucy. 'Yes, and when the second one died you were a little more disciplined, weren't you; it helped you to be ready for harder things.' Her thoughts had darted elsewhere now; 'Oh! how lovely it would be to be a sea gull,' was her comment as she watched them soaring over the harbor. 'It would be so easy then to be good.' She does not know that she is already flying with outstretched wings of unconscious goodness.

The *liabilities* of some among the outgoing are thoughtlessness, tactlessness, lack of imagination and insensitiveness about other folks. With all their delightful qualities they are often not hard-hit enough by experience to be spurred to the greatest heights or forced to penetrate the darkest pits. They are apt to be bright rather than wise, companionable rather than the best of friends, serviceable in their day rather than prophetic for all time. Roosevelt is an example of the outgoing type, always making friends, having a 'bully time' equally in North Africa or in the White House, immensely serviceable, but not among the prophets and seers.

The outgoing are apt to be blunt-ended, strong, full of common sense, immensely serviceable for anything

except delicate or subtle situations that require a finer-edged tool. They are good citizens, successful money-raisers, healthy-minded comrades, but they rarely appreciate Keats' 'Ode to a Nightingale,' or, like the spiritually sensitive, use in a difficult situation a touch as delicate as a falling rose petal. I once heard a distinguished violinist, Mr. David Mannes, instill the exquisite current of his sympathy on a wound due to a friend's loss of his wife. They had not met for years and Mr. Mannes did not know the events that had passed. 'How is your wife?' 'I have no wife. She died in 1926.' Mr. Mannes put out his hand delicately as if drawing a violin bow and touched his friend's arm. 'Oh! poor fellow. How we unconsciously hurt one another. But' (with a flash of insight) 'probably you love to have her recalled, to speak of her.' That was all, but the voice, the gesture, the sympathy that withdrew to bless and came back with the tender word — all was given with the artist touch of an inseeing soul.

Emerson brings out another significant contrast between the outgoing and the repressed. The introvert recovers from a broken or a contrite heart much more slowly than the extrovert.

'We watch in children with pathetic interest the degree in which they possess recuperative force. When they are hurt by us, or by each other, or go to the bottom of the class, or miss the annual prizes, or are beaten in the game — if they lose heart and remember the mischance in their chamber at home, they have a serious check. But if they have the buoyancy and resistance that preoccupies them with new interest in the new moment — the wounds cicatrize and the fiber is

the tougher for the hurt. One comes to value this *plus* health when he sees that all difficulties vanish before it.' [1]

Because of its difficulty in recuperation from wounds of the soul, the introvert group is a suffering group, often a tragic one. Parents and vicarious parents are needed to help open the fast-barred hearts of these lonely children. Their virtue and their danger is self-control. It is sometimes, if not always, a carefully built-up structure, this self-control, a mask to protect a very thin skin. Sensitive to the rebukes of outsiders, the insider himself is often horribly self-critical. I knew one who felt himself utterly worthless and therefore resolved on a negative goodness. If he could not help any one he would at least be self-controlled and 'bother no one.'

But repression is not always expressed by silence. I once saw the shy beautiful eyes of a girl in my class look at me while I was discussing self-protection against teasing. There are times when you feel eyes as you feel silences, brimming over with meaning. I gave her a chance after class. 'Mrs. Cabot, do people sometimes talk too much just because they are sensitive?' she asked. 'I didn't always talk much. I can remember how I began. My brothers used to tease me horribly and the only way I could invent to stop them was to talk so fast myself that they couldn't get a word in edgewise. And now everybody at school has been blaming me for talking too much and butting in. I have to learn all over again not to talk.'

How do gates unlock or bars break down? By con-

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson: *The Conduct of Life*, 62. Houghton Mifflin Company.

tinued faith and sympathy, I believe, rather than by psychoanalysis, which often seems to twist a head out of shape in pulling it through the bars of reserve. I watched for months a child with something on her mind, obviously unhappy, brooding at times, with intervals of forgetful enjoyment, but ever-returning fits of gloom. Her observant brother remarked that whenever she had nothing to do she cried. It was essential for her to put her worry outside herself. I tried many ways, and touched the edges of a hard problem as definitely as one feels a sharp stone in digging, but it would not come out. Finally I drew together a combination of resources — affection, food, solitude, beauty, and the dark. Then by the quiet seashore one summer night she told me the story of her past stealing. Once out, both the gloom and the temptation seemed cured forever.

The records of psychiatrists and social workers must be full of incidents like this — confessions drawn by continued sympathy from the reserved. Little enough they seem oftentimes when told, but a fishbone on the plate seems much smaller than a fishbone in the throat. A skeleton in the closet is gruesome; a skeleton removed from a closet may even be diverting.

E. SERENE AND TEMPESTUOUS

The serene type of character many a poet has loved. Shakespeare expressed it in Sonnet XVIII:

> Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
> Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
> Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
> And Summer's lease hath all too short a date.

How fortunate it is that there are people like this —

instinctive, serene, expectant of welcome, caring to love more than to be loved, happy in common things, air, sun, leaves, water, food, and folks, so oblivious of discomfort that it scarcely touches them, so eager to give others more than their due that to call this a duty makes them laugh.

Lovely is my friend to live with. Nothing seems to upset his temper. From a child he seemed to be aware of what would please those about him, and to supply their need. Spiritual grace is with him, grace deep and fresh as woodland moss. Even under unjust reproach he droops only a second, to rise more fragrant. I recall an incident of his maturer years that though slender is revealing.

He was discouraged and depressed at the time, and at such moments quarreling over little things is easy, just as falling off a log is easier than falling off a house. You can't afford to fall off a house, so you generally don't. But the log is round, slippery, and low in the water when you are on it. Therefore logs are riskier than house-tops, just as trivial disagreements upset more happiness than do great differences of opinion. If you can inclose petty subjects with the protecting handrail of sympathy you need not fear for great occasions. I saw my friend do this. It was in a time of unemployment. He had come home tired after a disappointing search for work. He brought in his pockets four balloons (the kind that blow up, in both senses) for his children. He thought how pleased they would be. And they were. But then the wrong kind of blow-up came, as it does in cheap balloons, and the children howled with disappointment. His wife reproached him. 'It is bedtime. Guests are coming. The children

are so upset that they won't go to sleep for hours. Why in the world did you buy those nasty, smelly, rubber things?' And he, tired, disappointed at ill success all round (and we cling to little home successes when great successes fail) — he to my amazement beamed out like the sun and said: 'It was awful of me to bring those horrid balloons. Too bad. I'm sorry. I'll never do it again.' And if she didn't admire him then, she will when she thinks about it.

The serene and sweet-natured person is apt to be loved and imposed upon both at once. 'Harry will carry all the bundles.' 'Harry will meet the steamer.' 'Harry will give up his theater ticket to James.' 'Harry is always most obliging.' Julia is like that too. She delights to do things for other people. She is the first on hand for a disagreeable task, and the general impression is that she rather likes to be uncomfortable. I believe, however, that the gentle, unobtrusive person (apparently happy in self-sacrifice) may need some one to blow her trumpet, to proclaim and foster her talents. Otherwise twilight may come upon her, and one meant to shine may seem almost shadowy through lack of self-expression. So we sometimes come to find as we follow a life for many years that its problem consists in not being problematic enough, in not being developed through rebellion and self-assertion into a full personality.

It was William James, I believe, who first distinguished the 'yes' type from the 'no' type in people. It is a valuable distinction and easily tested. Put up a proposition, a request, an invitation, a duty to two children — or two grown-ups. One will instinctively answer yes and the other no. I have noticed even in

children under two years the stubborn tendency always to agree or always to differ — the naturally agreeable and the instinctively disagreeing. The danger for the serene or yes type is that it tends in its development to become wide but shallow. In a study made by Gross of the psychology of different types of character, he defines breadth as 'the number of materially different thought-items which a mind can exploit in a given period of time,' and depth as 'the number of associations bearing on the same topic which can be exploited by consciousness in the same period of time.' [1]

Throw aside the technical words and we easily recognize the contrasts of types. The first, admirably pictured in Jane Austen's Miss Bates, is diffuse, easily distracted, broad but tending to be shallow, wanting a little of everything, while the penetrating but narrow mind rejects and refuses.

Here is a girl of the yes type, sensitive, eager to go your way, instinctively liking all the world. If she has wishes of her own they are put aside as unreluctantly as those of the adoring dog who follows with a bound his master's footsteps. She is the soul of generosity, sharing her last bit of cherished chocolate, disappointed if you refuse it, yet enjoying her own nibble intensely. She is universally popular. But sometimes I am troubled about this enchanting child. Is her own will getting expressed? Does she say yes because she loves to please rather than that she wants what you propose?

We need to watch the child who says yes, for fear she will become a slave or a nonentity, taking the color of those about her rather than enriching the world with

[1] *Ueber Psychopathische Minderwertigkeiten*, 29.

her own. She can be helped. She can be given alternatives rather than requests. At first she will turn rather piteously and ask, 'What do *you* want? What do *you* think?' Do not crush her slight initiative by blame, but watch for her tastes. It may be that she was meant for a follower and will be happiest doing stenography or trained nursing or chamber work, but it may also be that she has shoots of desire and ambition of her own, coming up from way down at the base of character like the tiny green shoots of larkspur in the autumn, hardly visible till you stoop down to look at them, easily stepped on or crushed, but capable of new growth.

Within serene natures there are variations. Some are unobtrusively gentle, almost invisible at times; others have the great gift of a bubbling temperament, serene in the sense of being undisturbed, but brooklike in their happiness. A pool may dry, but the brook is fed by secret springs and has ways of turning and leaping even in a drought.

The serene as well as the tempestuous have their great men. 'What is the secret of your success?' President Charles W. Eliot was once asked, and he answered thoughtfully, 'A calm temperament expectant of good.'

Serenity is not always born, it is won. One of the most perfect examples of serenity is Emerson. Yet his was a conquered serenity. Back of it lay tragedy, almost despair. Looking back at thirty-four (1838) he writes: 'Last night a remembering and remembering talk with Lidian. I went back to the first smile of Ellen on the doorstone at Concord [N.H]. I went back to all that delicious relation to feel, as ever, how many shades, how much reproach. Strange is it that I can go

back to no part of youth, no past relation, without shrinking and shrinking. Not Ellen, not Edward, not Charles. Infinite compunctions embitter each of those dear names, and all who surrounded them. . . . Why was not I made like all these beatified mates of mine, *superficially* generous and noble, as well as *internally so*? They never needed to shrink at any remembrance; — and I at so many sad passages that look to me now as if I had been blind and mad.' [1]

That was the darkness back of Emerson's serene life. Facing the night he went into secret places, thought out his religious faith, saw that there could no fruit come to him save from cultivating his own small patch of thought, and having *accepted* he was serene.

'He came forth perfect, with that serenity of which we have scarce another example in history — that union of the man himself, his beliefs, and his vehicle of expression, that makes men great because it makes them comprehensible.' [2]

The serene person, as I said, is apt not to cause trouble and therefore is imposed upon. As in a sharp contrast we find the tempestuous type of character. It never is overlooked. The parlor maid lies awake all night wondering what he will growl about to-morrow, and the office clerk stays late to make sure the volcano will have nothing to erupt about. In a prison this type of woman sucks the life out of a superintendent. 'Have you ever seen a great snake seize and eat a toad? That's what the psychopaths do to me. They squeeze the life out of me and swallow me whole. I've nothing

[1] *The Heart of Emerson's Journals*, 122. Edited by Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1926.

[2] John Jay Chapman: *Emerson and Other Essays*, 11. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898.

left to give to the gentler women,' reports a guardian of the volcanic.

Occasionally, but far less commonly I imagine than two generations ago, one sees the volcanic type of person in his contrasted moods—sometimes calm and smiling, sometimes brooding and smoking like Mount Ætna, and now and again exploding lava, stones, and spitfire from some subterranean depth. The hero of Sergius Askanof's 'A Russian Gentleman' is an illuminating example of this volcanic type, terrifying all around him by his explosive wrath, which to himself was as spontaneous as is a geyser's stream of scalding water. Here in illustration is Dr. George A. Gordon's description of his grandmother: 'She was the most amazing compound of kindness and temper that I have ever known. Her tongue took the skin off wherever it struck, like a cat's, and her kindness would immediately nurse and heal the wound. . . . Her sons-in-law, for whom she would have given her life, were the habitual targets of this weapon. . . . Never angel came to any door to receive a warmer welcome than this rarest union of overflowing affection and caustic remark found in the homes of all her kin. She was, indeed, the dearest and most amusing of old ladies, and her hands were always full of gifts for her grandchildren, and of help for all; especially did she pity, house, and feed the mendicant and vagrant, nor would she turn empty from the door the most worthless of suffering human beings.' [1]

Little children often have times of uncontrolled temper, due more often than not to discomfort or ill health. I have seen only one persistent case among

[1] *My Education and Religion*, 26.

normal girls. She is seventeen. From early childhood she has had restless, irritable, jealous moods. At the age of ten she was especially jealous of her baby sister, eight years younger, and of a big brother who monopolizes father when he goes sailing. But she does not want to sail when she is asked. 'It is horrid; I am seasick; they won't let me come home and play; they are cross.' She decides not to go, then regrets her loneliness. She is silent, often brooding before she erupts. Then she flings out blackening language, rushes at her brother, pounds him, and pulls his hair, calling him 'darling' all the while. Her mother speaks to her about being grateful for all the good things she has. 'You're mean, you call me an ungrateful pig,' she shrieks. Her eyes are red. She is afraid of her father's comment: 'Oh! Mother, I'll do anything you want if you don't make me go down to breakfast.' Only solitude cures her: three quarters of an hour after breakfast quite alone and she comes out smiling.

How much is physical fatigue, how much a self-conscious, self-pitying disposition that must be fought against and overcome?

At seventeen this dark-eyed girl attracts every one at first sight. She has beautiful regular features and a powerful physique, stands at the head of her school in scholarship, is a freshman at Wisconsin, having passed her college examinations a year early. Her surroundings are happy; the family has sufficient money without extravagance; besides her little sister she has several brothers who tease her genially; plenty of outdoor life; plenty of popularity. She loves swimming, tennis, riding, gets lost in novels, and finds herself in Beethoven sonatas.

No one seeing her superficially could suspect in the pretty, gayly dressed, healthy girl the eruptive temper and outrageous language that sometimes comes out of her. I have never known her to express repentance for these attacks, but after they are over she often comes up affectionately to ask if we love her still. 'Of course, I know I have a nasty disposition and you'd better look out for it. Can you love me if I talk in that awful way?'

Between times she is what I call brooding or submerged, eating heartily but without a word beyond: 'Pass the pickles.' Almost never does she offer anything to others. Cheerful enough she is then, but remote, whether thinking of herself or empty-minded, I don't know. As she looks back on these times earlier in her childhood, she hardly remembers the incidents. As often happens with volcanic mountains, the eruption is a relief and the mountain calms down. It is the countryside that suffers and remembers.

Fuming volcanic folk have among them men of genius whose intensity of emotion must often mean that they are difficult to live with, difficult sometimes in proportion to their greatness or originality. Beethoven, for example — tragically handicapped, devoted and suspicious, violent in temper and tyrannical in daily life. His faults were only, as Basil de Sélincourt puts it, 'a protective crust assumed by a tortured prisoner, a prisoner chafing against his bars, but one who never forgot that life, beauty, and joy are the enclosing realities.' [1] Fire or heat in character is a perpetual source of power. We cannot spare it. Beethoven

[1] Basil de Sélincourt, in the London *Times, Literary Supplement*, March 24, 1927.

was on fire. 'Experience ran with him at such high tension that he burned or was burned by everything he touched,' and most of all, perhaps, by himself.

I have given four varieties of tempestuous people: those whose main difficulty is physical; those who have been overindulged or uncorrected; those unexpressed or jealous in human relations; and those with a consuming fire of underground energy or talent. Any one trying to tempt the energy that spends itself in storm into power for good needs to consider these four possibilities.

I. When the trouble is physical, the removal of pricks and pains is often the whole solution. We cannot forget that many a tempestuous diabetic has become a mild-mouthed convalescent under insulin treatment. Some cures of irritability are, like insulin, specific. Others may be best met by such individual treatment as gardeners give to plants. Forget-me-nots need partial shade; heliotropes flower best in full sunshine; lilies must have good drainage; sweet peas need fresh earth each season, say the gardening books; and so with children. Each is a new plant in an old earth and life ploughs deep the soil. The clue of solitude seems to me one to grasp, as an antidote to the irritability of fatigue in excitable children.

II. Other people whose difficulty comes from having been overindulged and uncontrolled may need an environment of more companions and more strictness. They may have found it decidedly successful to let out ill humor; they must find it makes for failure.

Every now and again my hot-water-furnace pipes rust or freeze, get clogged by preoccupation, or neglect

to let the stream flow through them. Then ensues sputtering, the radiators are cold while the furnace is boiling, too concentrated at one spot to do its work. Suddenly with noise, fury, and a rush of dirty boiling water the tank in the attic overflows, damaging the ceiling on the floor below and indeed anything that gets in its path. I call madly for the plumber. He comes. 'Ah!' he remarks, 'that overflow is a safety device.' Comforting plumber!

'I just let it out, and then I'm all right again,' says the Irish maid reassuringly. Some delicate things are damaged in the process? Yes, surely, but this is a safety device, says the plumber. Can't you make a safety device that doesn't involve explosion and streams of scalding brown water? That is my question, which the plumber has not answered yet. In human nature there are safety devices of a less destructive type and among these the necessity for self-control if you would keep your job or your friends.

III. Jealousy, even in children under two, seems occasionally to be a source of storm and tempest. The jealous need tenderness and reassurance of their worth, joined to chances to help not only those they fiercely love, but those of whom they are jealous. One mother evolved the admirable plan of taking with her on a short trip a child who had such difficulties, that she might understand him better and that he might feel her special love.

IV. Lastly, we should look for the *fire* indicated by the smoke, the originality and passion for achievement in any one, which seems to show itself mainly by rebellion and temper. Indifference is a worse fault than passion. A touch of genius and originality is precious

even when intense. But effort in control must be made, effort of the passionate to stiffen their banks, if necessary to dynamite their levees and rush away; effort of long-suffering helpers to unite wisdom with patience, a great forgiveness with steady, laughing firmness. One cannot yield to a young lion when it roars, for the lion cub has the great gift of fierce intensity that may carry him far and that also may destroy himself and his neighbors in the process. One cannot condemn an airplane for its roar and its throbbing motor. Yet the airplane is too valuable not to be improved and therefore criticized. An ungovernable character is a frightful handicap to the man who owns it.

The volcanic type is, I believe, dying out in the United States. Memoirs of grandfathers must be read to get it in its full glory. Where the tempestuous are still present it is often by the soft answer that their wrath is turned aside or quelled. Wrath is a violent, hot, provoking thing to meet. Wrath impels wrath, as a sharp blow rouses every instinct to hit back and hit hard. But the soft answer (if it is not of a mean, self-righteous softness) comes not by repercussion from the blow, but from a far-off sky. It startles through unexpectedness and pushes the murky atmosphere aside. I saw wrath vanishing one night after a fierce thunderstorm. I looked out and saw dark clouds streaming away northward almost as if they could not bear the beauty and delicacy of a wild-rose haze that touched the western sky.

CHAPTER XII

RESPONSE TO THE STRENGTH OF YOUTH

WATCH her at the helm, your modern girl, not in the dance-hall, if you would see her clearly. There she sits in her little seventeen-foot boat, clad in waterproof leather, tiller in hand, ready for the signal of the race. Moving toward the starting line she calculates each second so that just as the gun fires she crosses the line. Then intent, alert, she selects her course, a solitary course, for the others in her class of boat have made a different choice and gone on the other tack. Has she made a wrong decision? All about her people are criticizing mercilessly. She will never win. She is too near the shore. She cannot catch the wind. Her opponents are already farther out toward the turning mark. But she keeps on steady and unperturbed, garnering like grain each whiff of wind. She has laid a straighter course than the others, after all, with fewer tacks. Criticism from the following launches dies down, praise begins to rise. That does not matter to her, either. She looks to her sails and to the wind. Ah! there she is, ahead after all at the turning mark! She crosses the line first of her class. The gun fires its single note of victory, the judge holds out to her the pennant. But she speaks first:

'The pennant is not mine. No one saw, but in turning the buoy my boom just fouled it. Better luck next time,' and laughing she turns away.

I honor the modern girl — trained, steadfast, responsible, fearless, a true sport in victory and in defeat. She has made good.

In our day not only the needy but the well-to-do among young men and women want to earn and to make good. That is a fact of whose tremendous import we should take account. They have, it is true, turned away from the passive and vague phrase, 'I want to *be* good.' What matters this, when their whole attention is on something more creative and something that demands more of their best: I want to *make good.* This desire is the strength of modern youth. This is its link to virtue. The less active are drawn along in the current of the more energetic, and all are asking for work and for responsibility. Therefore, though they do not realize it, they cultivate perseverance, determination, patience, openness, resourcefulness, self-control, and a myriad other virtues as necessary to success as are drivers for speed, mashies for getting out of bunkers, and putters for skillful accuracy in golf.

Not only does youth want to make good, it does make good, not always in the fields that grandparents prefer, but in fields appropriate to youth — in sailing, in tennis, in football, in aeronautics, in work with Sir Wilfred Grenfell among Labrador folk, or in the practice of medicine or social service at home. As far as the girls are concerned, it would do us all good to go back in memory to Jane Austen's 'Emma' or 'Pride and Prejudice,' and to notice the wastage of the years from eighteen to twenty-eight among those who did not marry young. What did young women then accomplish? A little amateurish music or painting, a course of lectures with no test at the end, many kind-hearted visits to the poor, or some fancywork, the name itself indicating how slight was its quality.

As I look back I realize that with a few exceptions

my generation was far weaker physically than the girls of the twentieth century. The truth is that parents who have worked persistently to give health to their flock have got what they sought and more. They did not face all the consequences. Increase in vigor among girls involves changes in their virtues and in their faults. With vigor comes vitality, with vitality comes vim, vivacity, valiance — qualities ready to dash either into vice or into virtue. Strong on veracity, weak on manners, is this generation. For the V qualities don't match well with the M qualities, such as manners, modesty, moderation, and meekness. The V's have driven out the M's, as, to reverse the letters, the Moors twelve centuries ago drove out the Visigoths in Spain. Thus Emerson puts it: 'Men of this surcharge of arterial blood cannot be expected to live on nuts, herbage, and elegies. . . . Their friends and governors must see that some vent for their explosive complexion is provided.' [1]

Easier said than done. The World War and aviation give vent to vigor, but one cannot live always in the air. Yet since health, boundless energy, readiness for any responsibility are bursting from the younger generation, the older generation should not only look on with delighted if awed admiration, but should ask help of these valiant, gay adventurers.

Here is a girl's description, written in 1925, of early adventures, as unlike those of the mid-Victorian young lady as can be imagined.

'MY FAVORITE CLUB

"'Come on, you guys,' is the love song of the Gang

[1] *The Conduct of Life*, 68. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1904.

Age." This most expressive sentence of yours, Mrs. Cabot, brings back to my mind the deep pride I possessed at the age of eleven years when I was chosen as the only girl member of the Skeleton Crossbones Club. When I was initiated (and a daring task it was, being blindfolded and being told to jump from what you supposed to be a very high place, or having a cold knife slowly drawn across your neck with your eyes still covered, or "downing" a full tablespoon of olive oil not knowing what it was), I was sworn to absolute secrecy. In case I told of my membership, something — well, worse than that — would happen to me, and I was simply dying to tell, because I was the only girl — think of it — the *only* feminine member. I wanted so to break the glad news to Mother because I just knew how proud she would be. Nevertheless on account of the deadly fear of the punishment I might undergo for telling, I kept my cherished secret. Had I told I might have become a "real" skeleton crossbones, incidentally going through the dreaded process of being drawn and quartered.

'We had meetings every afternoon in the basements of the different members' houses. At our first formal meeting we chose our leader, who by the way had already elected himself, and our new President made the rules, of which we voiced our approval or disapproval. Next, we decided on a specified knock upon entering, which was three quick raps, then a hesitation, and two more. Finally the door would be opened a tiny bit and the password demanded, which was, W.K.A.S. (meaning "We kill all squealers"), and the member then admitted.

'We always met at a certain place after our school

lessons were finished in the evening, to execute a plan to "swipe" (we used that more commonly than "steal") corn and potatoes. When we obtained these vegetables we would store them in the nearest member's cellar and have a "big feed" the following Friday night, as we never had school on Saturday. I must confess, too, that we dried the cornsilk and smoked it. Oh, we thought we were more than wonderful, and all the while we were frightfully businesslike. Goodness, the thought of it thrills me even now! Why, one would think from our supposedly innocent actions that "swiping" was the most permissible occupation possible, and there was nothing wrong or unjust about it.

'Another "lovely" act of ours was scaring our elderly neighbors as near to death as possible, together with pestering and plaguing them. The idea of going out on Friday nights and putting lighted matches or flashlights suddenly up to a window; looking into a room where certain individuals whom we wished to frighten sat was the best sport in the world. We loved tapping on our neighbors' windows and to this end we invented our world-famous "tapper." It consisted of a solid piece of rubber which clung to the windowpane by suction, with a ball of rubber on the outside, which was attached with a string held by the operator. By pulling this string a tap would result, and be sure it was pulled constantly. It was to our inexpressible joy that the "old fogies," as we called them, came stamping out of their doors in a rage. Oh, how most of them must have hated us and how they must have wanted to get their hands on us!

'Our grammar teacher lived quite near us, and we delighted in teasing her. Our pet trick, in her case, was

to fill paper bags with water, which we obtained from the side of the house next door where the hose was attached, and after tying the necks of the bags we threw them with all our might against her house, making a most disturbing popping noise, followed by the sound of trickling water. Then we would peer in her window with greedy eyes to watch her jump. And if you can imagine it, we at one time were mean enough to put chewing gum on her porch in the exact places where she would walk when going out. She came to school one morning with the soles of her shoes covered with gum, and we felt victorious.

'It was all such fun, and it seems to me that I couldn't have lived without it. I loved all my gang and it was with them that I learned true loyalty and unselfishness, for it was always one of our laws that we should "stay by" each other. If one member was unfortunate enough to be caught, the others immediately had to give themselves up in order to share the blame. Consequently "fair play" was a big factor in our club. I remember one night we broke a window. The boy who broke it called to us, "Chip in, gang?" and of course we all helped in paying for a new one.

'I was a tomboy, an uncontrollable one I'm afraid, and I loved playing boys' games and being with them. My own sex always seemed weak, dull, and sissy to me at this age, and I liked a "real" boy's fun. Consequently in being one of the charter members of the Skeleton Crossbones Club I gained both an opportunity to let myself out and the kind of coöperation I longed for. I shall never forget the good times we had. Some of it wasn't, perhaps, in keeping with most girls of this age, but I loved it so and at the time it meant

more to me than any other source of play I had. I was a member of six other clubs, but those had to do with girls. This was my favorite one, however, and I seemed afterward to idealize the loyalty we established between us. Nevertheless, as I grew older, I found the same amount of loyalty and faithfulness in girls' companionship.'

This girl has superabundant energy and a delightful disposition. Her early escapades are those of a boy. She comes out of them like a boy, vigorous and sound. Already at nineteen she has attacked and mastered some problems from which weaker girls would have shrunk.

She, like this other charming girl, has surplus energy: Cynthia, aged twelve, suddenly: 'Aunt Ella! is it wrong to be bad at school? I hate goody-goody girls.'

E.L.C.: 'What kind of bad deeds?'

Cynthia: 'Oh, climbing out the window, which is strictly forbidden. Or throwing the chalk at the blackboard instead of carrying it, which makes Miss Stern look solemn. We always behave badly with her.'

E.L.C.: 'What would you do if you were the teacher?'

Cynthia: 'Well, I think we're bad because recess is too short. We need more exercise to let us out. Gym helps a lot. We always behave well after gym.'

The strength of youth is its desire to make good. The weakness of youth (perhaps more now than in other days) is its imitativeness, its dependence, no longer on the older generation, but on its own group of the same age and set. The dread of being 'different'

affects all except the few who find it the fashion to be peculiar. It is this desire to be exactly like the rest, or to be different only because being peculiar is being alike, that seems to me youth's danger. This sentiment was well expressed in my hearing a few months ago by a brother of the advanced age of twenty, to his sister of sixteen.

'You girls are all mental sheep.'

Alice (horrified): 'We're not! What is a mental sheep, anyway?'

Harry: 'Why, you all do just what the others do. You haven't any independence. You don't dare to be original. But then you're in the sheep age, so you ought to be like that. You do everything for hero worship.'

Alice: 'Well, then, boys are mental sheep, too!'

Harry: 'I agree that there are a great many too many mental sheep in the world anyway. Your school is full of them, except Polly. She's a mental cow.'

Alice (in for the last word): 'And you're a mental donkey.'

Most of us are mental sheep to some extent, following more than we realize the fashion of the group of the moment or the place. The boy or girl at a modern dance loses individuality and becomes like an utterly different person, so one college student reports. The joy-ride now takes youth fifty miles away from the steadying influences of their homes and into the society of a mindless group where even the conservative are reckless. The new power in the hands of the motorist tends to make him recklessly take chances. Under the influence of his group he becomes, unless he fights the impulse, a hater of the innocent pedestrian,

irritated by his slowness, unwilling to stop for him. We are mastered not only by our comrades but by our machines. Our engines are too strong for our weak wills; they get beyond control.

Not alone the inventions but the changes in custom of our time have gone too fast for us. We are all of us a little out of breath through trying to keep up with new conditions. Just as the old-fashioned janitor cannot master the new furnaces, or the old-type cook handle the electric stove economically, so the good old doctor does not know how to abandon placeboes gracefully, so the Victorian parents cannot keep up with their college-bred daughters, the foreigners flocking to the United States find liberty language difficult to master, the self-indulgent cannot cope with obedience to prohibition, and the boys and girls are swept beyond their moorings into a current that carries them faster than they mean to go.

'It is the fashion, Mrs. Cabot, to appear worse than you are,' my students tell me, often quite regretfully; or, as one of them writes: 'Drinking is part of the code of the modern man and smoking part of the girl's code, so as not to be thought old-fashioned or different. But,' she adds, 'nine times out of ten it is a fictitious self.'

It is this fictitious self that needs to be driven out by the coming of the genuine. Parents and teachers can help most by unveiling a true will. When I was first appointed a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education I went to the experienced chairman of a school committee and asked him how far the volunteer members of a board should try to control the paid executive of the board.

'When any important question comes up,' he answered, 'I find the best way is by your knowledge and by your expectation to bring the superintendent to his very best, and then let him make the final decision.' Such advice holds good in relation to older children. By our resourcefulness and by our experience we want to give them every chance to find out what they themselves really — that is, in consideration of the future and of the folks concerned — want. *Their* will must be unveiled, not *our* will imposed. But in a moment of crisis their will is often concealed under a cloak of passion, and sternness makes them wrap the cloak all the tighter about them.

It is a dangerous time for the stability of the family, the government, and the church. 'Humanly speaking' there is ruin ahead. 'Petting,' drinking, speeding, trial marriage, divorce, crimes of violence, might well be fatal to civilization. But as Samuel McChord Crothers wrote on a different subject: 'The perils that threaten the United States of America are so obvious that anybody can see them. So far as one can see, the Republic ought to have been destroyed long ago by political corruption, race prejudice, unrestricted immigration, and the growth of monopolies. The only way to account for its present existence is that there is something about it that is not so easily seen. Disease is often more easily diagnosed than health.' [1] Such 'health' is not cheeks and lips artificially rouged nor even exposure to burning by quartz glass and sandy beaches. Health is a quality of the whole nature, often hidden by the lipstick, the marcel wave, the 'line,' and the modern manner.

[1] *Humanly Speaking*, viii. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1912.

Here is a tribute from one of the younger generation which shows soundness and breadth of vision:

'I do not feel that we are misjudged. In the cases that I know it seems as if the older people put forth every effort to understand the younger generation. They are tolerant, broad-minded, and lenient. They understand that the prudishness of former times has been wiped away and that the younger generation desires truth and real facts about birth and marriage, uncovered by a veil of false modesty. The older generation has shown that it understands the younger generation, for instance, by the new courses that have been put in schools which teach the pupils, in the right way, the truth that they are after, and which, in former times, would have been thought shocking for young people to know. This has not been done by the younger generation, but by the older generation, which has endeavored in every way to see our point of view.

'I think the younger generation has developed a self-confidence, independence, clear-mindedness, and common sense that none of the younger generations before us has had, and I think it is these characteristics in us that the older generation admire and encourage. I also think, though, that some of the younger generation have allowed this freedom to go to their heads and therefore have given cause for reproach. But on the whole the younger generation has handled its liberty in a sensible way and the older generation realizes this. What the younger generation has accomplished is to break off the outer coating of false modesty and prudishness which formerly the younger generation had, and to find what genuine beauty there is in the truth.'

Health is strong in youth, recuperative power ex-

traordinary. Fortunately, too, the most pernicious fault of the younger generation, imitativeness, can be turned to good. Given a gallant leader the sheep will follow. There are such leaders. Helen Wills quietly refusing a fortune in order not to be a professional tennis player, controlled by a manager; Charles Lindbergh declining to drink even when honored by a toast from the French Republic — these are the leaders of youth.

CHAPTER XIII

IMMANENCE

A. BEING ON THE SAME SIDE

THE illuminating words 'immanence' and 'transcendence' have come down to us from religious experience. I shall apply them to the attitudes of those who stand in guiding relationships. By immanence I mean full sympathy both with the person and with the situation — understanding lighted by love. By transcendence I mean the use of imagination and memory to pass beyond the confusion of an immediate situation. Immanence says: I see just where you stand. Transcendence says: I look beyond for your road.

The value of immanence in human relations is well illustrated by an example taken from the World War, of the demoralization caused by its full opposite, enmity. 'Enemy occupation is very bad for a people.' My Belgian friend spoke with an effort, as if the words sounded disloyal to her demoralized neighbors. It was in Louvain, a year and a half after the Germans had retreated beyond the Rhine. The chamber in which I slept had a shattered and splintered window frame carefully glued indeed, but lacking four or five inches of glass. In a direct line above it bullet holes had penetrated the plaster and laid bare the wooden laths. 'The Germans who first arrived in Louvain,' she added, 'were not bad; they sat in our garden and wrote letters to their wives and children; but after them came a set of vandals. They were terrible. I think they must have been especially chosen to set the city on fire, house

by house, for the houses were all brick and fires do not easily spread among them. When our firemen tried to save the Library, the Germans deliberately wrecked the fire engines. "*Man hat geschossen*" was their cry everywhere; they said that when they threatened to kill my husband. But look at that window, Madame. That shot was certainly fired from outside and from below. After that the Germans rushed in, accused us of shooting into their group, and ordered us to depart. At first the people fled, but gradually when the Germans proclaimed that those who did not return must pay terrible taxes, the poorer people crept back to their homes. Sometimes as many as ten German soldiers were quartered in one house. Then began the demoralization of the people. Always one was obliged to hide everything, chickens, bread, wine, silver, or they would steal it. Always one was obliged to lie, partly from fear but partly because it was a patriotic duty to break rules, to deceive. To steal from the enemy became natural. As time went on and there was almost no meat or milk for the children, there came the temptation to appear friendly to the Germans, to be *complaisante*, so that they would give us meat and milk. And now the *caractère* of many people is changed. They have acquired the habit of pretense. Yes, an enemy occupation is very bad for the morals,' she ended sadly.

Indeed, I could see that it must be so. My thought pursued the implications of her refrain. It sounds exaggerated; yet, is it not true that moral difficulties among children at school or even occasionally at home are often linked to the children's conception that they are *under an 'enemy occupation'*? To get the best of an unpopular teacher is rarely considered wrong by chil-

dren. It is part of the game, part of an implicit warfare in which the adversary is characterized as 'mean' and attacks on him as daring. With severe or exacting parents much the same thing happens, even when the children are as high-minded and clear-sighted as the two boys who once complained to me: 'We don't like to lie to Daddy, you know, but we usually do, because he goes off the handle if you tell him anything.'

The only solution is to be on the same side with whatever children you touch. This does not mean yielding to them, for children feel as on their side and on the side of justice, those who are stern and fair far more than those who are sentimental and weak. Immanence means justice; it means sympathy; it often means in addition careful explanation, for children, I find to my amazement, frequently assume warfare between older and younger and are surprised that their elders think of themselves as allies.

Immanence is equally essential between mistress and maids. We complain that they are getting the best of us — 'doing us' is the slang phrase. 'Isn't it terrible,' said my elderly Irish cook, looking up over her spectacles as she finished peeling potatoes, 'everybody's bargaining off everybody else.' In six months she was doing the same by me. She broke an absolute promise to return to me after a summer's vacation, and accepted the lure of higher wages in New York. It made me think. Are my cook and I on the same side or are we fighting on opposite sides? If we are on opposite sides, the more she gets the best of me, the better general she. That is what every enemy or opponent in a game is proud of doing. If then I am really to be immanent, I must go right round to the same

side as my maid; look out for her advancement; not only let her go but further her leaving me when I see what is better for her; be severe when I think she is hurting herself; ask her very best, and give her mine; never indulge through fear, never bribe, but always seek her side and our common cause.

The following extract written by a girl of twelve about a punishment four years back shows the pathetic effect of being on the opposite side from one's teacher.

'Yes, I have had an unjust punishment and I felt very bad about it. Once I had to stand up on the floor and I didn't think I ought to be punished because I didn't know my lesson at that time. My lesson was in spelling and it is what I never hardly miss, too, and I think the person who punished me had no right to. Anyhow it was only by accident that I didn't know it either, and the person who punished me is always cross too, and besides I was very young too and the person made me stand up on the floor for two hours and then kept me in at noon and after school an hour and did not give me any dinner either and I was so hungry that I might eat my book.' [1] Four years have passed and still the passionate bitterness of a hurt and uncontrite spirit is undiminished.

It is rare that we can help the 'difficult' person till we get his point of view. Here is a young fellow who annoys me because he is slack. When I pull on a rope I expect it to come, but he hardly stirs. He seems slipshod in every way. When a lady enters he barely rises from sprawling on the sofa. He borrows and does not return, he is always late, he is brimful of excuses, his

[1] Earl Barnes: 'Punishment,' *Studies in Education*, 151.

college marks are D's and E's, he is untidy, his bureau-drawer harbors bits of food that associate with his hairbrush, his necktie, and a crumpled dollar bill. His word is vague; he is a promising boy, but he promises more than he pays. It is hard not to nag him or to be sarcastic with him.

But before that will have any effect except to drive him into self-righteous wrath, I must run round the dividing net and get on the same side with him. I must be a partner, not an opponent. Until I can genuinely feel, 'I love you too much to let you hurt yourself' I cannot get any pull on that loose, dragging rope. It slips in my hand. The boy lies, he makes excuses, he is offish. By my annoyance or exaggeration or dislike I give him a kind of self-justification, a power to throw the blame on the other fellow. To convert him I must be scoured from the grease of self-righteousness and irritation.

Let me give some examples of successful immanence. One of the lovable qualities in Charles Lindbergh who in May, 1927, first crossed the Atlantic Ocean in his airplane without a comrade, was his instinctive use of the word 'we.' 'Sometimes,' he would say, 'we rose to ten thousand feet, and sometimes we were only ten feet above the ocean.' His puzzled auditors asked: 'Why do you say "we"? Were you not all alone?' He didn't like that: 'Why, I always feel as if the plane ought to be counted. I couldn't have done anything without it.' So he kept on saying not I but *we*.

How true of all of us! It is all *we* rather than I. 'I cooked the asparagus.' Yes, but the stove certainly helped; the tree that gave kindlings; the deep mine that yielded its coal; the electricity that lighted that

mine; the miners who risked their life there; the miners' mothers and fathers who gave them birth and cared for them; the endless generations before, who from the dawn of human life were ancestors of each miner; and beyond that the Giver of all life. That asparagus which I so competently cooked, who invented it? Not I. To whom is its life due? Sun, rain, soil, cultivator, and back of all, mysterious life and the transmission of life.

So it were truer if we all, like Lindbergh, passed from the self-assertive *I* to the appreciative *we*; passed from taking the credit to acknowledging the debt or even taking the blame. I once saw an extraordinary power of immanence in a governess as she worked through a difficult situation with her pupil. She took the girl's sins and misfortunes upon her in a spirit so like the spirit of Christ that to watch her was itself a spur to goodness. Whatever the girl did that was wrong or wild, her teacher shared the responsibility. She had become marvelously one with the offender. She literally carried the girl's transgressions on her own shoulders. The girl had a degree of temper that might well have been used in a power house. She flared like sudden lightning. Indeed, throwing brushes, combs, and books into the fire was a common event. Other people's property went that way as fast as her own. Her governess apologized not for her but with her. '*We* are very sorry,' she said. She had changed 'You ought' into 'We ought,' and feeling the support of the 'we,' her pupil after a time learned to say not only 'I ought' but 'I really want.' This was the teacher's success. '"You ought,"' writes Professor Hocking, 'addresses itself to an answering "I ought" within and

unless this "I ought" responds, it has missed its target.' [1]

But there is an immanence even deeper than saying 'we,' closer than sharing, nearer than helpfulness. It is the power of love. One of the few sentences engraved with permanent letters in my thought is this of Josiah Royce: 'Each one of us is infinitely more precious to God than we can be to one another or to ourselves.' God loves us more than we love ourselves because He wholly understands our meaning. So parents, as I know, can love.

How did my mother and your mother help? Most of all by the bounteousness of their love; for love incloses to let one grow. It is soft as the velvet inside of the chestnut burr; it protects against storms like the shining oiled sepals of the horse-chestnut. It is as full of faith in the worthiness of its young as the sparrow making its nest even on the altar of the Lord of Hosts. Middle age may be able to stand alone on the support of its memories and its achievements. Youth droops unless it is loved and believed in. The greatest gift of parents is their unquenchable fountain of love.

Of love little should be said, for it is not dependent on words or reasons. But this is important: we need love most when we are least lovable; and we need faith most when we have most disastrously failed.

Living with my own father has made me know that it is possible for a man to care more for his children's interests than even they themselves care. He caught with a quick motion and he held to the end the flying interests of each of us at every age. Our manifold

[1] William Ernest Hocking: *Human Nature and Its Remaking*, 94. Yale University Press.

concerns ranging from pigeons to philosophy, were his, almost more and longer than ours. Is it not divine to love with such special love that the plans of each are precious? He disliked baseball and felt a touch of scorn for the 'fans' who wasted precious hours watching it. Yet, because he knew that one of his boys cared, you'd find him cutting out accounts of games, reading about every star player, and surprising you with his knowledge of the latest sporting events. Because his children cared, he cared for any subject. I remember the intensity of continued interest with which he helped me write my first speech. He kept talking about the outline of it and how best it could be planned. He thought of new similes to illustrate it. He made it all seem worth while.

Contrast this quick and lasting power to care for another's interests with the half-attention of a stranger who, after asking about your health, is so soon away to her own concerns that she does not listen to the answer. You tell her you have nearly died of sleeping sickness and she sweetly smiles as if with congratulations. She is fast asleep herself.

B. BEING WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE

Seen from a slightly different angle, immanence means being worthy of confidence. When I hear girls of eighteen say: 'My mother is a greater chum than ever,' I am happy. Here is the safety of an open channel into which the swollen river can run. I fear little for children of any age who tell their parents everything. Not that the parents are necessarily wise; but that to be asked for wisdom increases it, and to put baffling experiences into words clarifies the issue. Once when I

asked a young girl what she would especially like to have had added in her bringing up, she gave this touching answer: 'More chance to confide in Mother. She didn't realize that I was anxious to tell her things and yet never told her anything.'

Why does not my son or daughter confide in me? There are many reasons. One of the commonest is that youth is feeling its way into new realms and cannot be sure that words will convey this shadowy experience. A sketch half drawn, a poem half written, may look silly. He fears to be thought queer, unless some one else acknowledges a similar queerness. It may even be that the new experience is still unrecognized. He does not confide it because, till questioned, he hardly knows that he has it. Then it gleams.

Failure to confide is also due, I think, to the baffling character of an experience and to the need of independence to think it through. A youth at boarding school or college finds and often acquires, different habits and standards from those given at home. These standards may be higher or lower than those he is accustomed to. There may be more or possibly less honesty in regard to examinations; more religious observances or a dawning of skepticism; new friendships that parents might not wholly approve. In any case there is difference, accented by separation for months or years from home life. When such children come home for the summer they are often silent concerning their new experience, and this silence is not always to be broken on request. To keep open the channels of confidence does not mean to demand confidences. That demand is like a stone clogging the entrance. You cannot expect to force confidence; you

cannot even expect wholly to understand any one else. You certainly cannot expect always to have your advice followed. You can only be welcoming, and understanding, loyal never to repeat what you have heard, and yet hopeful, even light-hearted, about what has happened.

Over-anxious advice is an acid and cannot be swallowed without a grimace. It usually 'goes wrong.' It is in part the acid, over-worried quality of parental counsel that leads the puzzled girl away from eyes that look at her with too troubled a scrutiny, to a gayer, more impersonal outsider. Said Mrs. B. to Mrs. A.: 'Your girl of seventeen is coming to me with all her troubles. I wonder why this is?' 'It happens,' answered Mrs. A. with a grain of malice in her humor, 'that *your* daughter is consulting me about her love affairs instead of you.' Each had the other's daughter as confidante. Well, why not? It takes many kinds of people to educate us and bring out our best.

It is far worse to break a confidence than to demand one. I want further to illustrate the need of what I call immanence, the indwelling spirit of loyalty in any situation, by its opposite, disloyalty to any one who confides in you. These examples of broken confidence are all from the actual experience of children.

'I remember that once when I was a child my confidence in my father was broken by an act of his which he thought would be for my good. I was learning to swim and was accustomed to having some one hold on to the back of my bathing suit, just to give me courage. One day, when we were down at the beach, my father was with us and offered to take me out beyond my

depth and hold on to me while I swam. I was perfectly trusting and for a while had a fine time. Imagine my horror when on looking around I discovered that Daddy was not holding on to my bathing suit. I was hurt beyond repair. It was not the fact that I needed the help, but that he had said he would and then deliberately let me swim by myself. No doubt he thought it all to my good but my confidence in him was gone forever.'

'It was a sad day when my childish confidence in my mother was broken. I had heard that the Jewish man who passed through our alley every so often would pay so much for a bushel of bottles. I thought I would save all the bottles I could find to buy Dad a Christmas gift with the money earned. I kept asking Mother for bottles until she finally became terribly curious, I imagine. After several guarded explanations I saw she could not be fooled so I told her of my plan. She seemed very enthusiastic and promised to help me. This was our secret and for quite a while I thought ours only. One eventful evening there were guests for dinner and I had judiciously been put to bed at an earlier hour than usual. The voices downstairs sounded very inviting and after a short hesitancy I crept quietly to the top of the front stairs and sat there listening intently. Then much to my dismay I heard my mother tell of my plan for Dad's gift, and they all laughed as if it had been a good joke. I crept back to bed a very sullen and woebegone little figure with thoughts racing like mad through my tired brain. Mother probably thought my sudden lack of interest in my bottles was due to quickly changing childish enthusiasm for one

thing or another, but it was my loss of confidence in my mother. A child can find no surer example than that of his parents and if confidence is broken the example is lost and the child turns to other sources for standards. With a lack of confidence the family grows apart. After your confidence has once been broken you are never quite so ready to trust any one again and as whole-heartedly. This loss of faith may destroy some belief and give the child something to brood over; unless the person who has broken confidence can prove by some definite act that she is tremendously sorry.'

'My sister and I had a lovely pet bulldog who made an ideal pet for us when he was little, except, of course, for the usual puppy scrapes into which he was always getting. We adored him, and as we passed through the years when all girls wish they had been born boys and do all they can to imitate them, we thought nothing nicer than to swagger whistling through the fields with Nero almost under us, so near did he insist on being to us. We played Indians, gypsies, pirates, cowboys, and all those fascinating games, and Nero always entered into them. But as he grew older he became stronger, wilder, more vicious. True, he was gentle enough with those he knew, but just let a stranger come on the place and there were sure to be cries, torn clothes, and even cruel bites. There was something in the air that bothered sister and me and we knew all was not well for Nero. And when school was over and we had to leave for our summer camp, we put Nero into Father's care, making him promise to keep him safe for us until we returned. He promised faithfully and we felt at ease again. Our letters that summer were full of messages

for Nero and questions about his behavior, and he seemed to have improved greatly. And our first sentences when we returned were, 'Where is Nero?' 'Why isn't he at the station?' and a thousand others of the kind. I shall never forget the look in Father's eyes at that moment or the feelings that surged over us. For we had not only the loss of Nero to bear but the horror that all summer Father had known that he would not be there and had deceived us intentionally. I suppose he could not bear to tell us before, but all the world seemed wrong to us then, for if ever we trusted any one it was Father, and he had failed us. We did not quite know what to think of Father.'

'I had always had a certain dislike for most doctors. That awful spoon they would put down my throat just scared the life out of me. There was only one doctor in whom I had full confidence and loved. He knew how to play with children and talk to them in such a way that they would behave beautifully when being treated. He came to our house one afternoon to look at my throat. I didn't mind that, he didn't hurt me in the least. Then, just before he left, he asked me to come down to his office the next day and play with some little girls he was going to have there. Of course, the following day I went to him expecting to have a very jolly time. He didn't take me into that waiting room I had known so well, but into a room with very funny things in it. Everything I saw puzzled me. They put me on a large table and the last thing I knew I was asleep. When I awoke, my throat hurt terribly. The doctor came in; but I wouldn't even as much as look at him. It took an awfully long time for Mother to

convince me that it was all for my good and that the doctor really wasn't a bad man, but was only trying to help me.'

Children are naturally brave. In contrast with this deceiving doctor who hurt a child's faith in order to avoid hurting her feelings or his own, I like to put the gallant giving and receiving of pain of a little American girl in France. She had recurrent abscesses in both ears and knew too well the sharp pain of an operation. Her friend the French doctor came and told her gently: '*Je vais opérer aujourd'hui.*' She turned and put her hot hand in his with: '*Merci bien, Monsieur. Cela ira beaucoup mieux.*'

To be wholly worthy of confidence one must be ready to see an entirely new point of view. One incident will suggest what I mean.

One of my neighbors found it difficult to induce her boy of ten years to get home punctually to take supper with his little brothers and sisters at six o'clock. As the family lived in the country he went off to play every afternoon with a friend who lived half a mile away. Their greatest pleasure was to chop down small trees and earn a little money by cutting them in lengths for kindling. The boy's recurrent unpunctuality was naturally annoying. His mother tried various punishments to cure it, without success. Finally one evening when he was in bed (that blessed place for confidences) she said to the boy: 'Harry, aren't you going to be more obedient about coming home to supper on time?' He looked her straight in the eyes and said: 'You don't want me to be punctual, do you, Mother? I will if you really want it.' His mother, be-

ing an unusual woman, thought the question over and replied: 'No, if it makes all the difference to you to have that additional hour for your work out of doors, I really don't want you to come home at six. You can try waiting till seven and have supper with Father and me.' In retrospect she felt that it was a turning point in her boy's life. He had for the first time become deeply absorbed in a piece of work that made him ambitious. This seemed to her more important than conformity to an early supper hour.

This incident brings out two points: (1) That a guide must be near by and on the same side; and (2) that the willingness of his mother to see his aim as worth while markedly enhanced her influence with the boy. If in the future she had to refuse what he wanted, he would be ready to coöperate with her because he had experienced so definitely her desire to coöperate with him. Coöperate is an arid word. The boy and his mother had looked into one another's souls and had become one in their vision. From that unforgettable union of soul the new relation grew.

How do we acquire immanence in the sense of being within the whole of every situation — one with it? First, through using imagination with children, pupils, friends, maidservants, menservants, strangers — yes, and above all, with our enemies. We thereby gain the power to see them as they see themselves. In any complicated situation, it is always a danger to be on opposite sides. Whenever such a situation arises, dash swiftly round to the same side with your opponent. The net of self-interest is in the way? Yes, but leap over it. Whatever else you do, see his side. My neigh-

bor provokes me; he refuses to cut the lindens that obstruct my ocean view. I offer to buy the land. He refuses that also, curtly. I begin to dislike him on the spot. Disagreeable, selfish fellow! We barely greet one another as we pass. My Irish maid joins sympathetically and suggests: 'We wouldn't want him to die, would we?' But one day in the uncompromising pages of the Bible, I read the command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' It does not read, 'Thou shalt love thy sympathetic, obliging, good-natured neighbor as thyself.' No, it just says neighbor of any kind whatsoever and so it means my neighbor, Mr. Powell. Well, then, how shall I do it?

I must quickly see his point of view. He is a lover of the woods. Long has he cared for the trees on his ancestral place. It was hard for him to have any neighbor enter into that wild territory he had thought of as his own and nature's sanctuary. My house stands so that its yard is visible from his balcony. Naturally he wants rather to plant trees than to cut them down. Can I perhaps plant out my yard for him, even if it does block my view? At this point the wicked idea enters my mind that if I am generous to him, he will be so to me. Never mind, you villainous little intruder. You shan't monopolize the situation, though I know you are there. You are like an open box of candy, but I won't eat you just now. I'm on my way to being fair to him and I'm not going to turn round and talk to you. I am going to plant trees so as to help him, without any thought of his cutting trees to help me. When I see my neighbor's point of view he is no longer my opponent. I no longer quarrel, I begin to understand.

As I write the words *begin to understand*, I realize

that it is always a beginning or enlarging — not a completion of understanding. 'Then shall we know even as we are known,' — then but not now. To gain understanding of a person is as infinite a process as is the attainment of virtue or of perfection in violin playing. Try then, we must say to ourselves, to understand; but after doing your best to understand trust to the strength of affection and the desire to be fair rather than to perfect comprehension.

CHAPTER XIV

TRANSCENDENCE

'We look before and after,' Shelley said. Parents and friends have to do more than that. They must look before and after, up, down, and all around a situation. 'I rise beyond. I climb above.' That is transcendence. Here are some examples of it given me by a resourceful mother who draws on eternal springs. They are small incidents that suggest larger ones.

'Whenever I heard my children say: "Let's see what Mother says," or, "Mother will settle this," my mind would spring to attention like the old fire horses at the sound of the fire bell. Nothing could seem more important. There was always a thrill of happiness for me in their request. I was being called to administer justice. I have never known a normal child who was not born with a sense of justice. Children accustomed to justice are a delight to deal with. When children are handled without it they are difficult, bitter, crafty, or bewildered, and the more intelligent the child the more difficult and crafty he is likely to be. I believe that what is commonly known as "tattling" is, originally, an appeal to justice, and if translated as such, it can be the greatest aid in establishing justice among children. Telling Mother should never get any one in trouble, though it may reveal a trouble maker who needs to be set straight. People who "do not allow tattling" are generally unwilling to be bothered about settling small differences. But small disputes do not

grow into larger ones when they are settled to begin with, and the constant insertion of the right and the just in little disagreements teaches children to think ethically.

'It was understood that my children should come to me for better judgment, *not* to get any one into trouble. Settling things themselves by brute force was absolutely barred. If I thought they had applied for help prematurely I would ask if they had "tried to make So-and-So kinder?" or to older children, "Did you try to bring out his good spirit?" or "Did you appeal to his sense of justice?"

'When Dorothea was five years old I heard her crying in the yard and went out to see what was happening. She was looking along a pathway where our peacocks often walked, "to find a peacock feather. Because Ann was cross to me and I'm trying to find something pretty so she will feel more pleasant." She was settling it herself — making her sister kinder. She was still crying with wounded feelings when she told me this. Imagine such a spirit in a *baby*!

'We have to be willing to give time and thought and effort any moment children need our better judgment. And we miss our most important chance to help them if we let the moment slip, just because it is not convenient.

'If I had special correcting to do, I literally set the stage for it. I called my culprit into an orderly room; I freshly brushed my hair, lest a stray lock might catch a wandering glance and strike his sense of humor. Sometimes I changed my dress. Then we reasoned together. I talked with him, not at him. Happy times are the best times for lessons. A child will learn quickly

in joy the very thing he might resent while unhappy. I bided my time, if I did not think my child held an open mind. I improvised some pleasant surprise, and while he was grateful and happy I spoke to him about bettering his behavior. At such a time a child will listen with an open mind and responsive spirit. He will remember and heed the lesson.'

'So,' added this mistress of resources, 'when the children quarrel I take the one who is most irritated away with me to a remote room. We sit down in an armchair and I talk it all out with her alone quietly. It's the only way. I appeal to three essential things: her own self-control, considerateness of others — and the bringing in of the good spirit, which is her own larger will. To make children *do* the right is easy, but it is not enough; you can do that just by force or command; but to make children *feel* the right way in doing it is hard. I never give up till I have got them really to want the right. But sometimes I grudge the effort, for it does take a long time to secure.

'When Tom was three years old he developed a streak of cruelty. There had been no example of it in the family; the older children had never shown the least inclination to be anything but gentle and kind to all animals. Consternation reigned when their little brother began to hurt their pets "deliberately." Every time Tom saw the dog he would hit it or kick it and laugh when it yelped. When he could catch the cat he'd pull its tail and be greatly amused at its crying. Each time he was cruel, I showed him how to be kind. I'd say: "Don't kick the dog. Feed it," and I told him I would give him food for the dog whenever he wanted it. And "Don't pull the cat's tail. Give it some milk,"

which I promised to provide on request. I impressed upon his mind that he *really* wanted animals to like him; that any one could be cruel — but animals would never like him unless he was kind.

'It took two or three weeks of vigilance, but the cruel streak was blotted out for good and all. Literally, for years, Tom fed every animal that came near him. He was very proud when the dog began to follow him, and he'd sit quietly for a long while, if he could hold the cat and make it purr. As an older boy he was more thoughtful of an animal's comfort than any of the other children.

'Jane, an only child of seven, lived next door to Mary and Beth, aged eight and six. Jane and Mary made up a club which "met" on a wide shelf near a window in a large clothes closet at Jane's house. Jane's mother asked, "What is your club for, Jane?"

'"To keep Beth out," was Jane's quick reply.

'Jane's mother said, "Whenever you want to have a larger club and count Beth in, I will give you each a new box of beads to string."

'"Why don't we have them now?" asked Jane.

'"Because I bought them to help my little girl to be kind. These are not beads to be selfish with." Then she made the remark, "More fun to be kind than selfish." In fifteen minutes the girls came back with Beth to say they were beginning a new club, The Bead Club. The meetings were allowed only two or three times a week and Jane's mother supplied many boxes of beads. They were strung for Christmas and birthday gifts. Months later, after the bead craze had passed, Jane found some of the strings of beads and she

said, smilingly to her mother, "Whenever I see beads I think, 'More fun to be kind than selfish.'"'

'Often the most effective way of righting a wrong is a happy surprise that leads to a better plan. When my oldest boy was about twelve years old the children began to play "Indian." The smaller children were supposed to be white settlers, which was hardly fair, because they stood no chance with the larger Indians. They found it a doubtful pleasure to live in terror of being caught and scalped or burned at the stake. The game was very exciting and had the merit of including both older and younger children. But the whole idea was based upon warfare and promised endless trouble. I watched for a while wondering how to set it straight, and then I explained to the children that there were different kinds of Indians. Some tribes were noble and brave and friendly to the whites. They hunted for food and caught wild mustangs to ride. They strung beads and made baskets and cloths and traded these things to the whites for new comforts the whites could give them. They were kind people and they always kept their word.

'I told the children that if they would collect feathers, which they could do in various ways, I would make each one of them an Indian headgear and an Indian suit that would look like leather. They were delighted and spent days collecting feathers, while I sewed the Indians' suits. I made them of khaki, which had been bought to cover some cots on our porch. Each suit was trimmed with a different colored fringe and every one had a left breast pocket on which I sewed K. H., which I told them stood for the tribe of Kind Hearts.

'It was decided that they would all take turns at being wild animals and mustangs, for that was only fair. They strung empty spools as well as beads, which they exchanged with me, "the chief white settler," for cookies, to be paid at tea time. The game lasted all one summer, and never a quarrel in the tribe of Kind Hearts. It opened an avenue which gave me easy access to the best spirit in all of them. It lasted for years, literally. And to this day it is a bond between the now grown children.'

'In talking with children I find I speak consciously to their better selves, to the spirit within them. I called on a friend while her four-year-old grandson was making her a few days' visit. She was having her house done over and I found her carrying a lot of small things from one room to another. Her little grandson was tagging her every step. She noticed a small rug she wanted put in the hall, and as her arms were full, she asked her grandson to drag the rug out for her. He planted his feet defiantly, and looked as cross as possible to show that he did not intend to obey or oblige. His grandmother whispered to me that "she must have the rug in the hall," and asked me to bring it. Then she walked on out of the room.

'I kept still a moment, while the little grandson stood still guessing what would happen next. Then I said, "I am glad you are such a big strong boy. If you were a weak little boy you couldn't be kind about lifting rugs. But you are so strong you can always help." His response was immediate. The scowls vanished; he rushed over and picked up the rug with a face like an angel. When I asked him to let me help him, he said,

"Oh! I can do it alone," and he dragged the little rug to the hall and fixed it "all smooth."'

Because they are themselves illuminating I have quoted these incidents from the experience of my friend almost without comment. It seems like tearing the petals off a flower to analyze them. Yet back of the incidents appear her principles. These principles are: Appeal to the child's untroubled and open mind as against the wavering or closed mind of the wrongdoer. Appeal to his love for the other whom he is injuring or is angry with. Appeal to God as justice, beauty, and love. But best of all in this mother's account are her skillful, ingenious, resourceful ways of bringing back the wrongdoer to his true self. Had it not been for the clearness of her principles she could never have seen so many enchanting ways of transcendence, of making the child's will one with the will to do right.

Mothers need to look down as well as far away to see the soul of one who is trying in a very human way to 'save his face.' A strong child struggles against yielding his will. As nature abhors a vacuum, he hates the blank confronting wall of another will opposed to his. Is he not right? He needs every bit of will to meet the world's problems. His will is his mainstay of future power for manliness. If will is broken, he becomes a slave, not a child. We want children to perceive and accept as their own a better will than at first they know; and this better self they can see most clearly in important issues. Therefore in small matters it is wise to allow children who have refused obedience a loophole for their pride to escape a direct conflict. Sometimes a playful game will overarch like a rainbow some

stormy scene. It was only a few years ago that I realized that our childhood game of 'muggins' (involving a penalty for breaking silence at meals) was an ingenious effort on the part of my mother to keep six children quiet. We always thought it a delightful game. When obedience to some simple command was not instant my mother had another scheme. She would blind her eyes and count ten slowly; then she would be amazed and delighted to see that we were far on our way to accomplish her desire. It was never will against will. The spirit of play and good fellowship was at hand in small matters. In important decisions she appealed with full respect for our opinions to the right we both served.

There is never one desire or impulse living alone in a person's nature. Somewhere, for the moment submerged, is the ambitious self, the righteous will, the courageous impulse. Lazy, yet wanting something; bad, but knowing he is bad and so with a tiny fountain of goodness; frightened, yet longing to be brave.

Within any fault is it not probable that the opposite virtue hides shyly? I fear, but I am not wholly a coward; I steal, but I am not a thief; I lie, but I am not a liar; because there is courage within my fear, honesty in my shamefaced stealing, truth in my craven dependence on lies. I tremble at physical danger, but I speak out when wrong is being done. I lie but I do not deceive myself. There is something, some one, from whom I will not steal. Moral growth is the widening of this sphere of love and loyalty. 'For *her* I can face danger.' 'I couldn't lie to *him*.' 'To take money from poor people like ourselves is mean.' For a place or a person, an organization, we can transcend ourselves.

Therefore the appeal of the transcending mother or friend is always from the part to the larger whole. Again let me turn to the resourceful mother who trusts me with her experiences:

The children of her friend were throwing hard words at each other during breakfast when this mother of six said: 'Do you know what I do when the children say things against each other? I make it a rule that if they say anything bad, they must also tell of some special good deed.' Here was a chance not only for a rule but a game.

'Well, but Phyllis has never done anything decent,' the boys protested with mocking voices, while poor Phyllis silently beamed to find she had a defender in her unprotected maidenhood.

'Oh, yes,' their aunt said, 'Phyllis gave you yesterday her best marble.'

Then the game proceeded merrily.

'I accuse Uncle Tom,' said Douglas, 'of taking me up the mountain by an awfully rough path so that I cut my foot on the rocks.'

'Now something good!' shouted everybody.

'Well, I approve of Uncle Tom because he let us make all the noise we wanted when we played cards last night.'

'I blame Douglas for not mending the salt cellar after he promised to do it!'

'And what do you praise him for?'

'I praise him because he kept his temper when everything went wrong on the boat yesterday.'

'Are the children allowed to go on saying more bad things against each other after they've told of a good one?' I asked.

'Yes,' replied the mother, 'but they never want to.'

Another day her boys and their cousins were teasing and blackguarding one another till she knew not what to do. She retired into her sanctuary, a separate tiny brown house of a single room where no turmoil was allowed to enter, and there she thought. The result was — a newspaper. The boys were to write their column and the girls theirs; no one was to *speak* against any one else; but they could write what they chose and there would be a prize for the best newspaper column. 'You know,' said one of the competitors long afterward, 'you can say horribly mean things against one another, but you never would write them.' The mother brought out some old rolls of wall paper, cut them in even sizes and supplied pen and ink. Every evening the articles were read aloud amid roars of laughter. The girls had one brilliant contributor and came out ahead. Wit and fun took the place of slander and silliness and the newspaper absorbed and expressed the energy that had gone into teasing.

Her children came home from school full of criticism of an inexperienced teacher in their remote mountainside district. 'She is useless, Mother. She is so scared that she can't manage any of the big boys. They jeer at her. We can get through any lesson by taking a chance and she weeps every day.' The mother's mind left her chattering group of boys and girls and climbed the hill. 'Poor little teacher,' she said. 'Find out whether this is not her first place. Do you remember the first time you played at a piano recital? I believe that you can be of the greatest help to her. You can make all the difference between her being lonely or happy here. To-morrow when you go to school, invite her home here to lunch and let's give her a good time.'

So the teacher came, was welcomed by the household, and years afterward reported that this her first school in the mountain district had given her the happiest time of her life.

It is more than a geometric axiom that only the greater can comprehend the less. When we are morally of the same size or smaller than our children, our pupils, our clients, our adversaries, we cannot comprehend them. If there is to be spaciousness within us we must go to where it is to be found, as Ralph Waldo Emerson went with a naughty child at night out to the field where they both could see the stars. Transcendence means seeing the stars all the more because of surrounding darkness; it means wisdom. But to attain wisdom takes time, and it implies mental and usually physical withdrawal. Youth is nimble, age is slow. We tortoises have to begin our race with these hares by securing a long handicap. We often do not allow ourselves time and quiet. Becks and calls are all about, a signal from a child in danger, a call: 'Mother, can I? Why can't *I*? *He* does. His father lets him.' We are caught like sticks dashed down a stream, from hour to hour, from stone to stone.

We need a retreat, as I have said. One wise parent calls it *A Place to Think*, another *A Place to Pray*. Both are places in which to learn transcendence by looking up. The first mother's sanctuary that I saw was a simple room. Outside it the over-popular mother had printed in enormous letters,

ENTRANCE FORBIDDEN ON PAIN OF DEATH

BEWARE THE DOGS

The sign was too alluring to her small boys to remain unmolested, when the most adorable mother was inside the door. She abandoned that form of expression, but she has found the lasting need of a sanctuary. Parents and teachers, doctors, clergymen, who are giving out all the day, need a place and a time to get their energies recharged.

Dealing with people is unlike dealing with science, administration, or art. Though these also demand our best work, we can sulk, growl, or complain and no answering irritation shows the wound we have made. But parents, teachers, social workers and ministers must be rainy- and icy-day workers, gleefully shaking off the rain, resistant to heat, cold, and drought. They must continually give out; they must make dark days splendid with their gayety, lift heavy weights from young shoulders, sustain through poverty, through sickness, and even through death, their children beaten down by heavy storms.

A bewildered and worldly minded woman once called to see a friend of mine who kept in her house a tiny room for prayer. My friend talked long and ineffectively with this woman, who had come for counsel whether to break her marriage vow. Then quite suddenly my friend saw the truth: 'You didn't come to see *me*, you don't want advice from me, but from God. Will you go into my little chapel and pray?'

In this sense no one needing help wants to see *us*; they want us only as a way to see God. We must be channels for one another, channels that free the current that runs through toward God. When we are tempted to irritation, jealousy, anger, reproach, narrowness, we must remember that by every word and

act we are trying to *transmit* the bounteous love, firmness, patience, generosity of God. To be aware of the splendor of God; to know literally that every act of ours may magnify or dim His name; to feel that we can give something of God because we have seen His glory, that is a momentous help. What this splendor is seems too great for me to express except in words from the Psalms: 'Light is sown for the righteous.' When I hear that word *sown* I see both the miracle of sowing and the miracle of light. I see an aureoled white-robed sower striding out with his left hand full not of seed but of sparkling light such as leaps up from a lake on a windy day or drops into a wood at noon. With his right hand he sows the light and it falls into the ground to live again.

It is an August day in northern Maine; almost dazzlingly brilliant after yesterday's heavy rain. As I turn I can look into a dark wood. The forest is sown with light; it catches the curves of a fern on the mossy rock; it drops silently on the cinnamon-brown soil of the pine needles; it flashes against the spearlike trunk of the yellow birch. The wood seems peopled with the swift and silent powers of light. 'In Thy light, shall we see light.' There are many ways in which the Bible describes the coming of help to him who seeks to transcend difficulty, but none more beautiful than this of the sown light.

CHAPTER XV

WITHDRAWAL AND REATTACHMENT

THERE are at least three kinds of withdrawal: momentary withdrawal to get a better view of the situation, permanent withdrawal because the end is attained, and untimely withdrawal in a panic. The first is part of an advance movement, the second is retirement in good standing, the third is no better than running away.

The last chapter gave several instances of withdrawal to gain new insight. Such a withdrawal the beautiful words of Joan of Arc, quoted by her friend Dunois at her trial, describe: 'When I am baffled in some manner . . . I retire apart, and I pray to God, complaining that those to whom I speak are hard of belief. My prayer to God finished, I hear a Voice that says to me: "Daughter of God, go, go, go; I will aid thee, go." And when I hear this Voice I have great joy. I would like always to hear it.'[1] Joan withdrew to transcend in exactly the spirit in which an artist withdraws to a distance from his portrait that he may see it better and more as a whole. Momentary in each instance, withdrawal of this kind should be a lasting practice.

There is another withdrawal especially difficult for parents: withdrawal because the particular end is attained. One striking difference between professionals and parents is that the former have a fairly definite time of withdrawal. The fireman withdraws when the

[1] Albert Bigelow Paine: *Joan of Arc*, I, 196. The Macmillan Company, 1925.

conflagration has been put out; the physician withdraws (if he is not a fraud) when the patient is well; the teacher withdraws when her pupil is educated; the dentist withdraws (or you gleefully withdraw from him) when your teeth are filled. But the parent has no guiding bell to tell him when he should retire from active service, and this gives point to Emerson's assertion that 'Every benefactor becomes so easily a malefactor only by continuation of his activity into places where it is not due.'[1] Yet even in Emerson, whose accent on self-reliance is everywhere insistent, we notice a qualification. He does not urge complete withdrawal but only withdrawal of activity when it is continued into places where it is not due. We withdraw that we may not confuse, or cast a shadow.

It is a dark night in the Adirondack woods. You carry a light. Then you notice that your shadow falls black on the path behind you, cutting off the light from those who follow. You step aside out of the path, that your friends may see better when you are out of the way. You take your shadow off. That is the withdrawal that Emerson commends. We can best light the path by withdrawal to one side. ''Tis little we can do for each other. We accompany the youth with sympathy and manifold old sayings of the wise to the gate of the arena, but it is certain that not by strength of ours or of the old sayings, but only on strength of his own, unknown to us or to any, he must stand or fall.'[2]

So the ex-president, if he is wise, withdraws from

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Power,' *Representative Men*, 28. Houghton Mifflin Company.

[2] Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Considerations by the Way,' *The Conduct of Life*, 248. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1904.

advice to the new president of college, bank, or hospital; even when he thinks the new man is wrong. Why should the older generation withdraw? In part because unasked advice by one out of control tends to irritate; but also — and this is more important — because the new task is unique and can be born only through the life that conceived it. This surely is Emerson's idea concerning youth: 'It is only on strength of his own, unknown to us or to any, he must stand or fall.' No man can replace another, but something never made before can be wrought from the old granite. Old wiseacres, like old trees, may interfere with young timber.

There is a third form of withdrawal: retreat in panic. Too much buttery advice is thrown into the fire of youth. Youth flares up and the adviser is scorched. 'I will never speak on the subject again. I will give up making any comments.' After this sudden decision he sits in the uncomfortable position of holding his tongue. In these days of what Dr. Miriam Van Waters wittily calls 'Parents on Probation' there is more danger of withdrawal into silence or slackness than of an over-exertion of authority. Parents do not help their children by jumping out of the boat just as sons and daughters are steering their canoes toward a dangerous rapid. The silence of the elders is often due to an earlier rejection of their experience. Yet I believe youth wants, as well as *needs*, to know what work, poverty, sickness, marriage, children, old age, religion, death, have meant to living witnesses.

So, speaking to the younger generation, I should insist: Ask for the experience of the older generation as soon as you are aware of a snag in the dark river. Ask

not for help in paddling your own canoe but for experience as to the course. Ask quickly before all the old guides who know the channel are dead. Ask for memories, for past history, for what it all has meant, for what has fallen flat, for what they have had to unlearn, as well as for what has been learned — but above all, for what has stood the test. The history of the human beings around you points, in spite of all your differences in character and situation, to your own future.

Something like this is what your elders are trying to say: 'Let us see to what your wagon is hitched. Oh! you've tied it to too small a pony; too jerky an Eskimo dog — I used one and he tipped me over in no time; too stupid a mule — he won't carry you far. But look at that star. That's the transmission power you need. The stars that strengthen and pull are friendship, marriage, responsibility, loyalty, religion.'

Like withdrawal, reattachment ought to be a continual process, firm, delicate, and careful as is the reattachment to a trellis of a honeysuckle vine that has crept into the dark. One can learn many lessons from the care of climbing vines. My honeysuckles are trained up the wire back net of my wooden tennis court, but the young shoots have a peculiar way of diving into the dark under the foundation, where the cedar posts support the wooden floor. There they wander deeper and deeper, unable to turn and find their way out. They are hard to disentangle, for they have begun to root in the dark, and the leaves look pathetically white when drawn back into the light. It takes delicate handling to reattach them to the firm-

ness of the wire, and only then to leave them to find their own way up.

Not unlike this new twining on to a strong support is our relation to those beginning to make their way up. One starts with detachment, one aims at reattachment higher up. By detachment I mean depersonalization, taking your own fear, irritation, or habit of control out of the way. By reattachment higher up I mean giving vivid experience and looking together at a new form of the old truth, and then (it may be) trusting those we love to other friends, to interests, to responsibility, and to the wisdom born of experience.

An example of such reattachment to an interest is well given in the story of Philippe Bunau-Varilla and his mother.

Philippe Bunau-Varilla was but twelve in 1862 when he heard his mother speak of the unbuilt Panama Canal. '"You must have had a delightful trip, through the wonderful new Suez Canal," said the boy's mother . . . to a young engineer just back from India.

'"The Canal is marvelous," replied the young engineer. . . . "It was my hope that I could build it, but now it is finished!"

'"Wait," replied the mother — while her little son listened absorbedly — "there remains at least one other great canal to be built — the Panama Canal!" . . .

'Some days later the boy suddenly said: "I am going to help build the Panama Canal, Mother."'[1]

He did. He became head engineer of the Panama Canal enterprise under France and completed two thirds of it before America took it over. 'The idea of

[1] George Frederick: 'What Is your Boy Dreaming About?' in *Children*, January, 1927.

building the Canal took hold of me with a force nothing could shake,' he said years afterwards. The words of his mother fell into the fertile soil of his own purpose and took root there.

There comes a time when the parent as commander must go away in order to become the parent as friend. These witnesses to the value of the parent as friend come from two girls of eighteen.

'If parents would only realize that a child wants to make them his very best friend and wants to feel that he can come to them for help without being laughed at, the biggest problem of this age would be solved.'

'One of the wonderful things that came into my life at thirteen was the beginning of the closest friendship I have ever had. It was with my mother. She was a friend in a comradely way, and it was in this newfound friendship that I realized I was going to find a haven of peace and comfort. She has never failed me since.'

One of the most mysterious and significant sayings of Jesus is: '*It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you.*' [1] The meaning of these strange words has to be relearned again and again. They form part of the interplay of withdrawal and reattachment, which is central in moral and in religious experience.

[1] John xvi, 7.

PART III
THOUGHT AND ACTION

CHAPTER XVI

EDUCATION IN APPRECIATION

FORMAL education does not invariably improve character. 'To educate a man in mind and not in morals is to educate a menace to society,' said Roosevelt. Skill in penmanship enables a man to sign another's name to a check as well as to sign his own. Education in hatred of the capitalist may make for bitterness and cruelty. Understanding of machinery may mean the ability to unlock the wheel of another man's car and drive it away. The knowledge of medicine may equip a man to murder his enemy and get away with it. Yet even as I write these words I realize that I am overstating the possibility. I have to hunt for examples of moral harm done by education, while I see about me hundreds of people better off for it, more expressed, more alive to what is going on in the world, more skilled, more ambitious, and less dependent on being amused. Education, like anything else, may be wrongly used, but none the less it is commonly and characteristically a temptation to good.

Education tempts to rightdoing by opening up the incarnate interests of the world, by training in moral thoughtfulness and by discipline of character. Education, in other words, helps us to recognize our central desires. But since no interest can be developed without perseverance and moral thoughtfulness, education includes the discipline needed to attain and hold interests. Thus education has two functions: to waken admiration and to discipline by responsibility and by thought.

The subject of responsibility so interpenetrates life that it seems wisest to take it up in a separate chapter. I shall here only quote a sagacious and unanswerable remark of Mr. George H. Martin, formerly secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. 'The greatest moral training in schools lies in the fact that hundreds of thousands of boys and girls are saying, "I've got to get my lessons for to-morrow."'

Within the school curriculum itself some subjects are peculiarly valuable for discipline and others for appreciation. Naturally the Latin should be taught in a different way from the poetry. Appreciation and discipline are equally needed in school work, but if all the high-school students who had been disciplined out of love of Shakespeare were to be counted, I fear they would exceed those who had received through an appreciative teacher Shakespeare's best gift, an understanding of many kinds of people who may become comrades and leaders.

The central task of education on the side of appreciation is to offer children a wide range of interests, sufficient light on each, and a time exposure long enough to make an impression that will last. Since English literature is a subject universally taught in school, it serves well to illustrate the temptation to rightdoing that comes through admiration of the thoughts of noble people.

In the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments' there are thrilling stories of keys or words that open secret doors to magic realms. Teaching a child to read has long seemed to me as magic an act as any chronicled in wonder tales. For in teaching a child to read we have given him the key to open unknown doors and enter

fairyland. And, strange to say, we never know what may happen. Of two little sisters I taught to read, one simply threw aside the key to that door and plunged into athletics, learning to swim, row, skate. The other grabbed the key of reading and started on so swift a run into the land of story and poetry that I got out of breath trying to keep up with her demand for more books. This child is like the far-famed goat of comic journals. She will devour anything within two printed covers. At the age of eight she has begun herself to write a bulky volume entitled 'The Thankful Dog and Many Other Stories.'

A child like this easily drifts into reading worthless stuff unless teachers, librarians, and parents hurry to help her choose. She is born a reader; there are other children, however, who achieve reading, and still more who quite unwillingly have reading thrust upon them.

For the sake of all these children, I want to write about stories that attract children to rightdoing.

Aspiring writers are sometimes divided into two classes: those who have something to say but do not know how to say it, and those who know how to write but have nothing in particular to say. College professors often treat great writers as if their main desire was to write well. These professors show you that great writers are clear, forcible, and elegant in their language. Yes, but no great writer wrote in order to be clear, forcible, and elegant. He wrote because he was filled like a seed pod in autumn with a fertile idea and must scatter it abroad. Minor writers do try to write well. They hunt up dictionaries full of words of all sizes; they look round for 'purple'

phrases; they burrow for something stylish, timely, new — something that will suit the public — something they choose to call a live issue. But great writers take dead or sleeping issues and make them wake and live. They pass by the timely to proclaim the eternal. Dante, Milton, Shelley, Browning, Lincoln, Emerson, Meredith, Tolstoy, and, in our own midst, Kipling and Chesterton, have written because they had something they wanted to shout aloud about the universe, something that you had not seen, or friends to introduce to you whom you could not otherwise meet.

What friends shall we introduce? Simple, powerful, lovable figures, no matter how primitive, for children live in a less conventional, less detailed, less responsible, less complicated world than we. While his mother, beside him in the street car, troubled about many things, is arranging her shopping list and fumbling in her overstuffed hand bag for the conductor's fare, her little boy kneels on the car seat, his dusty boots brushing the passers-by, utterly absorbed in a changing and bounteous vision of the world through the windows of fact and imagination. He is not responsible for providing food and raiment, he can soar like the birds of the air into far-away places and feel still at home. He, like every boy, is potentially a Knight of the Round Table seeking his special Holy Grail. Great thoughts, then, are native to children; great writers, keeping as they do the vision of youth, are welcomed by children. The great are truly easier for them to understand than trivial mediocre writers. Even if they comprehend only a hundredth part of the depth within depth of their meaning, what they get is

free from the gloss, the half truth, the perversion and prejudice of little thinkers.

I came to this conclusion partly as a result of experiment. When I was preparing the collection of stories and poems called 'Ethics for Children,' I tried them first on the children at home in order to be quite sure that they could digest them. The result convinced me that the children loved best what *was* best in literature of story and legend. I don't mean that they cried for Goethe's 'Faust' or Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' nor do I mean that they priggishly rejected 'Five Little Peppers' or 'Dotty Dimple.' But they chose, again and again, the story of Saint Francis of Assisi and the wolf, and Boutet de Monvel's Joan of Arc. These two especially held their constant love.

Great literature helps character in three ways. In the first place, it widens our bounded horizon. Many of the faults of childhood are faults of narrowness, such as cruelty or prejudice. Their world is bounded on the north by the Smith family, on the east by the Brown family, on the south by the Jones family, and on the west by the Robinson family. The Chinese laundryman, the Italian laborer, the Jewish tailor are outcasts beyond the pale. But literature, with its flashing searchlight, illumines those dark pages of the child's world. Fascinating stories from many lands give new glory to the Chinaman, the Italian, the Jew. Our story-tellers gather round them children of all nations, and the little Syrians, Russians, Irish, Jews, and Greeks learn with joy that their nation is a source of wonder and delight no longer to be despised. The

child's world may then become bounded on the north by Russia, on the east by China, on the south by Italy, on the west by California — and thus his kingdom of sympathy widens.

Much of the cruelty of children to one another, to the stranger, and to animals is due to lack of imagination. It is one great function of literature to supply a fountain of kindliness wherewith to fill the dry pools of our narrow sympathy and make them sparkle, leap, and overflow. I will suggest a few illustrations. I defy any one to read Kipling's 'Garm' (the story of a devoted dog), Selma Lagerlöf's 'Wonderful Adventures of Nils,' Kipling's 'Jungle Books,' without a quickened sympathy for animals and birds. And for older children, the human sympathy of large parts of Victor Hugo's 'Les Misérables' will be a memorable widening of their narrow boundaries.

Secondly, literature itself, given at the right time and in the right way, stimulates a taste for the better that leaves no desire for the worse. In the manual of gardening I most frequently consult it is written: 'Weeds will grow up thickly in any good soil. They are indeed a compliment to the soil, though not to your tillage. If you want to get rid of weeds plant flower seeds so thickly that when they come up they will cover all the space.' So faults resembling pigweed, thistles, and burrs spring up in children because we have not put in enough flower seeds to drive them out. Literature is the seed of many flowers.

There is a third way in which an ideal in literature becomes a comrade in life. Literature may help to give us what we lack and hunger for in this generation — a flaming incarnate ideal that sustains our lives at

their best. For in the presence of an ideal the wrong and the ugly become glaring and distasteful, the good, the beautiful become precious and desirable. We all need the constant presence of a testing ideal. Saint Francis of Assisi serving his beloved Lady Poverty, Lincoln with his ringing test of government by the people, Kipling painting the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are — these men are guided each by a standard that condemns or glorifies every act.

Literature can open glimpses of such ideals, for great literature is the expression of strong emotion, whose current quickens the sympathy of a listening child. Literature is above all to a child an adventure in which he himself takes part. Some day his own muscles may be ready for a twentieth-century crusade. Literature again is the utterance, and often the most accurate utterance, of the character of the author. Some day the boy or girl may take the hand of a new guide, and never let it go. Thinking of this, it seems to me that among the best literary gifts we can give our children is a friend — a friend like Saint Francis or Joan of Arc. For of this I am sure: a friend in literature is a friend in life.

One of our most successful teachers tells me that the note of friendship between authors strikes home without blows of the hammer in her ninth-grade boys. She brings before them picturesquely and in graphic detail the friendship of Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, that wonderful fifty-year friendship that began when they were two shy little blue-coated boys in Christ Hospital School in London. Miss McSkimmon finds the faces of her class light up into new awareness

of the friendship in their midst. One of her boys had a severe disappointment in losing the prize in the swimming contest after months of faithful practice: 'Yes, I lost the prize,' he told her, 'but I didn't mind much, for Fred Murphy won it, and him and me are friends just like Charles Lamb and Coleridge.'

My plan for the service of literature in the upbuilding of character includes the introduction each year to the children of one special *friend in literature* whom they may learn to love and honor. I do not mean that other reading should be excluded, or that necessarily a whole year should be given to an author, but that the teacher should enrich herself by intimate study of one poet or prose writer, and so by biography as well as by poems and fiction bring a real friend into the lives of the children each year.

For Grade I, take the charming folk stories of Grimm. They brim and bubble with ethical truths concealed and revealed in gay tales. Children of six and seven are in the imaginative age when animals normally speak. At this age the bears, frogs, elves, and foxes of Grimm are as useful teachers and far more alluring than Rollo and Jonas. Among the stories which sow seeds of goodness in children are: 'The Elves and the Shoemaker,' illustrating kindness; 'Snow White and Rose Red,' 'The Frog King,' 'The House in the Woods,' 'The Queen Bee,' 'The Woodcutter's Child,' honesty.

The life of the Grimm brothers themselves — the most inseparable of friends — should be told at the same time. When Jacob was nineteen and William eighteen years old, they made a solemn pledge never to live apart, and they kept their vow. Till William died,

at the age of seventy-four, they had one house, one library, one purse. At William's death Jacob writes tenderly: 'In the slow-gliding school years, one bed and one study held us. There we sat working at the same table, and afterwards, to the very end, two beds and two tables stood in the same room. We were always under one roof in undisturbed and untroubled community of money and books.' Wise writers of dictionaries and histories were the brothers, yet simple as children. Flowers were always on their desks, wallflowers for William's choice, heliotrope for Jacob. Their lives are fragrant, genial, and kind like their stories.

For Grade II, I suggest the most childlike of all saints, Saint Francis of Assisi. His tender ways with the poor, with our sisters the birds, and our brother the wolf, with sun, flowers, and Sister Water, appeal to children, and the literature about him is enhanced by many pictures, the most interesting of which are the Giotto series and the modern illustrations by Subercaseaux.[1] The short stories in 'The Little Flowers of Saint Francis,' translated by Arnold, and a few from the 'Mirror of Perfection' are of great value. Children can learn part at least of the glorious 'Canticle of the Sun,' and for Saint Francis's life the teacher should read Sabatier's 'Saint Francis of Assisi,' and Francis W. Wheldon's 'A Little Brother to the Birds.'

For Grade III, I choose Longfellow, of whom little needs to be said. All the schools of our nation have welcomed him. From 'Hiawatha' to 'Evangeline' his gentle, smooth-flowing, cleansing stream has poured itself into the lives of children. He is not among the

[1] *Saint Francis of Assisi.* Marshall Jones Company, 1926.

greatest of poets, but he is among the pure in heart. One of my nieces, a demure little maiden whose eyes light up suddenly and gloriously like a city at dark, had just learned to read. She could plod phonetically through easy words and that was all, so far as I knew. One night I was reading her 'Hiawatha,' when suddenly all the light of her spirit darted through her blue eyes, and with the words, 'Why, I know that!' she leaped to read the poem and read it well. 'Can you read "Hiawatha"?' I inquired astonished. 'Yes, I found it in a book and I picked it out. I love it. I can't read anything else as hard, but I took a fancy to "Hiawatha."'

For Grade IV nothing is better than Tolstoy's stories for children and peasants. Several of these stories are gathered together in the World's Classics Series as 'Twenty-Three Tales by Tolstoy.' Of course, children cannot and ought not to get the whole message of Tolstoy, but they love these stories and feel their truth. Some years ago a child of nine had a violent quarrel with a comrade and plotted revenge. I proposed to tell her a story. 'A moral story?' she asked quickly, for she had been acting scenes from 'Alice in Wonderland' and was impressed by the duchess with her phrase, 'And the moral of that is.' 'Yes,' I answered. 'I think you'll like it all the better, for the moral makes it interesting to think about it.' I told her Tolstoy's story, 'A Spark Neglected Burns the House,' that graphic tale of a petty quarrel over an egg leading to the destruction of the village. She listened intently. At the close, 'Is that a moral story?' I asked. 'I should say so. Tell another,' was her only comment.

For Grade V, Kipling speaks plainly of loyalty, discipline, obedience, and imagination. Kipling is a writer of extraordinary range and sympathy and therefore a fascinating comrade both for youth and age. If you give little children a love for the 'Just So Stories,' they may later find delight in 'A Day's Work' and a perpetual romance in 'Kim.' Children of ten or eleven love 'Puck of Pook's Hill,' 'Rewards and Fairies,' the two 'Jungle Books,' 'Garm, A Hostage,' and can well learn some of the ringing poems in the end of the 'History of England.' Kipling's message throughout is like that which pierced the soul of Saint Peter nineteen hundred years ago:

> 'It is enough that through Thy grace
> I saw naught common on Thy earth.'

Another message in Kipling is that of disciplined loyalty. Take for instance 'The Ship that Found Herself' and see how subtly its moral of silence under hardship and the power of working together is woven in. Or read a very different story, 'William the Conqueror,' and notice what a shining picture of a woman's faithful work he can draw. Children as young as ten years will be thrilled by 'The Maltese Cat,' and while the polo pony faces about they will catch quite unconsciously something of Kipling's message of disciplined intelligence and of loyalty to the end.

Grade VI may center about Stevenson, prince of friends, most sympathetic of writers. He meets our hunger with food at many different periods. No one held in more passionate memory the love of imaginative play so characteristic of children in the dramatic period, from three to seven years. No one kept more

untainted the wild love of adventure that boys of ten to fifteen feel, no one suffered more from the lonely dreams of early youth of which he writes indelibly in 'Virginibus Puerisque' and 'Old Mortality.' Taking up Stevenson as late as in the sixth grade you can give extracts from his life and from the sunset-colored 'Vailima Letters.'

Stevenson fought all his life against constant ill health and died with an achievement of work, play, friendship, and character seldom surpassed. All boys will read 'Kidnapped' and 'Treasure Island' by themselves, but you can introduce them to more subtle and delicate studies of character, to 'The Treasure of Franchard,' 'Lucerne,' 'The Beach of Falesa,' to his poem about 'The Great Task of Happiness,' and through these to Stevenson himself. Read in his letters of his friendship at Samoa with the dark chiefs who loved him so much that they exchanged names with him, and, far more significant, built with their own hands a mountain road in his honor, the Road of the Loving Heart. Read 'Old Mortality,' that gem of an essay, and see his tenderness; but best of all read his letters to friends.

For Grade VII, Tennyson or Malory meets a need. The ethical aim of the year will circle round the great themes of chivalry, devotion, reverence, and purity. Watts's white picture of Sir Galahad and Abbey's frescoes of the Legend of the Holy Grail will illumine the reading. The lines of Sir Galahad, 'To me is given such hope, I know not fear,' and 'My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure' — what message could we bring more vital to the adolescent boy or girl? If only — if only we can make it strike

home! To do that we must ourselves serve our vigil as crusaders.

The story of Joan of Arc as Mark Twain has told it I have found deeply moving to girls at this age. It will reënforce the message of Tennyson. To bring out this story of Joan of Arc, it is well to read also 'Joan of Arc' by Albert Bigelow Paine, a noble book full of accurate quotations from Joan herself, as recalled by the evidence in the two trials, and of photographs of the scenes through which she passed.

Sir Walter Scott's poems are successfully used in Grade VIII, and if through the poems and through nibbles of his romances you can encourage a taste for the complete row of Waverley novels you will help to knock out the reading of dime novels. Scott's poems, too, are full of ethical suggestions and add to his studies of character. Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, Meg Merrilies, Flora MacDonald, Richard Cœur de Lion — to have these among his acquaintances will greatly enlarge a child's horizon. 'The Life of Scott' by Lockhart reveals a loving and faithful man.

In any year the poems and stories used should be wider than those of a single writer, but they might so center around one author as to make his personality stand out a living man and not a fragment. Why do we give little scraps of literature and a few dry or musty facts about authors, like chicken-feed, to children? In my own case it is because I have not enough knowledge about the men I am describing. I can pick a blossom or two here or there from my scanty border of incidents, but I do not know Lincoln, Tolstoy, Scott, or Stevenson as I know an intimate friend. Children feel this lack in teaching, though they could not say what

it is they miss. Therefore, I would urge every teacher, both for the children's sake and for her own, to become *intimate* with the authors or heroes she is talking of. The lives and writings of great men repay study. Garibaldi in George M. Trevelyan's three volumes stands out a living friend. Trevelyan would, I believe, rather lose many among his distinguished acquaintances than his intimacy with Garibaldi. But Trevelyan to know Garibaldi not only plunged fearlessly neck-deep into musty manuscripts, but literally followed Garibaldi's footsteps over the burning plains and foothills of Italy. Albert Bigelow Paine so followed Joan of Arc; Sabatier, Saint Francis. Symbolically, if not literally, we must do the same.

Good literature helps character, not by rubbing in a specific moral lesson, but by drawing vivid and attractive pictures of energetic goodness. But good literature does not affect the children only. The teacher of good literature (whatever effect she has on her pupils) is certainly feeding her own soul. Much of the teacher's work may be irksome routine. There isn't much fresh delight in correcting spelling and number work; her heart doesn't leap up when she beholds two little boys eating candy behind their desk; a child's first copy book is not a joy forever. But refreshed by great literature the teacher will have wherewith to feed the children. She will work with them, eagerly, gladly, under the spell of a great leader.

CHAPTER XVII

TRAINING IN MORAL THOUGHTFULNESS

About fifteen years ago I went to a national conference in New York on moral training in schools. Rarely have I been with so wide-awake a group of people from many states, all talking eagerly about the subject that concerns me most. At the end of four days' session we came to the momentous duty of resolutions. A special committee was appointed, deliberated two days, and came back with a dozen typewritten resolutions. The first of all was: 'We believe that character-building should be considered the aim of education.'

I was discouraged. For I knew that teachers in the United States, Europe, and South Africa had heard that saying so often that it would be just as smooth, slippery, and easily ignored as the underscored words, 'You are urgently requested to attend a most important meeting.' It was the kind of message that goes straight into our mental waste-paper basket.

We have asserted that character-building is the aim of education for three hundred years, yet we have gone on to discuss with zeal slanting or upright penmanship, instead of the much more difficult and fascinating subject of slanting or upright citizenship. With a sudden start of realization I saw that if we had been three hundred years aiming, it was certainly time to *fire*. But if we are going to fire we must know what we are firing at, what it is we are trying to hit. At what then shall we fire?

'The improvement of character' is too broad a

mark. We shall hit somewhere indeed, but we shall make but a shallow impression. On the other hand, 'cleanliness' is too small a mark. It can be secured, but even if cleanliness is next to godliness, there is a whited-sepulchre kind of superficial cleanliness that leads principally to pride. The Psalmist speaks of 'clean hands and a pure heart.' That, I think, was the kind of cleanliness he meant was next to godliness. Probably some hygienic person corrupted his text and dropped the 'pure heart' as being unimportant. We must aim at more than conventional virtues.

Facing the fact that character-building is too vague a term, I was driven into asking myself: What is it that I most want the children of my nation to stand for, when they have had all that school can give? What traits in the children who left school would fill me with joy, satisfaction, and courage? In other words, what is education about, anyway? These are ground-floor questions. They are not easy to answer except in compound words of five syllables like character-building and self-activity. I wanted my aim stated in short, incisive Saxon words, not in long, blurring Latin ones. Now there is one American writer who seldom used five-syllable words. Abraham Lincoln in his Springfield speech — as he pored over slavery with that brooding, longing patience characteristic of him — said, 'If we could see where we are and whither we are tending, we could better know what to do and how to do it.'

It is the aim of moral teaching to help children through greater clearness of vision and steadiness of will to see the meaning of the life of which they are part. Such insight will fit them to take their part;

that is, to know better what to do and how to do it with zeal and understanding. We have long had this aim in mind, but firing has now begun all along the line, from the first grade through college, and even in the graduate schools of business. Character development, more or less camouflaged as citizenship, is playing every year a larger part in schools.

There are many both known and unrecognized who have taken their share in this movement. Among them much credit is due to Mr. Milton Fairchild, director of the Character Education Institution,[1] for the endless patience with which he has held to and revised his work in order that it should more and more meet the needs of school children.

In 1916, under the direction of Mr. Fairchild and through the generosity of an unknown donor, a prize of five thousand dollars was awarded after national competition to Mr. William J. Hutchins[2] for the best Children's Morality Code. In this code ten laws of rightdoing are named and defined. These are classified as

I. The Law of Self-Control.
II. The Law of Good Health.
III. The Law of Kindness.
IV. The Law of Sportsmanship.
V. The Law of Self-Reliance.
VI. The Law of Duty.
VII. The Law of Reliability.
VIII. The Law of Good Workmanship.
IX. The Law of Teamwork.
X. The Law of Loyalty.

[1] Character Education Institution, 3770 McKinley Street, N.W., Chevy Chase, Washington, D.C.

[2] As revised later, the Law of Truth was added, making eleven laws.

Right conduct does not split evenly into ten pieces, and any one looking carefully at the list of laws will see that the law of duty really includes all the rest and that good health is not a law at all. Nevertheless, this code has been a stimulus to ethical teaching.

Because I know best the Boston schools, I will describe something of their plan, which follows in outline the Children's Morality Code, but has developed it by printing in a monthly magazine the methods of the best teachers and the practices of the children in carrying out this plan. This magazine was first issued in September, 1925, and is called 'Citizenship through Character Development.'[1] Even a single number of the magazine (for example that for November, 1925) shows how well experienced teachers can transform an outline of moral character into living practice. An alert group of teachers has taken this pallid list of virtues and has made the scholars draw pictures of them, act dramas around them, play a kind of conundrum game with them, learn poetry that concerns them, put together a book about them in the form of 'Golden Deeds,' use lantern slides to illustrate them, study biography and history with these characteristics in mind, practice concentration under distraction through them. Here are three examples in detail: The first is a game called 'Choosing the Cargo for the Voyage of Life.' The pupils have a day's preparation in describing, through history, literature, or daily life, two virtues. Next morning two leaders call on any members of the class to describe the proper cargo for the voyage. The pupil called on begins in some such

[1] *Citizenship through Character Development.* Published by the Boston School Committee, Beacon Street, Boston. Subscription $1.50.

way as this: 'Take me, I am the quality that Belgium's people possessed when they stood against the great onrushing German army. I made Farragut lash himself to the rigging of the Hartford at Mobile.'

Another boy, taking a different quality, may say: 'I was with Lincoln during the Civil War. I am the quality that was in Roosevelt when he said he would conquer the weakness of his body. I carried the message to Garcia.' The two leaders must guess in turn what quality is meant. It is only a guessing game, but it trains the classes to express great deeds in a brief form and it leads them to think about and analyze the qualities of men who have not always won but always won out. As in many other cases, it is the discussion and eagerness back of the instances given that make the game worth while. Try it! Have you the necessary range of facts and awareness of heroic acts that would make it easy for you to win in vivid description?

One group of third-grade children took as their written work examples from their own experience of Alice Freeman Palmer's three rules for happiness:

Commit something worth while to memory every day.
Look for something beautiful.
Do something to make somebody happy.

These rules the children decided to follow for a week and then to tell or write about them in school. It was a bit of genius on Mrs. Palmer's part to invent these rules — three things easy to remember, refreshing to do, lasting in impression.

A third ingenious effort at making right action tempting was worked out in the eighth grade through 'The Drama of the Future Self' (the self of twenty

years later) who appears before the present self and comments on the connection between the acts of the present self and the result on the future self. This is a fertile subject and as developed by the boys and girls themselves is both amusing and enlightening. In one instance a superlatively stout future self appears to rebuke the candy-eating present self, and in another a slouching future self loses his job because he writes illegibly, and blames it all on the present self who, we hope, begins at once to write with the utmost care.

These few examples are inadequate to express the ethical teaching of the Boston schools, but their method is admirable, and their liveliness, even their gayety, augurs well for success. The direct teaching of ethics which comes in high school should be lively too. Such teaching lives because it is interesting. When not lively, it is deadly — killing to the soul.

If I am asked: Would you have classes in ethics or the indirect influence of high-minded and sympathetic teachers? I always answer: Both. If some one asked me: 'Will you have bread or butter?' I should answer '*Both.*' I don't know whether to call moral instruction the butter and indirect training the bread, or moral instruction the bread and indirect training the butter. Take your choice. In any case the two go well together. Direct lessons may enormously help the indirect influence. The teacher is moved by her subject. The lesson in morals gives her the chance she needs. The ethical side of school life is then no longer squeezed out by the need of reaching a certain page in American history or a certain problem in multiplication.

I remember once speaking in a Massachusetts town about the interest roused in pupils by ethical discussions. Two teachers, one of history and one of literature, leapt upon me after the meeting: 'Oh! I wish they'd put ethics in our school. The pupils in my class get so interested talking about the moral questions in history or literature that I can't get ahead at all.' Just as the celebrated king in Milne's 'When We Were Very Young' wanted a little butter for his bread, so I want a little direct teaching of ethics to bring out the full flavor of our daily bread — the day's events.

The direct teaching of ethics aims:

(1) To open the eyes of the morally blind or near-sighted.

(2) To clear away moral confusion or sophistry.

(3) To forestall moral vacillation.

Can a course in ethics result in thus training pupils in sympathy, in truthfulness, in loyalty? Let me illustrate from my own experience.

I

Many wrong acts are due to moral blindness or, in milder cases, to moral myopia, rather than to intentional brutality. The cruelty of a child who pulls a fly to pieces and the cruelty of a gossip who pulls a neighbor to pieces do not come from deliberate delight in pain. They mean shortsightedness to pain. In classes of high-school age I take up cases of unconscious cruelty and try to train the pupils in sympathy and in open-mindedness. We discuss for example the famous couplet:

'I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.'

This sentiment has often been accepted as valid and even commendable. 'I either like a person or I don't and that's all there is about it.' But how about Dr. Fell himself? Is he fairly treated? If he is sensitive to public opinion is he likely to become mellow and genial under the influence of this unreasoned dislike? May it not turn out that he's a good kind of fellow after all, and that what I disliked was his table manners or the cut of his beard rather than the man himself?

Dr. Fell is sufficiently aloof to discuss freely. He will, however, recall to the minds of the class some one whom they have disliked, and thereby injured without a cause. Looking back at my childhood I remember now, with repentance, a girl at school whom we not only disliked but despised simply because she had pale eyelashes, sticky hair, and a submerged voice. We endowed her with every wickedness; we spoke to her coldly and shunned her in spite of her somewhat cloying desire for our society. I dread to think how she may have suffered from our unconscious cruelty. She didn't die young, however; she married and lived happily ever after. Girls and boys have at times an icy brutality. Yet it melts when the warmth of understanding touches it. It is not hard-heartedness, it is unawakened imagination. 'Why, I never thought of that side of the question,' my pupils often say, and a new look comes into their eyes.

A watchful teacher, a loving mother would, if she realized it, tell her teasing child how unkindly he was treating a comrade. But children who are having a hard time are often dumb sufferers. The teacher does not know of the unconsciously inflicted cruelty. By arousing sympathy we may anticipate the difficulty

and by encouraging imagination dispel cruelty. 'A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively,' Shelley said in his 'Defense of Poetry.' 'Is this true?' I ask my older girls. And they all see the point; they have grown to realize that to be truly sympathetic one must be capable of putting oneself vividly in another's place.

It is also well to stress the doctrine that we must not judge any act without knowing the facts of the case. 'See that man! He has sat on the bank all the morning throwing pebble after pebble into the water. How lazy he must be.' 'Is this a fair judgment?' I inquire. And at the end of a warm discussion I tell them how Turner, the artist, watched hour after hour the surface of water in motion, to learn how to paint its sheen and color. 'A child is walking quietly along the sidewalk. Suddenly a rough-looking man seizes her and pushes her into the gutter. Is he cruel?' At first every one answers yes. But no — a mass of ice is about to fall from the roof above the child's head. Her assaulter turns out to be her protector.

Of course, every teacher must pass from examples to principles. Through examples such as these we elicit the principle that we should judge no act on sight, because every act is open to a good or a bad interpretation. The eager energy members of my class show in pointing out possible good motives for acts that at first sight look selfish makes me hope that they will not in later life condemn unheard.

II

I come now to my second thesis. Direct training in ethics helps to clear away moral confusion and to de-

velop sound and sincere thinking. There are many grades of confused thinking; from the truly pitiable muddle of a well-meaning mind to the expert juggler in words with a wink in his eye. But even in its mildest form, confused thinking is moral degeneration. At its worst, confused thinking is a weapon of self-defense when we know we are wrong. The grafting insurance-company director, the politician who works for his own profit, the briber of legislators, are confused in elementary moral thinking. Some of them are experts in the art of self-delusion and scatter darkness around themselves as the inky cuttlefish conceals himself in the pitch blackness of his own elaborated fluid. Many are simply misled or confused. It is to be suspected that this deplorable condition of deliberately or unconsciously confused thinking extends to many of us highly respectable people, doctors, teachers, and ministers, who are not yet found out.

Can anything be done to stop the spread of the disease of moral confusion? I answer decidedly, 'Yes.' Most of all through constant contact with people of morally crystal clearness, through training in exact science, through the bearing of responsibility; but also, I am convinced, through direct training in accuracy of thought about right and wrong. With my younger classes of girls from twelve to fifteen, I take up simple cases to bring out the difference between sound and confused thinking: 'What is the difference between a poor excuse for being late at school and a real reason for being late? Give an example.' First come examples of oversleeping, or dilly-dallying as contrasted with the unavoidable fact that the cars were blocked. 'An excuse is hollow, a real reason is stout and whole.'

'An excuse is a method of concealment, a good reason is its own justification.' So write my girls. One delightful girl of twelve explained: 'This morning I was late, but I had a real reason. When I went upstairs after breakfast to feed my animals, my very favorite guinea pig, Christopher Columbus, was so sick that he could hardly stand up. I had to stay to make him comfortable, and so I was late to school. But the teacher said it was a good reason.' Echoes of the difference between poor excuses and good reasons resound for several weeks. 'To-day I have no reason for being late, only an excuse. I didn't know what time it was, but then I ought to have found out.'

With older pupils I take up more complicated cases which illustrate the tendency of any selfish person to deceive himself. 'I am traveling from New Hampshire to Boston with a large number of bundles, and am delighted to secure an extra seat on which to deposit them. Gradually the car fills up and all who pass by look wistfully at my seat. If I continue to keep my parcels on it, by what arguments can I pretend that it is right?' We bring out together all the half-conscious sophistry that clings like a burr to selfishness. 'There may be seats farther on; if they want the seat they can ask for it; it would only crowd any one to sit with me; it is really more comfortable for her to stand.' Every girl in the class realizes that these excuses are subterfuges; for, as one girl put it, 'Such sputtering people deceive themselves.'

By the path of excuses and sophistry, people pass onward to disastrous proneness for telling lies in words that are literally accurate. We need a far higher standard of truth among us. I believe that early training in

the full value and the real meaning of truth-speaking will help to keep us clear of corroding self-deceit. In my lessons on truth I ask the question: 'If by saying what is literally accurate we intentionally give a false impression, is it any less untrue than if we told a direct lie? Which seems to you the worse?' 'Prevarication,' writes a thoughtful girl of seventeen, 'is taking refuge behind truth. It is like the Indian method of shooting from behind a tree. It is better to be honest in your dishonesty than not to be honest at all.'

It is important for our whole nation that truthfulness shall be recognized as the conscientious effort to convey the accurate impression, and that all intentional misleading of another by word or silence shall be clearly marked lying. We need a pure-truth law as much as a pure-food law. Confused thinking is shown not only in the tendency to self-deceit and sophistry, but in the trick of turning attention off the main issue: 'He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest.'

I am convinced that many glaring crimes and innumerable offences are due to lack of a trained will to face the full light of truth, and even more to perplexed thinking. A politician in my city, to help an ignorant friend, very kindly passed the civil service examination for him, swearing falsely, of course, and forging his friend's name. He was found out and sentenced, but the body of public opinion among his set excused and even commended him because his motives were kindly, and on being released from jail he was banqueted and reëlected to the Legislature. I think there was real confusion of thought in this case, and that this confusion will continue to disgrace our political life until

we can bring the growing generation to see that kindness to an individual is not to be put ahead of truth or of loyalty to the laws of the nation.

In my classes I take up among other examples a rather extreme, but to them intensely rousing one, which I found quoted from a German newspaper. 'An officer is sent out to arrest a thief. As the thief sees his pursuer coming, he starts down a side street and across a frozen river. Just as he is landing on the opposite bank, he hears a crash in the ice and realizes that the officer has fallen through. Turning back at once the thief dives in and at the risk of his life pulls the officer out. Ought the officer then to arrest the thief or to let him go?'

This highly dramatic though somewhat improbable case is eminently discussible. It is sufficiently remote not to suggest a nagging personal application; nevertheless, it definitely exemplifies the general principle that loyalty to duty must be put ahead of individual kindness or gratitude. Almost invariably some members of the class will stand up hotly for letting the thief go. As I came away from my class this winter after defending the duty of the policeman to keep his oath, arrest the thief, and then help him in every possible way, I heard the girls murmur to one another, 'Poor thief; it might embitter him for life.' But a week or two later one of them said, 'I have entirely changed my opinion about the question of arresting the thief. Now that I have thought more about it and have discussed it with wise people I see that I was wrong.'

Examples such as these illustrate a fragment of the effort that can and should be made through direct ethical teaching to train our future citizens to think

straight. 'To think is the moral act,' wrote William James. Especially, I would add, to think clearly and impartially in spite of temptations to sophistry. This power to reason is rare and does not come without training. 'Our long comfortable words save modern people the toil of reasoning. Long words go rattling by us like long railway trains. We know they are conveying thousands who are too tired or too indolent to walk and think for themselves' (G. K. Chesterton).

III

Direct training in ethics leads, by the path of thorough and decisive thinking, to thorough and decisive action. Every teacher knows two types of unhappy pupils; the first I call the June-bug type. He blurts ahead, he hits the ceiling, comes down hard on the ground, is desperately sorry, and will never do it again — at least, not till next time. He has the confirmed habit of acting first and thinking afterward. The second type I may call the unfledged-robin type. He is hesitant; his wings flutter as he stands on the edge of the nest clinging to inaction. Such a person sees difficulties in every decision made and regrets in all he has done. Type one is not easily reformed and he undoubtedly learns more by becoming deeply interested in football or sloyd and by finding out what thoroughness means in these fields than he does by thinking. Yet the less severe cases of this type (and the disease is commoner than measles and far more recurrent) can be helped by training in thorough thinking on questions of right and wrong.

With girls I ask: 'Describe the conscientious and the unconscientious ways of practicing a piece of mu-

sic. What are the differences?' They all know. With boys the question would take a different form. 'If you were elected President of the United States and had to decide whether or not to give the Filipinos an independent government, how should you go to work to make a decision?'

From questions such as these on the meaning of thoroughness in thinking, I go on to examples near at hand. If you have a hard piece of work to do, will thought about it make you do it faster or slower in the end? Give an example. The range of examples is often amusing: Baking cake; Admiral Dewey making plans at Manila in 1898; a difficult interview; putting out a fire; Christmas shopping; a boating accident. We discuss each example, to find out in just what ways thought before action helps us to remember the flavoring in the cake or the feelings of the irritated friend in an interview. After we have discussed questions of this kind I give detailed and graphic examples of persistent and decisive thought; Darwin's study of his specimens, or Grenfell's devices to escape from the ice floe help to bring before the class the vividness of an embodied ideal.

I mentioned a second type of pupil, the one who hesitates and vacillates in thought and action. There is a widespread idea that such pupils will be hurt by the study of ethics. My experience is the opposite. Such students are puzzled by thinking because they don't know how to think. But they are bound to think anyway; therefore, show them how to think straight and when to stop. If a child cannot be kept from deep water, teach him to swim. If a girl cannot be kept from deep thinking, teach her to think well and

decisively. An impulse that cannot be crushed must be guided.

I am often astounded to find that a sensitive girl in my class has been troubled for years over questions of truth-speaking, the right choice of work, or the proper ways of spending money. It is common for such a girl to puzzle herself deeply over the hedonistic idea that all her acts are selfish. She defines a selfish act as one done for yourself, because you want to do it, and then blames herself for doing everything selfishly. One of my class this winter wrote in her paper on selfishness, 'It is hopeless to think of this question too long for it brings you to the opinion that every one is selfish, which, of course, cannot be true. I have puzzled over it so many times that I can't wait for next Monday for you to clear it up.'

Now this tangle can be cleared, by a careful definition of selfishness, so that worry is put aside and happy thought installed in its place. I insist on the difference between thinking and worry. Thinking goes straight ahead but worry goes round and round in a circle. It is never right to worry. My classes discuss and condemn the vacillation of Hamlet. We distinguish acts that should always be instinctive like the movement of our feet in running downstairs, from acts that need the guidance of thought, as when we must make an important decision. Finally, I ask the class to give examples of the occasions when we ought to stop thinking. It comes out about like this:

We should stop thinking:

(1) When no new evidence is at hand.

(2) When the subject is trifling and thought about it wastes our time.

(3) When we need rest.

(4) When we find ourselves arguing falsely.

(5) When our ideas go round and round instead of going ahead.

(6) When it is time to act.

An ethics class may become, as it were, a museum of interesting and practical examples of right and wrong action, brought before the class alive. The examples I choose are remote enough from the pupils' daily life to exclude the element of preaching, and yet such that a parallel case may meet the student at some time in his life.

Indirect moral training helps us to face well a certain number of experiences which come up in school life accidentally; direct ethical teaching anticipates the more important and difficult problems and anticipates them at a time when they can be looked at without passion or irritation. My hope is that by getting a stronger grasp on sympathy, truth, and loyalty students will be more ready to meet the crises of their lives.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TEST OF INTERESTS

WHEN I am puzzled how to help any one I hunt for his or her interests. As its derivation implies, any interest lets one in; it also lets one out. Not only this: it draws in other interests, and it draws out other people's interests. When any one is interested he is 'in it.' When he is in it he naturally is not 'out of it.' He becomes free from self-consciousness, boredom, and from all the dreary faults associated with moodiness, self-centeredness, idleness, and torpor. He begins to acquire perseverance, determination, loyalty. An interest in which the whole self can be expressed is central in the development of character.

No complete classification of interests can be made without a certain squeezing on the one hand or overlapping on the other, for interests are never separate. A man's love of his family rouses him to an interest in business which before was dull to him. A nurse's love of her patient stirs her to an interest in scientific medicine. An explorer's desire for adventure leads him to an interest in writing books. One of the historically firmest and therefore most valuable classifications of enduring interests is based on the permanent institutions that men have founded. These include:

Home
Education
Social Work
Industry
Art

Science and Exploration
The State
The Church [1]

Spranger in his 'Lebensformen' [2] uses much the same group of interests, though with more elaborate names:

Economic
Intellectual
Artistic
Social
Political-Dominant
Religious

From the point of view of helpfulness to character, we can count as relatively permanent the interests in science and discovery, in art through all its many forms (such as painting, music, literature, drama, architecture, humor, interior decorating, gardening), in industry with its wide range of administrative and executive work, in membership under some form of representative government, in home-making and care-taking, in education and social work as a way of giving every one his chance, and in religion, including philosophy, which is the interest in knowing what it is all about.

These interests are ancient, common, and long-lived, shared by many people though in different degrees and in different ways. They are choices of the soul.

[1] *Cf.* Ralph Barton Perry: *General Theory of Value*, 694: 'A fruitful theory of value will accept these stable and well-marked unities in which the values of life are already grouped. The great foci of interest are science, conscience, art, industry, state, and church. Perhaps there is no absolute reason why this should be so but there is no denying the fact that it is so.' Why does Professor Perry omit the home and the school?

[2] Eduard Spranger: *Lebensformen*. Berlin, 1926.

What are the best interests?

My answer is: (1) Your own; that is, those that express you rather than any one else. Jessie Wilcox Smith is an admirable instance of an artist who has chosen and brought almost to perfection her own realm in the vast universe of art. No one excels her in painting the characteristics of little children; their tenderly moulded forms, their grace of movement when absorbed in play, their appealing awkwardness when engaged in a difficult task, their proud guardianship of younger babies, their happy life with invisible playmates. To study her pictures as a whole is to understand and love children more, as well as to be made happy by the beauty she expresses. What a loss it would have been, had she taken some wider field of painting and neglected her own inclosed child-garden.

Whether an interest is our own can be in part tested by the amount of drudgery we can stand while acquiring skill in its practice; or to put this in another way, how far our satisfaction in the work can lift us above the sense of drudgery. When I first entered a newly excavated tomb at Gizeh in Egypt I was full of delight and felt an impulse to become an archæologist. But when I was told of the minutely patient details involved in measuring, drawing, photographing, classifying, and triply recording every tiny fragment in that tomb my zeal dropped with a thud, while my admiration for the devotion of the keen-eyed investigator who had worked there twenty-six years, rose to blood heat. Strengthened by his interest this man could plough the hard furrows of drudgery.

(2) The best interest is one into which you can enter whole-heartedly. In interests that degrade character,

there is something tainted and deliberately put out of sight; something sordid, buried under the leaves of willful oblivion. Making money for its own sake, for example, cannot continue as a whole-hearted interest. Watch the faces of men who play the game of money-making by taking advantage of some one else. They look hard and they become more and more gloomy. These men are often enmeshed in money-making and forget what it means. It becomes a Mephistopheles to them, inviting them to crush the weak with the cynical words, 'This has been done before.' To beat down the price or to get an extraordinary bargain gives momentary elation, but the business man has a permanent interest only when the good of the community coincides with his own; when in making money he is, like the Dennison Manufacturing Company of Massachusetts or the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, both serving the public and making better working conditions for his employees.

(3) The best interests can be tested by their growth and fertility. This is not a question to be decided by time alone. A Baldwin apple will not bear fruit as quickly as a Crawford peach, or an oak spring up like a poplar. Invention and research are slow-growing trees and show little till they show much. Nor can fruitfulness be judged by an outsider. My rock garden seems to the true farmer a ridiculous amusement. He would build a wall with the stones and plant peas, not primulæ. Yet from within, a judgment can be made whether an interest is, in the Bible phrase, fruitful before the Lord, or a sterile country in which we have unwittingly come to labor. Interests, like friendships, need to be looked down on, now and again, from a

Pisgah height above the land to which they want to go, that their growth and its direction may be tested.

To test the nature of interests among the students of sixteen to nineteen in my classes, papers are written each year on a topic suggested in a letter written by William James. His thesis is that if we would understand any one we need to know when he feels most alive: 'I have often thought that the best way to define a man's character would be to seek out the particular mental or moral attitude in which, when it came upon him, he felt himself most deeply and intensely active and alive. At such moments there is a voice inside which speaks and says: "*This* is the real me!" And afterward, considering the circumstances in which the man is placed, and noting how some of them are fitted to evoke this attitude, whilst others do not call for it, an outside observer may be able to prophesy where the man may fail, where succeed, where be happy, and where miserable.' [1]

Here are some papers that give varied answers to Professor James's question:

'If any one wants to find out what I am most alive to above all other things, they have only to open up that wide and to me all-engrossing topic — literature. I would rather read books, or talk about them to someone who really loves them as I do than anything else in the world. Books have always meant a great deal to me. I began to get interested in them when I was a tiny girl, barely old enough to read, by starting out with Dickens's "Pickwick Papers." I have been reading steadily ever since, and the more I read the more

[1] *Letters of William James*, I, 199. Atlantic Monthly Press, 1920.

insignificant I feel, because it is brought home to me how little I really have read, and how much more there is yet that I am anxious to consume. Literature is, to me, a new world to which I can turn at any time and be amazed and entertained by the new corners that heretofore have been hidden from me. Lovely, enchanting corners of which I never before dreamed. Yes, I am sure that books — and especially poetry — are my greatest interest and that when I am reading or discussing them, I am most alive.'

'The time when I feel most alive is when I feel that there is something I can do to help. . . . When I accomplish something which I have worked hard for, then also I feel alive. There is, I believe, no nicer feeling than the sense of being alive. This feeling often comes to me in the ways I have before mentioned and then there is another time I experience it. It is when I have the assurance that those dear to me love me and respect me. Then is the time that I feel alive because I know I have my very deep love to return to them.'

'I feel most alive when I am discussing with my friends some phase or question bearing on everyday life. Oftentimes the girls on my floor read a chapter from our textbook in Ethics and then turn to the back and read the questions. We each give our opinions on the subject and tell why we think that way. It is interesting to hear what the other girls think and tell them what you think. When I get into discussions of this sort with one of my family, an outside friend or relative or perhaps our maid, I love to hear what they have to say. I feel that at these times I am more my-

self than at any other because I am permitted to give my honest opinion.'

'I can think of nothing more dreadful than to go to a tea dance, an informal dance, to bed; then to another tea dance, and so on repeating the entire procedure week after week as the débutantes do. Two days make me weary of dances on such a prolonged scale. I am a very poor conversationalist and know that therein lies my fault but I cannot then see where the fun lies. I don't mean that I would not go to *any* dances, because I certainly do enjoy a certain number with people whom I know and can truly talk with, but as for creating "lines" which I realize too well that I am not clever enough to do, I am extremely bored and boring.

'But, on the other hand, transplanted into a garden or given bits of moss to arrange, I am perfectly happy for as long as it is possible to be at any one occupation. I feel as though I must paint lovely gardens and landscapes, when I see them, so that others may enjoy them too and I may refer to them, but I never was gifted with that art. I would rather do the fussing for people other than myself, that is, make a moss garden, a Christmas wreath, or even weed a garden, but a garden or flowers in any form suffices to make me happy.'

'I feel most myself when I am alone, especially when I am on a ranch and can walk over the prairie and spend the day seeing new things, finding new flowers and odd stones and Indian arrowheads, not feeling any connection with others or that I must be back at a certain time.'

'I feel most alive when I am dancing — doing stage dancing. It gives me a great feeling of exhilaration and a joy in being alive — especially when I am dancing to good music.

'I feel most bored when I'm sick in bed and have been for about five weeks; when my books are all read and people haven't time to sit and talk to me and I'm tired of my room and the monotony of being sick.'

'The things which make me feel most alive are really quite different. They are taking long walks and rides, and looking at beautiful things. Somehow both these things make me want to create something. I always want to paint and draw the things I see, or copy a dress or a hat. I don't know if the interest I have in things beautiful is unusual, but I'm sure I've never talked with any one who felt the same way I do about things.'

'I am most bored when a crowd of girls come together for the sole purpose of making "catty" remarks. However, it is very easy to avoid coming into contact with such people and I am seldom bored to such an extent that I become stagnant.'

'When there are little children about me and I am able to watch and study them, it is then I feel most interested and keenly alive. All their different moods and actions fascinate me and I could watch them all day. And when they let me enter their games I feel a happy tingle of pleasure. It is the child between the ages of two and eight who holds this attraction for me. For six weeks last summer I looked after two little boy

cousins of mine. One was four, the other six, and I do not believe it a rash statement to say that these weeks were the happiest and most interesting ones I have ever experienced. I was never more keenly alive than I was during this time. This is my interest and I hope to be able to carry it out by taking a kindergarten course and teaching little children.'

'The sense of glowing life that one feels after diving straight into the cold water of a lake in the early morning is almost as pleasant as having a rudder under one's hand with a sail lurching and tugging at one's side. Whenever I skim over the lake in my little sailboat I ache with the intentness of life, but after all, the time when I feel most keenly alive is when father lets me come into his study and lets me help him plan some new design for a fixture or a more graceful line for such a cumbersome vehicle as a motor truck.'

'How difficult it is for a young person to decide just what interests them most. Time and age make the problem a much simpler one and much easier to choose what is worth while in life. If we stop to consider that which is most vital to us for our own happiness and the development of our best selves, we may be surprised to find unimportant and unnecessary matters devouring the whole day. It is fascinating to consider just what really interests one most. Very quickly I should say sailing, traveling, reading, athletics, and many other pleasures, which are all so very enjoyable. After a little serious thought, I discovered that something more definite and far more lasting is my supreme interest. What could possibly be more exciting than the

winning of friends! The first formal handclasp, the silent study of the stranger's personality, and the sudden realization that this stranger has something in his soul that touches you and starts in you a tiny spark of understanding. All this is the beginning of a confidence that some day may become for you the most precious and sacred trust. So many pleasures come to one and slip away, but friendship endures forever through happiness and sorrow, and so after wandering through a maze of many interests I find that the winning and holding of friendship is truly my very greatest interest.'

These descriptions picture the native interests of girls who have not as yet chosen their main work. They are of value only as a definite movement of desire — drops of water running down a natural incline and feeling out their way. Every one has some interest, that is, some excited response to what is going on about him. Education in its widest outlook is the attempt to rouse, increase, modify, enlarge, and hold steady the best interests for each individual.

In the periods of youth that in 'Seven Ages of Childhood' I have called the Age of Romance and the Age of Problems, the choice among interests is usually narrow. It is rare to find then any keen interest in education, the state, or the church. The light does not yet fall on these great hills. I find the most common interests of girls during the years from seventeen to twenty are in home-making, in friendship, in social work, in administration, in arts and crafts; occasionally there is interest in some branch of science. In a group of boys the scientific interests are more numerous and those in domestic life fewer.

So far I have been illustrating the many interests of a single age-group. Now I wish to follow more in detail the development of an interest in two boys and a girl whom I have had the good fortune to know intimately and whose growth I was able to trace. There is much to learn about character-training through a study of an interest. These examples given in some detail will, I hope, suggest others to my readers.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CURRENT OF INTERESTS

THE interests of children change rapidly. It is rare to find an interest continuously strong from babyhood to manhood, yet passing interests may point the way to permanent ones and may, in their short term of administration, define and develop character. Paul at eleven and a half is easily irritated, rude, self-assertive, cocksure, yet underneath it is a quick sensitiveness that brings tears to his eyes when reproved. He has been under a tutor who has praised him too much and marked him too high. He looks like a Murillo painting of Spanish boys with great brown eyes set wide apart, curly hair and lithe springing movements. But he is thoroughly American, not Spanish. He cherishes the pink sporting pages of the 'Omaha Bee' and is deeply hurt if any one throws them away. Fishing, swimming, catching chipmunks, playing cards are his main summer amusements. He never comes to a meal without rejecting or amending the constitution of the food. Three strong buttresses stand supporting the weakness of his character. He is very just in statement, his sincerity has deep roots, his love and trust reach down adoringly to his little rosy-cheeked sister and up with trusting admiration to a superior cousin of sixteen.

In spite of rudeness, he is beginning to be glad to seize opportunities of service though only after they are suggested to him. He once tore down the hill to offer gallantly to carry an old lady's valise, and (crowning triumph!) he one day of his own accord lifted a

huge rocking-chair to the porch for a coming guest. With him, as with most of us, what is needed is opportunity and trust. His nature is full of unreleased goodness pent up and longing for expression.

Paul is keen to play whist with older relatives. The first evening I played with him he was querulous and uproarious. He condemned his partner for bad playing, and was inclined to cheat by changing the rules to his own advantage after the game had begun. He seemed so overwrought that I doubted whether he ought to be allowed to continue. But I decided to try it a little longer, and to call out as much as possible his intellectual interest in the game to counterbalance his excitement about good and bad fortune. So I told him which plays were wise and which foolish, what inferences could be made from certain leads, why and when we should take risks. He became much interested, he told me after each hand why he had played as he did; he recognized like a flash my suggestions for improvement and caught the tone of my acknowledgment when I played wrong. I could see that he felt the joy of mind meeting mind in quick inference, which is one of the fascinations of whist. Soon moral questions came up; should he be allowed to take back a card he had played? He decided against himself. He became respectful toward the game.

'I say,' said he, when we picked up our cards, 'let's keep quiet and not shout unless we've either a very, very bad hand or a wonderful one.'

Next night he burst into an impetuous complaint against his partner for taking a trick Paul himself had already won. It turned out that Robbie had no other card in the suit. 'Don't blame your partner, Paul,' I

said, 'till you know his reasons. *It hurts the game.*' Paul usually stiffened into sullenness under criticism, but the blessed objective phrase *hurts the game* wholly saved the day. 'Yes, I know it does,' he answered pleasantly, 'but it's awful natural for me to blame old Robbie.' 'Of course it is,' I said, 'and you've gained a lot of self-control since our first games.' He flushed with pleasure. 'Have I? I know I'm pretty bad still.' In the presence of the game he loved we could discuss his faults as naturally as we discussed improvement in swimming and for the same reason. The next night with spades as trumps, Paul accidentally played the left bower as a club and did not find it out for six tricks. If he had reserved this high trump he'd have won the game. He longed to take it back. We decided against him, as it had been his mistake. Tears came into his eyes, but he accepted. 'Paul,' I said, 'the best way will be for us to make rules that we all agree to about such cases before we begin to play.' 'Yes, yes,' he said, 'that is the only fair way.' So here we were in the solid world of law and order!

The next night Paul was very considerate and did not ask me to play, for he knew my head ached. I proposed it, however, and he said we must stop any time I felt tired. We arranged the lamp so that the light was out of our eyes, for his head ached too. 'I tried swimming under water,' he said, 'and I swam downward and struck bottom awful hard.' He played very well, winning at last in spite of average hands. His reasoning was admirable. In the last hand he saw that good play meant victory and taking a seat on the table with his back to us, the better to conceal his cards, he said, 'Do you mind if I take a long time to

consider?' He worked out his plan of action and his discards very carefully and won every possible trick.

We congratulated him. 'You're going to play very well; such careful thought will help you not only in whist but in anything you do, as a doctor or a lawyer.'

'Yes, it's a great game,' he said. 'I know the old bachelors don't play it as much as contract bridge, but it's fine. It makes you think a lot and make decisions. I think about lots of things I don't have to think about, too. I wonder why you did not discard the low clubs if you had no honors except the ace.'

'I believe I was wrong not to,' I said, feeling the coveted honor of *equality* with a child through a game, instead of an isolating superiority. The boy's face looked clear as the waters of Lake Leman, clear to its depths through still, blue water, and a thrill of reverence for childhood beat like a pulse through my night.

In itself this game was a small thing, but it pointed ahead for the child. Mental integrity was his gift, and fifteen years later in the distinguished, straightforward, keen-thinking lawyer, I still see the boy tempted to rightdoing by a trifling pack of cards twisted and dirtied by unwashed fingers. Yes, it was a petty game but it was, nevertheless, that messenger of the Lord, an interest, symbol of the ideal. More and more I believe it is only in the presence of an interest that we have a right to speak of faults. For an interest is an ambition, and an ambition commands improvement and the facing of one's faults. True, we still have to demand conformity before we have roused a social ideal; but until the ideal in the form of some living interest is roused, there is, strictly speaking, no sin.

In a boy a few years older, an athletic interest both

revealed and determined character. At fourteen he was timid, drifting, vague, unreliable; more inclined to play with girls and knit sweaters than to romp with exacting boys. Even his occasional boast that he meant to paint the town red was faltering. He lied freely to keep out of trouble. His posture showed no backbone, his voice no timbre, his eyes no steadiness, his movements no straight path. The change in him began with an interest in football. Then he pulled up, his resolve stiffened. He was out to make the class team and he did. You would hardly have recognized the boy — courage, intentness, concentration, firmness, resolve, persistence were his now. These qualities have stayed by him in his chosen medical work and more have been gained. Patriotism, humanity, gentleness to the weak, devotion to his patients, a spicy humor, a valiant lifting of his own heavy burdens — these make up the man. One marvels what has become of the self-centered, unsteady boy in this firm, dauntless, controlled physician whose interest has made him a new creature.

Athletics is a group interest, an interest that is dominant in boys of ten years old and increasingly till fourteen or fifteen. Wisely did Sir Robert Baden-Powell use in the Scout movement, this desire for membership in a group. With penetrating insight, he rarely uses in his book on *Scouting* the words 'You *ought* not.' His wording is always that of assertion and expectation: 'A Scout is loyal to the King, his country, his employers. A Scout is courteous; a Scout is a friend to animals; a Scout obeys orders; a Scout smiles under all circumstances.' Among the many strong points of the Scout movement are these: it is based on a sound

psychology of boyhood; it identifies a boy with a group and with a cause that he can serve; it expects the best. The following quotation from the 'Chicago News' (May 12, 1927) shows an important aspect of the Boy Scout movement.

'Boys' Week will afford a good opportunity for consideration of the interesting figures and ideas presented by speakers in Washington at the National Council of Boy Scouts of America.

'It is significant that one city after another was able to testify that in ten years or more not one Boy Scout had been charged with delinquency in the juvenile court or any other tribunal dealing with boys under sixteen years of age. It is almost a truism that most present-day criminals are young men or mere striplings. The conclusion that imposes itself is that the right sort of guidance for boys between seven and eighteen years of age is the most potent anti-crime and anti-vice specific at the command of modern society.'

An interest in keen thinking developed the first of the boys whom I have described; an interest in group athletics, the second. The girl whom I shall now picture found her true self through wild flowers.

Constance was a mature, quick-witted girl, brought up almost entirely with older people and for many years an only child. When I first saw her at seven she was blasée and in a superficial way worldly minded. A foolish nurse had indulged and scolded her by turns; she had gained skill as a wheedler and had all the instincts of a flirt. Her high, nasal little voice grew irritable under the slightest provocation and she collapsed into tears whenever disappointment crossed her path.

Switzerland in early spring leaps into wild flowers. In the path of this spoiled child the Creator of the universe threw a spray of Alpine cyclamen. Where even the coming of a tiny baby sister had failed to penetrate the closed doors of her tenderness, this spray of mountain flowers entered, and her eager words became lyric:

'You know the first time we came to live at Lake Lucerne. Oh! I was so anxious to get to the new house. Mother said it wasn't in sight yet, and I was hustling and bustling, and all *ambitiously* patient. Well, we came to the steep hill and I was walking along rather wearily and the snow began to fall and all not-knowingly I saw a crimson cyclamen. Oh! I love it best of all.'

She was appointed arranger of vases of flowers and every day she went to search for wild flowers. Usually she called for a comrade: 'Will you come on a flower hunt with me? It's a good thing to have a girl like me along who's had a year of botany.' She was sensitive about the flowers — as about nothing and nobody else. 'You must not step on the flowers, it's cruel.'

Of course we soon ran on the snags of disagreement, for into the lake of her mind had fallen many sharp-pointed scions of self-will. She insisted that a certain flower was not a forget-me-not, insisted with strident eagerness, and shut her ears to any other opinion. I suggested looking the flower up in her botany book. 'No, no. I don't want to look it up. It's my book and you shall not look it up, either.' I knew the truer will was buried under the surface in her as a bulb under the soil, so I dropped the subject and suggested looking up the cyclamen to see whether there were several kinds.

Five minutes later she herself suggested, 'Now, I think we'd better look up the blue flower.' Instantly her whole attitude became sunny: she had won out against herself. The classification was difficult; but it ended by being clearly proved against her. It was hard to be in the wrong; it was some time before she would admit it, but a victory for truth was finally won.

A few days later she found a rare flower — a red snow-plant — on the edge of her father's land. Her step was leaping with joy when she returned and because it was rare she did not pick it, but visited it regularly. One day it was gone — broken off at the base of the stem. She dissolved into tears of sharp and genuine sorrow, and the pictured wickedness of those who had stolen her treasure filled her thoughts.

Still we went on our flower hunts, and before long, close to the root of her snow-plant, but on the other side of the fence, on a neighbor's land, we saw rising through the underbrush a tall white Alpine lily crowned with flowers. 'Oh! let's pick it, let's pick it,' she cried breathlessly.

'No, dear, it's not on our land. It's on Herr Schmidt's ground.'

'Well, they picked my beautiful snow-plant.'

'Let's think of something better than picking his.'

Constance climbed on to the wire fence that divided the two estates and swung silently some moments.

'I know what I'm going to do,' she said at last. 'I'm coming every morning when nobody is near to give a cup of water to that lily.'

And every day she came, never offering to pick it but bearing her cup of cold water through the prickly brambles to the white lily. 'My leg was torn and the

blood spurted way out but I went right on because of the lily.'

Out of her love of collecting and classifying wild flowers grew the spontaneous desire to draw them. Hitherto she had drawn only ladies, Indians, wigwams, and inky clouds in a sketchy manner that, like most early art, required labeling for identification of specimens. Now she plunged boldly in to draw her favorite spray of lilies. Her first attempt was unrecognizable; but she turned the paper over, like many another artist, and tried again on the back. This time every one knew what she aimed at, though naturally enough her lilies were gigantic in proportion to the insignificance of the vase and she found it necessary to draw all four legs of the table to give the vase support. Flowers became to her the symbols of affection, and of sacrifice. We both made collections of pressed flowers and she loved to bring me the very most perfect specimen for my share. 'I really truly would rather you'd have it than have it myself.' Her flowers became, like all interests, sources of companionship. She was overjoyed to find that the authoress of 'Flowers of the Alps' was a near neighbor. Together and armed with our collection, we went to see her. Constance was the gentlest and most interested of visitors. Only once did her excitement break out, when overwhelmed by a flood of Latin classification she ejaculated, 'Gee whiz! what awful names!'

Finally this most unmusical of children became a songstress in praise of her flowers. We were walking along the high mountain road, looking up and down for new flowers — we had already eighty-three different species — when she began to sing the praises of her beloved in terms not so far from the love poetry of all ages.

'All through creation I seek,
Longing for thee, little Alpine lily.'

She was delighted with her poem and sang it over and over each time to a squeaky variation on the tune. 'Longing means that you want it ever and ever so much,' she said. 'It's a nice song, isn't it? Would it be better to say, "Long through creation," or "All through creation I seek"?'

A friend of the family who came to Lucerne during the summer asked: 'What has happened? Constance has grown so much simpler and steadier.' I truly believe that it was the flowers that had happened. They were always in her thoughts. Her interest in them took her out of the self-conscious, perky or flattering attitude toward older people that had come about through loneliness. It made her at once younger and more mature. For the flowers all her tenderness and kindness was aroused; they gave her a new chance to express generosity; through her desire to know their names she was led toward greater accuracy. In thinking of them she saw the inward meaning of sacrifice, and courage became natural as she marched up through the blackberry brambles, for the sake of a beloved blossom.

But more than the coming of any namable virtue was the unfolding of her nature into a new sweetness. She had found a thing to love. I don't mean that all her faults fell off. She did not become angelic. But she had taken the hand of something that led her into adventure, into self-sacrifice, into self-forgetfulness, into simplicity; and therefore lured her on the way toward that eternal and abundant life whose service is perfect freedom.

CHAPTER XX

RESPONSIBILITY, THE COMMANDER

I SEE responsibility as at first an unrecognized follower of interest. At the fascinating, absorbed moment when interest begins he seems to be far behind, almost out of sight. Then as interest develops into purpose, I see responsibility, a tall, looming figure, walk silently but swiftly forward and take command. Almost uninvited he comes and steps aboard — the pilot of character.

Shakespeare's *Henry IV* shows charming Prince Hal leading a reckless life among vile companions, careless of what may come, but when his father dies, Hal awakes and despises his lethargic past. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely talk over the sudden change.

> *Canterbury:* The king is full of grace and fair regard.
> *Ely:* And a true lover of the holy church.
> *Canterbury:* The courses of his youth promised it not.
> The breath no sooner left his father's body,
> But that his wildness, mortified in him,
> Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
> Consideration like an angel came
> And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
> Leaving his body as a paradise,
> To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
> Never was such a sudden scholar made;
> Never came reformation in a flood,
> With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
> Nor never Hydra-headed willfulness
> So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
> As in this king.' [1]

[1] *Henry V*, Act I, Sc. 1.

What a magnificent analysis this is of the power of responsibility to take command, and with its scourge to drive out sin, leaving the soul lighted by celestial hopes. Notice the flooding swiftness of the current that scours faults. Not always with such suddenness, but again and again with the steadily increasing pressure of responsibility, black faults are scoured white. Girls before marriage, boys drifting through uncongenial college work are like Arabs in city life, like Indians drawn into a civilization not their own, unable to resist temptation because they feel no rush of keen interest, no spur of responsibility.

There are two types of sinfulness: conscious recklessness and conscious narrowness. At least two thirds of the intentional wrongdoing of the world is due to moral stagnation and narrowness. Therefore interests with their life-giving energy are of immense importance in developing good character. Responsibility soon harnesses also the foolhardy acts that take their rise in recklessness. Shallowness is like a slow, muddy, contagion-breeding stream. The shallow character is inert and easily polluted. Recklessness, like a stream with weak banks, overflows literally into dissipation, and its forces are scattered. But when 'consideration like an angel' comes, then the banks of character are deepened and made firm to safeguard the precious stream of interest.

'There are some elements of human nature whose liberation *is* discipline. . . . Satisfaction, for them, means *organizing the whole life on their own principle*,' writes W. E. Hocking.[1] The satisfaction of any wholehearted interest requires resolution and *is* discipline.

[1] *Human Nature and its Remaking*, 27. Yale University Press.

So important is responsibility in the freeing of character from entangling faults that I want to give varied illustrations exemplifying the right kind and amount of responsibility for special times.

Here is a nice young person who thinks it would be great fun to own a rabbit, a puppy, a box of crickets, or a flower garden. Quickly and silently responsibility marches up from somewhere out of sight and says: Feed the rabbit, exercise the puppy, keep the crickets warm, weed out those pernicious dandelions. So it happens that the dandelion is a school teacher to the lover of flowers. Response and responsibility are as closely linked in life as they are in derivation.

Ambition is a very early interest. Even in a baby one finds the ambition 'to do it all myself' which involves responsibility and demands self-control. I once saw on the steps of a city house a little girl trying with great difficulty to reach up to a door handle above her and open the front door. I went to help her, turned the handle, opened the door, and boosted her up the step. Instantly she turned, looked at me with a face of scorn and anger, marched down the step, closed the door, and tried again to open it. She wanted to succeed in the game of door-opening, not in the more utilitarian desire to get into the house.

On the whole, however, babies prefer to get *out* of houses rather than get in, and their ambition develops clever and daring schemes. Little Peter, sixteen months old, is much worried by the automatic screen door that bangs behind him and knocks him down when he tries to go out on the piazza. But he is resolved to go ahead; he pulls the door open, hurries down the step with rickety movements, his little hand

up against his head for fear it will be struck, and a worried expression in his round eyes. Still he goes on, faster and more steadily every time he attempts the feat, till he can outrun the slashing tornado that follows him with a bang.

From the second type of wrongdoing, recklessness, young children can often be freed by a responsibility complete in itself yet small enough to fit their size. I recall a father who when his boy was only five taught him to swim and then gave him entire control of a small rowboat in very shallow water. The child responded by a remarkable development of self-control. He abandoned carelessness and recklessness to achieve his pet ambition.

Here is an example of self-control in later life as it developed under responsibility. A woman with a quickly roused temper found herself almost a failure at home. She could not get on; she could not even stand still; she slipped day by day into quarrels with an irritating older sister. 'It is not my fault. I have got a quick temper and I can't control it,' was her verdict, and she left home. After some months I saw her again in a city of the Middle West. She had a salaried position to teach dramatics at a settlement house. She told me that her work was absorbing, and stage management and decoration easy. 'But the hardest thing, and the thing that has done me the most good has been that I am obliged to keep my temper, no matter how difficult it is to do so. I did not know that I could control myself till I had to. The cast is endlessly provoking. They are late half the time, they refuse to take minor parts, they all want to be heroes and heroines, they won't wear the costumes

I plan for them if they think these unbecoming, they don't half learn their parts. It is good training for me,' she laughed almost triumphantly.

So she learned through responsibility, as the naturally impatient physician learns from his most boring patient to become a patient being himself. He explains rather wistfully, 'I like difficult people but the stupid ones do bore me terribly.' Yet there he is, listening, advising, culling from his numerous resources something not for the seventh interview but for the seventieth. His job pulls him on, for responsibility is identification with a cause. 'I have put out my sign,' he said as a young physician. It is truly a sign, not only of readiness to receive patients, but of a new loyalty that involves a fresh effort for victory over one's retarding faults. Indeed a sign in any profession and at any age means, 'I have put away childish things. I must throw away, like outgrown clothes, my laziness, my vanity, my fear of criticism, my lesser desires, for my hand is on the ploughshare.'

I am always amused when I think of the following incident in which the responsibility of an interest drew out the patience and self-control of a rather dilettante youth under disagreeable conditions. He was a lover of perfection in dress, and he delighted to turn over his almost immaculate suits to the tailor for cleaning. He was spotless himself, for his profession was music, and of all the professions music is the cleanest. The doctor or minister must climb up dusty stairways in the slums; painting is a messy affair; to the writer fountain pens are treacherous allies; but music is free from taint. This immaculate youth was caught by the call of the World War. He enlisted as a private soldier and before

many days was taken for a drill to a muddy swamp. He came back black from boots to waist, even his face bespattered but blissful. It was great, he told me. The troops had made a raid on an imaginary enemy, hidden back of the swamp, and had gone in up to their knees after the foe. All that evening the youth sat patiently cleaning his boots and his uniform. He knew now that he was needed, and being needed the distasteful could be accepted and subordinated as a trained nurse accepts and treats as unimportant the disagreeable items in her noble work.

Responsibility gives power to thrust aside not only intruding distaste but intruding fear. General Turenne, a French general during the Napoleonic wars, found one day much to his horror that his legs were so trembling with fear that it was visible even to the group of officers with whom he was planning the next attack. Sternly he addressed these shaking legs: 'Tremble, legs! You would tremble far more if you knew where I am going to take you.'

'Lift me up!' cried another general, as he fell mortally wounded. 'Lift me up so that my men may not see me fall.' Not otherwise do our responsibilities lift us up and sustain us under mortal fear.

Any responsibility is an *appointment.* It means: You are chosen for this work. Whenever I have had the experience of telling some man or woman of his or her appointment to an important office, I have been struck by the instant far-off look in their eyes. I had expected them to be delighted, but they did not look happy. They were not even with me in the room; the knowledge that a coveted responsibility was theirs made them travelers into a far future.

The greatest responsibility to most women is being a mother. Therefore a home is a place for mothers to grow in. A century ago William Cobbett wrote: 'If a girl be good in her nature, the first little faint cry of her baby drives all the tunes, all the landscapes, all the Clarissa Harlowes out of her head forever.' [1] Many a young mother finds this true to-day. Here is a letter from one of them:

'No star in heaven ever shone on a more precious baby or a greater happiness than Henry's and mine. Baby weighed nine pounds at birth, but didn't have any fat at all. He is solid as a rock. That son I would have died for came so easily that it was unbelievable. The most wonderful thing was that it should be a son. Henry's only comment was that it would be nice for our girls to have an older brother, and that it was a great blessing to have a perfect little life given to us, whatever its sex. Henry seems like the happiest man in the world, and all the people in the world put together aren't as happy as I am. I feel as if I were dreaming every time our son comes to be nursed.

'When the blessed little boy came to us, he responded at once with lusty cries, and then gave two strong sneezes to show he knew how. Then they gave our son into my arms while we rolled back to my room. He is a perfect little creature, wonderfully developed; was awfully ugly at first, but is really good-looking now. I have plenty of food for our son and he sleeps like a log, and well, he's absolutely the most wonderful baby a devoted mother and daddy ever had — that's all. Oh! we are so impossibly, indescribably, unspeakably and gratefully happy. No one who has a baby can ever be cynical again.'

[1] *Advice to Young Men*, 114.

False gratitude has been satirically called 'an anticipation of favors to come,' but genuine gratitude is an intense desire to become worth while, a desire so close to prayer that we may abruptly fall into it. 'This is too good. I'm floored. I must do something about it.' These are the spontaneous impulses of gratitude. The greater the gift, and the more it is a live and growing thing — a plant, an idea, a friendship, a baby — the more we must do something about it. So gratitude for the gift of a child becomes a desire to be the best parent the world has ever known.

Great happiness is often associated with fear — not, I believe, so much fear that happiness cannot last, as fear that it cannot be adequately responded to. My farmer says, 'The apple tree was full of blow, but it didn't set,' didn't develop into fruit. That is like the fear of grateful happiness. The apple tree was crowded with wide-opened, snowy blossoms, and then some drying-up process or some unperceived infection came and a week or two later I tap the tiny fruit ever so slightly and off it falls. Going around my peach orchard where all looks well, how I dislike and dread to feel the weak knobs that should bear fruit loosen and drop at a touch. The fear concealed in great happiness is often — one might say always with the more developed souls — that it will not 'set' and bear fruit.

I called responsibility the unseen comrade of interest. The inexperienced accept an interest without recognizing all it brings. One does not always see at first the obverse side of a fact. He wanted to have a baby, but he was startled to find that having a baby constituted him a father. He was immature, and being a father suddenly made him feel responsible. He

sat down and stared at life for an hour. 'It is a tremendous shock,' he reported, 'to realize that you are supposed to get ready to maintain and develop standards of living for your children within five or ten years, and then for the community by and large. Babies cry a good deal and have to be fed. That is comparatively simple, but, by Jove, when he is six, my baby will be asking me questions and I shall have to know the answers.' Yes, all the answers to the possible and the impossible questions that children ask. What a magnificent stimulus to fresh thinking, not only as to questions about science and theology, but on questions of what is right and wrong. 'It is not the cry of the wild duck but its rising that impels the flock to follow it,' says an old Chinese proverb. The parent's ideal for his children must be shown by his thinking out his standards and rising to them himself. Harry, an adored boy of nine whose own standards were crystal-clear, was at supper with his parents when, as his father put it, 'the bootleggers came with the wine, and it was quite awkward, for Harry asked us why they came and it was very difficult to explain.' Very difficult — rather say impossible — when one was teaching a child to keep the law and breaking it oneself at will. There is much that a child may not fully understand, but nothing 'difficult to explain' in this father's sense, except what he is half ashamed of. A child's innocent but insistent question makes his father's submerged shame rise to the surface, for the child believes him to be good and is defenseless against his low standard. Is it right for mother to smuggle things across the Canadian border?' asks a school girl of her teacher. There is only one true answer: 'No, it is not.' Obvi-

ously parents cannot expect their children to be honorable unless they are themselves.

These incidents show the close connection of responsibility and goodness. Is it not the great lack in moral education that we are so busy uprooting faults that we take too little time to cultivate goodness in children? We must not seek any virtue directly. A virtue is the flowering of character. It grows, as do all flowers, when it is planted, not when it is held up to view. Except a virtue fall into the ground and die, it becomes self-centered and decays.

Any strong interest commands its volunteer regiment of virtues. They come not singly but in groups, marshaled and directed by loyalty. And from the command of loyalty there is no escape. Every one of us is born into loyalties, born a citizen of the United States, a child of our parents, a friend, a fellow worker, a playmate. 'The world,' says Chesterton, 'is the fortress of our family; with the flag flying on the turret.' The development in each child of ardent love and loyalty will conquer faults because such love lets loose the force of compelling responsibility.

CHAPTER XXI

BRAKES AND SELF-STARTERS

FREEDOM is being morally bound to do what you really want — not, of course, what you feel like or what you fancy or what you dream of, but what the real you, facing the situation as it is, wants. When capital I controls little me, I am free. Many of us have but a small amount of freedom because we can't *make* ourselves do what we intend and want to do. Even Saint Paul, who certainly acquired a strong will, was troubled in this way: 'That which I would not, that I do. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Could Saint Paul, the conqueror of weakness, have won by will alone? I believe not, though it is often stated that improvement should be made by sheer will. By will surely, but by will aided and equipped, not by bare will. I have come to have a healthy distrust of bare will as a mountain climber. It is too like bare feet. It needs to be attached to hobnailed shoes, ropes, and alpenstocks, to clutch something tangible — bushes, branches, rocks, helping hands. Guides are required to show the way around crevasses and axes to cut steps in the glare ice. In other words, definite devices are needed to detach from the worst, and attach to the best in sight. This still means using will, but equipped, not bare will.

The use of these mechanical devices is closely connected with the fact that we have more insight and more will at some times than at others. One day I feel

like a fighting cock: the thought of hard work is a stimulus. Later, there comes a time when I have one ounce of will and one hundred pounds of inertia. I can't get far on that. But a penny's worth of yeast used at the right time will make the heaviest dough rise. I can take, when it is fresh and full of growing germs, my little leaven, and it will leaven the whole lump of dough. 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' Emerson said. The procedure recommended here is more like hitching your star, just while it is shining brightest, to a wagon. The star, once hitched, will pull the load even when the glare of day has dimmed starlight.

In this chapter I shall suggest some mechanical ways of deliverance — a little late for Saint Paul, who found a far better way in the imitation of Christ — but useful for those of his weaker brethren who murmur still: 'I can't help eating candy, or smoking,' or, 'I never can make myself work steadily, or get up on time, or write to my grandmother.' The mechanical helps described here are all steps on the way to good habits. I shall divide them into self-starters, tractors, and four-wheeled brakes. The three divisions are essentially one (since we are never absolutely inert), but self-starters concern primarily the means of getting oneself to work, tractors the pulling of a lumbering or slumbering will out of sloughs, and brakes the resistance necessary to cut short the slide toward wrongdoing.

I

Procrastination is common to all mortals except firemen, who have so much undesirable leisure that an emergency is seized as a joy. The rest of us find it hard

to get up, to start work, to go to bed, to break away from comrades.

Here are some examples from students, of mechanical means used to get started from one occupation to another.

'I have a device for getting myself out of bed on mornings when I have no early classes. I draw a "reserve" book out of the college library the night before, and as that has to be back by nine o'clock, I am forced to get up in good season.'

'Since the beginning of the term, my roommate and I have been working on a schedule calling for the doing of certain specific acts daily or weekly, *viz*: Up at seven-fifteen, regular gymnastic work, bed by ten-fifteen, except when going to the theater. For every misdemeanor and failure, we deposit ten cents in a small bank and use this fund to buy equipment for our room. As neither of us has much spare cash on hand, this system works very well and forces us to keep on a regular schedule and do these various things or else actually *pay* the penalty.' Literally, you see, this ten-cent idea is a self-starter. Put your thought on it firmly and the engine begins to turn.

Here is another which, while initiated by will, required an extra-vigorous method of cranking. 'My roommate gets up at seven-thirty each morning, being out for hockey manager, and I make an arrangement with him the night before to pull the bedclothes off my bed and throw them out of the door, which he does — and did this morning.'

'I am a fat person who dislikes exercise, but I have a rhythmical sense which impels me to dance when I hear stirring music. Every day therefore I put a lively

record on the victrola. This so stirred me that I would dance violently to the end. I actually got thin by this means.'

The next case may rouse in the reader some response of memory or of laughter. 'I often used to forget to brush my teeth, but I soon found a way to get around this. I keep my toothbrush and paste on the end of the mantel near the door. I have to pass by this end and on it is a framed picture of a friend of mine, at which I always look. I see my toothbrush and am reminded to take it.'

II

Let us go on to a few examples of tractors to pull one out of the slough of inertia.

One student uses as a tractor the clear visualization of an end which Professor William James suggests in relation to getting up. 'I find that if I set some varying and half-amusing form of exercise for myself each day, then the difficulty I have in starting work that evening is minimized. The problem resolves itself into getting myself out of a comfortable after-dinner armchair by saying, "Come on, damn you, you're feeling low and logy and if you go out and run or skate or take a swing you'll feel on the top of the world." I try to visualize that after-exercise feeling in order to get myself started, and I try also to visualize the evening lethargy if I don't.'

'I am very lax about sending packages or reports to people, but I find occasionally that I can force myself to sit down and write a letter, saying, "Am forwarding to you to-day, February 7, blank articles by American Railroad Express," and then have sufficient strength of

purpose left to rush this letter to the mail box. Whereupon I have exhausted my power, but the thing is done and I must see it through.' The best tractors are often reminders from another. People who are careless about not returning money should make a point of saying, 'Now be sure to remind me that I owe you ten dollars, for I am apt to forget.' The lender rarely does.

'When visiting certain people, I am tempted to stay a great while and do some useless chatting. I have made it a point to take my roommate or some other friend along, to remind me of the time. Then again, I do not want to waste his time, so I have an excuse to make the visit a brief one.' This incident reminds me of a gentleman who much needed a tractor to pull him out of long visits. His kind but sleepy friend, after many hints about the lateness of the hour, finally resorted to this tractor: 'John, when you *do* go home, shall you go by the Public Garden or the Charles River?' Slowly John arose to a mild consciousness of guilt. 'I hope you are not tired, Mrs. Longstreth.' 'No, John,' she answered firmly, 'the dead are never tired.' He went.

III

Moral brakes are distinguished from self-starters by their negative accent. They help us to avoid a greased slide. Here is a young girl's brake:

'I find that I have a deep fondness for a certain kind of coconut bar made in a candy store on B. Street. If the store is open when I am going by and I am alone, I nearly always go in and buy a bar. I know I should not buy candy because I can use the money to better advantage, so I generally wait and walk down B.

Street on my way home, with other girls, because we always are talking and I quite forget that I am going by a candy shop.'

This brake against quarreling I find ingenious:

'I have a brother of whom I am very fond, but he does like to tease me. I have such a quick temper that I soon become very angry and say a lot of things I should not say. So generally, when my brother starts teasing me, I run into the living room and get the graphophone going and especially put on a two-step, my brother's favorite. He gets so interested that he quite forgets to tease me and I forget to be angry.'

Here are some ways of putting sand on a slippery track: 'I have great difficulty in making myself study when anything more interesting is in sight. I always clear out of my room all such attractive objects just before mid-year's. Sometimes I make my friends take home my most interesting story-books before examinations and not bring them back until examinations are over. I have a bad habit of buying too much candy to eat between meals. Some delectable fudge is sold in the College every day, but before I come down in the morning, I clear all my pockets of money — it's quite easy right after breakfast — and then by the time I am hungry, I can't get the fudge because I have no money. My friends are trained not to lend it to me. Since I won't borrow ten cents, the result is that I don't eat any fudge.' Here the girl, after using a negative device, has hitched herself also to a positive characteristic in herself. She won't borrow — that is a firm spot, a pole she holds to against the slippery descent.

'When I was studying for examinations the first

week, I felt an irresistible desire to lie on my bed, in which case I went to sleep instead of studying. As a check to this, I made an agreement with another girl to spend most of her study hours on my bed, for *she did not* go to sleep when placed thus. As a result the place was occupied whenever I thought of going there, so I thus automatically checked myself.'

'If I put the bulk of my allowance in a bank, it is quite a lot of trouble to go in there, stand in line, and write on many little slips of paper to get any more to spend. I keep only just what I need in my purse, otherwise I should spend it all in a day or two.'

Most of us have used one or another of these mechanical pick-me-ups. Let us see what we are doing in the use of them. Often we are harnessing the lightning. At times we have a flash of almost human intelligence about what we want to accomplish. Swiftly we harness it to a plan that will pull us along. A short spurt of will is taken advantage of before it fades. You find in yourself some trait of character that, even if a weakness, can be used to checkmate a fault. By deliberately locking up your magazines in the closet and giving the key to some one far off, you employ your laziness itself to check your procrastination. When you know you ought to stay in your room and study instead of visiting, you put on slippers and a dressing gown, which makes it too much bother to dress and go out. You invite your pride in the slender silhouette to keep you from overeating. You even call to your aid the weaknesses in another's character, as when you ask a friend to remind you of some fault which — owing to the pleasure of being critical — he will certainly do.

You enlist on your side his annoyance or his love to tease. You hardly notice your bad tricks. He surely will by the automatic process of his differing temperament. You use publicity in a form of contract made before friends or family.

Publicity, whether through signing articles, or being chaperoned, or asking some one to observe, is no youthful device. It is a help throughout life. Visiting physicians are known to stay longer at the hospital when they must sign up on arrival and departure. At its best, the publicity passes from an outward to an invisible authority, as Phillips Brooks reviewed his duty by bringing before himself, as in a picture gallery, the scenes of Christ's life. Contracts, too, are a permanent factor in the fulfillment of what we intend. They combine two great stimuli — publicity and money. A contract is especially useful when you ask help from some one to whose advantage it is to remember, as when you ask the tailor to call regularly for your clothes, or the dentist to send you an appointment to examine your teeth.

Sometimes a movement toward rightdoing is almost an automatic pushing of yourself into a situation. You know you ought to and hate to do it, but suddenly you take off the receiver of the telephone, post a letter, buy a ticket, order a taxi, and somehow the rest follows.

In certain instances the right automatic action is the opposite — nothing less than *running away*. To flee sounds cowardly, but the flight may be initiated by courage. We cannot always effectively say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Satan won't budge, but we can say, 'I will fly from thee, Satan.' Crossing my neigh-

bor's land with a little girl, we beheld a tree full of luscious peaches, exquisite in complexion, ready to fall on our side of the fence. 'Oh, I want one!' she cried. 'But they're not ours.' 'Then let's run!' and we did. It is better for the diabetic father to leave the room when he is tempted by chocolate-frosted cake than to let it tempt him to a just-this-once nibble. It is better to run away from the lure of visitors by renting an office far from my house, than to succumb to interruptions, each of which calls itself exceptional. Whether Prohibitionists or not, most Americans agree that it is wise to have saloons no longer visibly near the tempted. To run away is often to take a plunge as into a cold bath, gaining the advantage of suddenness. So a man who falls in love with a married woman ought to run as soon as he realizes it and not fool himself with ideas of helpful Platonic friendship.

I have not the slightest doubt that it is well to avoid that alluring street with the delicious fattening candy, the extravagant fur coat, the girl you had agreed not to see again, the pool room where loafers congregate, or the dangerous library which makes you oblivious of time. As I said above, it takes courage to run away from temptation. 'Flee from the wrath to come' was no easy injunction. It meant leaving the warm present and rushing out into the cold.

Here is a curious but true example. An old gentleman, the largest frog in his own small village pool, had for years yielded effectively to his own hot temper. All about him cringed and obeyed, but there came a time of hardening arteries and high blood-pressure when his doctor warned him that temper indulged in might mean apoplexy. The old gentleman devised a

brake. At the next dinner party, as soon as he felt his temper rising, he, too, rose and, with great fortitude, put himself in a corner with his back to the company, until the fit was over. He thus escaped his own wrath to come.

When running is not possible or expedient there are several admirable buffers that can be put between ourselves and quarreling. An outsider, before whom we naturally behave ourselves, is a buffer. We recognize time as a buffer when we count ten before speaking or wait before 'posting that fatal letter.' Space is a buffer that it is many times well to put between our anger and our act. Emergency may be a splendid buffer. No one quarrels when the woods are on fire.

I like this true example of a butler as a buffer. She was nervous, the poor mother, and as often happens when one is nervous, everybody around her seemed at fault, especially Ellen, Harry, and Barbara. Meals were worse than purgatory, even for guests, who did not enjoy seeing children screamed at. Her voice was high C and it rose to E if Harry appeared with unwashed hands. One day Katie, the timid maid, was dismissed in tears and disgrace and an English butler appeared. Such a glorious personage he was! Six feet tall, dress-suited at dinner and thanking you for every help you took from the dish he passed. He made each meal a select dinner party. The silver shone, the candles glowed and each child became a distinguished guest called by a title, and her chair held ready. The butler's manners were as polished as his silver, his voice as smooth as the tablecloth. From that day on quarreling was impossible.

Does it seem yielding to weakness to call in a buffer? No more than to put an automatic sprinkler in our factory or a compass on our yacht. We want to be free, not crushed, cabined, or confined by our bungling, entangling faults. In many cases devices of cure establish good habits and set free our energy for harder battles. Devices are the aides to General Resolution. Old Dr. Samuel Johnson's diaries are full of entries about resolutions to get up earlier and to stop drinking twenty-three cups of tea. He broke his resolutions, lamented, and broke again. He ought to have run away from tea tables or engaged a butler with a watchful eye and the warning, 'Very bad for the stomach, sir!' For when we look at it carefully, the best running away is running somewhere else. It means change of climate — a favorite prescription of doctors.

Here is a girl who writes, 'When I am very tired and liable to be cross, I take our collie dog and race down the road with him until I come to the house where two dear old ladies live. They always make me tea and tell me all about what they used to do when they were at school. They are such dears that it is not long before I forget that I am cross. One couldn't be cross to them.'

The self-starters, brakes, and tractors described so far have been helps against procrastination, self-indulgence, extravagance, carelessness, forgetfulness, bad temper, cowardice. But the poison in all these faults is the taint of sophistry that is in each of them in so far as they are sins. Most of all, therefore, we need devices and far more than devices against self-deceit, the deadliest of sins. A truth-seeing companion is one help; deliberate confession is another; the clear recog-

nition of moral danger is a third. To increase our power of recognizing danger I put down here certain danger signals that I have learned are signs that one should run from the slippery trail of sophistry. They are four:

Just this once.
No one will ever know.
Everybody does it.
It is really necessary.

They are rattlesnakes in the path. Fly before they spring.

PART IV
POWERS NOT OURSELVES

CHAPTER XXII

CHANCE AS MY CHANCE

When we were children we invented a game 'Transformation.' Each of us sisters would draw on a sheet of paper with a lead pencil, in a strictly limited number of lines, just as disagreeable a face as we could manage to conceive, and then, exchanging sheets, we attempted with colored crayons to transform that ugly face into what *we* at least considered a truly beautiful one. We could add red cheeks, rosy lips, long golden curls, beautiful apparel, at will, and make in our own opinion a vast improvement. We thought then of the game as a display of our artistic talent, but it now seems to me symbolic of the power of human beings to transform mishaps, to take a chance event and press it into shape. Experience often comes to us ugly, sorrowful, bitter, baffling, discouraging, enraging, terrifying, dull, boring, commonplace. Inevitably it comes to us raw and full of chance. The question is, Can I make *this* chance affair *my* chance?

'It was the best thing that could have happened to me,' we hear some one say after a great misfortune or an annoying disaster. He has made chance his chance — as Pasteur took the most provoking of his failures in experiment and forced it to tell him what he wanted to know.

The problem of evil as a whole is far too intricate to deal with here. There are many evils out of which I see no winged hope emerge. Death, suffering, sin, insanity, Asiatic pestilence, Russian famine, and

Armenian slaughters come to those already overburdened, and they may crush instead of helping. Evil as a discipline leaves unexplained the suffering of the helpless and innocent, whose anguish the World War will never let us forget. Evil is not unreal, nor can it all be turned to good. We suffer because we are members of one another. The ignorance or the sin of a physician, the irresponsibility of a judge, the stupidity of the law, the recklessness of an emperor draw into terrible anguish absolutely innocent men, women, and children. Priceless talents are blasted as by lightning. 'And the frail hope of man Thou destroyest.' Nevertheless, in spite of all this mystery of the unexplained, there is a light in the dark forest; it flashes up wherever men have made good out of evil, whenever a stain has itself made men disciples of purity. Good can be made out of such dark substances as sin, misfortune, failure, loneliness, and agony, because all of these rouse emotion and so thrust aside indifference, sloth, torpor, smooth self-satisfaction. Misfortune is like an explosion. Explosions generate heat, break up rocks; deep structures are laid bare. The hardness and smoothness are gone. Something new is visible, something hot is aroused. In these conditions of exposure and emotion lie temptations to improvement. Illustrations from real life will best show what I mean. I shall give examples of the uses made of wrongdoing, poverty, despair, and blindness.

The principal of a boarding school once said to me, 'I sometimes long to have a colorless boy do something wrong that I can call him up and call him down for. For if I can only have an occasion that gives me the opportunity to get hold of him, we get along much

faster. I can't get hold of the indifferent boy — there are no projecting points — but I have a great chance with the wrongdoer.' This is good psychology. Every discovered sin ought to mean a new friendship or a more clarified one between teacher and pupil. They should both gain by the confession, not relief only, but companionship, forgiveness, and faith.

The beauty in many of the stories about Saint Francis of Assisi comes from his marvelous power of taking every chance as his chance to redeem souls. Three noted robbers came to his friary and were driven away with curses by Brother Angelo. When Saint Francis returned and was told the story he insisted that Brother Angelo should take bread and wine and search diligently over hill and valley for the robbers. 'When thou hast found them kneel down before them, and confess humbly thy fault of cruelty, and entreat them for my sake to work evil no more, but to fear God and offend Him no more; and say that if they will do this I promise to provide for all their needs, and give them continually enough to eat and drink. And when thou hast done this return humbly hither.' [1]

Poverty is at times, as Tolstoy has beautifully said, a freeing of new life. Here comes poverty to the one-time rich, a grinding, troublesome affair as it first appears, but a new look has come into the wife's eyes. 'I am thankful we are not rich any more. Before Robert lost his fortune, I hardly shared in his interests. Now that he is a struggling lawyer, we are both so excited by every case he has that he tells me all about it every night. Instead of letting the cook order ex-

[1] *The Little Flowers of Saint Francis*, 48. Everyman's Library, E. P. Dutton.

travagantly, I go to market and get good things at a bargain, and Robert loves to hear about it. The children are taking hold too, and helping with the housework as they never did when we had a chambermaid. Ted feels the need of studying hard now that he is going to earn his way.'

This friend is happier than she was, for riches cut her off from her family. Separation and luxury often go together. Separate rooms, separate meals in bed, separate bank accounts, separate hours of getting up; a separating governess, separating guests, an enormous dinner table, which separates husband and wife by a length one can hardly bridge without a megaphone. For a simple woman like my friend wealth was an avalanche; she was buried under it, and had not strength enough to lift or throw it away. The wealthy are apt to be passive. All her skill is for activity. She has taken this misfortune and made it her chance.

Poverty is easier to handle than despair, but despair itself may be a call from the depths that gets an answer. 'Do you know at what time you helped me most?' inquired a brave invalid of her physician. His eyes asked, 'When?' 'It was the day you told me that you could do nothing more for me. I went out of your office in despair. The world seemed black. I felt walled up, immured in a dungeon. But that night I was praying and suddenly I saw the walls melt away to set me free. I knew then that I had been depending not on God but on you. When you gave me up I found God. Many times you have helped me; but that day in refusing to help me, you helped me most. You made me lean on God.'

Heroic are the people who make despair itself their

chance, darkness a light so bright that it guides not themselves only but others. The World War left many thousand blinded French soldiers. Among them one Guy Envin, a poet by temperament, entered the French army in November, 1913, and in August, 1914, went (in his own words) 'vibrant as a lark' to war. Even in the day of battle his eyes were his life, beauty was what he saw and held — the beauty of the river Meuse, 'a green snake wandering through rose-tinted banks,' the beauty of dark velvet night, and even 'the crimson roses' of twenty burning villages. Often in the terrible retreat to the Marne, thirty miles a day with a pursuing enemy, he loved to stop a moment on the hill and look behind to see the sky and woods. His eyes were his heaven.

In September, little more than a month after the war began, he was told to carry a note through No Man's Land to the Fourth Section. 'There is danger — go.' So he went, but when leaping, jumping, flying through the treacherous country he felt a knock on the back of his head, and when he touched his face, there was something like a small, cool egg on his right cheek. It was his eye. 'All my hope centered in my other eye, but though it was night I saw no stars of the good God. I was totally blind. I crept about on all fours till I hit a tree and a pile of dead bodies. There I lay on that hard bed. Eating some chocolate gave me courage and new confidence. At last I heard my name called in the voice of my friend. He came and took me back, back to realization. I had thirty wounds, a broken skull; I was blind and partially deaf. Some stretcher bearers picked me up on the plain and ran with me like rabbits, for we were being shot at. The

doctor at the receiving station fixed me up and the priest came to me, for they believed me dying. "All is well," he said. "You have had more experiences in your twenty years than many in a hundred. Heaven is made for men like you." I had no intention of going, but one must keep a stirrup for the long journey.'

For Envin the long journey did not come, though he was near to death. He was in a hospital from March to June, 1915, then was sent out partially deaf and totally blind, a prisoner of the night, with a pension of seventy dollars a year. At first, his soul rebelled; all seemed hostile, even the chairs, the walls, his food. He rebelled at being helpless. But in that darkness he began to see that though his earthly eyes were gone, the eyes of imagination, thought, and love were still clear as day. 'The work of my mind will save me,' he said. 'In that there is no darkness.' It was the same discovery that elated Helen Keller when in college she found philosophy. 'Here the loss of my eyes is no loss. In thought I am not handicapped.' Enlightened and irradiated by his discovery Monsieur Envin began to work for a degree in law. He learned Braille, typewriting, shorthand, took three examinations in law, studied five months in England to learn the language, and (winning the Victor Chapman scholarship) he crossed the ocean to study at the Harvard Law School. There it was that I first saw him; there he told me the story of his 'fertile sorrow.'

Darkness helped him to see the sun of a new illumination. Physically dependent, he became spiritually free. 'It is not bad to be blind,' he said. 'Before I was shot through the eyes, I was lazy, selfish, and thoughtless; now I believe, I think, I work. I needed

a strong whip to spur me on. War and blindness are a crucible to force character forth. I cannot see the light, but I can see the reason of my suffering. Mine is the hard lesson of a fertile sorrow.'

A fertile sorrow! Not more nobly did the blind Milton face the darkness of his world, void of that light which has been his 'sovran vital lamp.'

> 'But thou
> Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
> To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
> ... Thus with the year
> Seasons return, but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with a universal blank
> Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
> So much the rather thou celestial light
> Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
> Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
> Of things invisible to mortal sight.' [1]

What mental tools help us to mold any chance into our chance? First of all, *expectancy*. 'We must expect the unexpected,' was a dictum of my greatest teacher, Josiah Royce, and the saying sunk the deeper because it was accompanied by his delicious chuckle over the paradox. Yes, and not only expect it but know how to deal with it when it arrives. It is an emergency case; the accident ward must be prepared and the nurses

[1] *Paradise Lost*, Canto III.

with bright faces and white raiment stand in readiness, for, as Hamlet said, 'The readiness is all.'

With expectancy must come *welcome*. Out in the nipping air of a winter night Horatio and Hamlet meet his father's ghost. Horatio feels desperate fear for his friend's safety, Hamlet only eagerness to know all:

> '*Horatio:* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
> *Hamlet:* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.'

Give it welcome! What is it here to teach — this strange event, this annoyance, this utter failure — my chance, the sorrow that I may learn to fertilize?

Close to welcome is *continued wonder*. Often we pass too rapidly away from the unexpected. We need the brooding quality that makes a hen sit on her fertile eggs till they hatch, warming the new experience into life. True, the length of time needed to hatch out a chance experience differs with each individual, but when the experience is both startling and closely connected with our main work, we should remain with it long enough to see its new creation. Revelation comes through intense surprise. An experience sufficiently startling may be the beginning of a new life, a conversion like that of Saint Paul, a command to leave all and follow a new master. More commonly, however, the fruitful chance comes to enlarge or to modify our purpose rather than to overthrow it. When the words, 'I wonder,' come to our lips, they should pass into patient thought, for of the *will to wonder* when anything in the line of our work is shown up by chance, we have not nearly enough.

Expectancy, welcome, and wonder for experience,

and then the calling of art and even of laughter to our aid. This very boring old lady can hardly be called a fertile sorrow, but at least she is a mischance. Can she be transformed subtly and painlessly into just what I need in my story? Dickens, as Chesterton points out, dwelt much in his novels and doubtless in his life, with fools, but instead of being bored and losing his chance, he fashioned them into *great* fools, delightful fools, lovable and laughable fools.

Honor to Charlie Chaplin and to Beatrice Herford for making laughter pour out of annoyances. Since Charlie Chaplin has made the world roar over cranking a Ford car, it can no longer be as provoking to start it only to find the engine stop before you can dash inside. No longer is packing as irritating since Beatrice Herford has shifted the scene to gayety. Some years ago two angry little girls were sent up to bed against their will. Sulkily enough they went, but soon I heard peals of laughter, followed by this report of the situation: 'We just looked at ourselves in the glass and we did look so funny with our lips pursed up.' Thanks to Ruth Draper, Will Rogers, Stephen Leacock, O. Henry, and G. K. Chesterton, we can now all see how humorous our annoyances look, as reflected in the mirror of a new adventure.

Laughter is close to that often mislaid virtue, a sense of proportion. During the war a friend of mine climbing on an unstable chair to reach her china shelf slipped and broke a trayful of ancestral porcelain. I honored the quickness with which she recovered from the shock, and murmuring 'Remember Belgium,' laughed at the size of her tiny mischance.

In this field of 'Chance as my chance' it is the artists,

the scientists, and the saints who are the skilled teachers. That is why we find the idea of a seized opportunity expressed most often in poetry. Sill gives it in 'Opportunity'; Maeterlinck's poetic prose is uplifted by it in 'Wisdom and Destiny'; Browning decries its opposite in 'The Statue and the Bust.' Here are some lines of William Vaughn Moody which I found the chance to learn by heart when waiting an hour and ten minutes in line for lunch on a trip to Oregon. The hunger I have forgotten, the lines I remember. The special beauty of this poem is made by opposing pairs of experience. In each case it is weakness that supplies peculiar strength. Delay means wings, dread brings protection, failing breath blows a resounding horn, disaster itself is rallying.

'Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Wingèd sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken how the echoes bring,
Down the gray disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!'[1]

[1] *The Fire Bringer.*

Like Moody, Wordsworth rises to an unexampled brilliancy as he describes the man who

> 'Turns his necessity to glorious gain. . .
> But who, if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.' [1]

Chance is lightning, a sudden brightness, sometimes very short, often accompanied by much rumbling. The sudden brightness shows things up, gives for a moment an amazing revelation to those who have not only eyes but sight, not only perception but discernment and power to reflect, comprehend, and control.

New adventure, new openings, come through accepting every chance as our chance. We are not adapted to passivity and complaint, but to activity and the gathering up of resource. Experience is the school we have entered; we are here to learn, and one learns as little by grumbling in the hotel during a rainstorm as one learns of roads by being driven by a chauffeur. By activity, instead of becoming adapted to the environment, we can tell the environment just how it may serve our ends.

But there is more meaning than this in the response of events to adventure. There is not only our activity but the free gift of God. Unforeseeable things happen to the adventurous and resourceful; they find a new friend gallant under misfortune; they encounter unexpected fame such as came to Herbert Hoover in 1914; beauty flashes out of their dark despair; insight follows the testing of their faith.

[1] *The Character of the Happy Warrior.*

CHAPTER XXIII

BEAUTY

SOME years ago I saw for the first time a self-asserting little town in Arizona, a town that the uninitiated might have called a street rather than a town. The engine of the train in which we were traveling had broken down and we were stranded for an hour in a small village. The wind was blowing handfuls of paper-strewn dust over the plank sidewalks; slouching, noisy groups of men gathered round the saloons and suddenly we realized that nearly every building was a saloon. The signs stared in gigantic red letters. The front walls of the shops were suspiciously flat and high. They were only a board with advertisements, nothing behind. The sun glared as blatantly as the advertisements. There were no trees, though some one had planted a sickly poplar and it still clung twisted and pallid to the arid soil. The hoot of the disabled engine, the twang of nasal voices deadened the sounds of the desert. The place made one ache with its contented ugliness. Sounds and sights alike were jarring, piercing. They prohibited retreat into quiet. Then I realized something of what it might mean to live in a town that held no beauty; to be perpetually surrounded by the squalid, the sordid, the harsh, the disproportionate.

Yet so strong is the rooted instinct for beauty that even in strange and squalid places it pushes its way through the darkness till by and by the petals open and a tiny embodiment of beauty shines out in the

dismal surroundings. Before we went away I looked more searchingly at the miserable little town, and I saw a woman planting scarlet geraniums. We call flowers useless, but that which answers to a perennial hunger in human nature can hardly be so called. They gleamed out in that squalid town not alone with color but with valor. There was no water to spare, the dust poured over her struggling plants, but the flower lover was undaunted. She needed color in the desert. Her scarlet geraniums were like a flag waving over a fortress that refused to yield to the enemy. Her plants redeemed the town for me — more than that, they redeemed me, so far that I had new eyes with which to see the town. Her brave attempt at beauty-making renewed my faith, first in her and then in human nature which hungers and thirsts after beauty in sound, color, and form.

Some among us are nearly color-blind to the loveliness in nature, as others are nearly tone-blind to the glory of sound in music. Absorption in engrossing and important work may wholly push aside the realization of beauty as the rumble of heavy traffic drowns the voice of a brook near our road. Yet almost every one has a cranny open at some time into which the rays of beauty enter. I think especially of two widely appreciated things of beauty — children and fireworks. It is not solely beauty that we love in either of them. The feeling for children is blended of tenderness, the desire to protect, delight in their perfected smallness, reverence for their emerging life — but the love of beauty is there also. Almost every child looks up at times with something of the wonder and the far-off insight in its eyes that is in the eyes of the Christ child

of the Sistine Madonna. Few can resist that look. One summer at Cohasset a tiny maiden of two ran exultantly every day in her blue pyjamas into the gigantic, overwhelming ocean. I think no one saw her stand with arms lifted above the waves in silent dimpled delight, her hair shining a woven thistledown in the sun, there with the vast stretch of sky above and the far vistas of sea behind, without feeling the significant beauty of it.

Who also is so hardened by a sense of utility that he cannot respond to the long upward curve of the skyrocket in mysterious darkness, its triumphant break into color among the stars, and its drop, swift and silent, into oblivion?

The influence of beauty in nature is a subject that has called me ever since I can remember. Perhaps the appeal of nature came in part from living late into the autumn on an old farm where the trees had become like comrades, where the fields were mellow with the harvests of many responsive seasons, where the quiet river reflected bending willows, where the garden blossomed with roses that lingered into November and pansies that looked out even through the snow.

Whatever the reasons, the perception of beauty in nature is always an experience that seems to reach to deeper roots of memory in me than any other. In a strange way nature was my confidante — the unfailing companion to whom I turned in perplexity and without whom I never began any responsible task. Other children ran in trouble to some reassuring person. My instinct turned with as passionate a desire for comfort to the starry night, or to the hillside blossoming into violets.

As I grew up I quenched my thirst for some expression of what nature meant by reading poetry, by looking at pictures of landscapes, by the study of books on æsthetics. They said some part of what I wanted to say; they told me a little of the meaning of my experience. In one book I found a helpful definition. 'The beautiful may be defined as *that which demands to be possessed by reproduction.* [How true! I thought.] . . . The perceiver of beauty, quite unreflectively, begins the effort to produce it out of himself, as one who has heard music he enjoys may find himself trying to whistle it.' [1]

In this chapter I shall take up some ways in which the demand for spiritual reproduction that beauty gives can affect our nature for good. Before so doing, however, I want to add a word of warning. Beauty, like other stimuli, may be wrongly used, may intensify emotion beyond control, or so absorb us that it ceases to direct. Nor can beauty be prescribed as a specific like a dose of quinine to cure malaria. 'Beauty,' writes Joseph Lee, 'is great medicine, a savior of our life, a great preventive of wrongdoing. But we must not turn to beauty for this service. You cannot . . . take a little beauty for your stomach's sake.' [2]

Beauty is a first aid to goodness by bringing refreshment, reawareness, and peace. Swiftly, like a bar of music it penetrates one's mood. On a day of early spring in Boston I was walking down a steep street, with my mind full of engrossing problems. Looking up

[1] William Ernest Hocking: *Human Nature and its Remaking*, 320. Yale University Press.

[2] *The Goal of Social Work*, ed. Richard C. Cabot, 66. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927.

as I reached a crossing, the river gleamed out at me, scintillant and touched with sunset. The beauty of it made me almost speak aloud as if in answer to a voice. The sense that this living and returning beauty was upon the river took away the strain of my individual problem, and by making it part of what included that sunlit water, brought the awareness of space and peace. The refreshment of a draught of beauty is marvelously expressed in Sidney Lanier's 'Sunrise.' Struggling against tuberculosis, forced by poverty into hated city life and into uncongenial work, Lanier even in sleep is overcome with thirst for the beauty of marshes at sunrise.

'In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
Of the live oak, the marsh, and the main.
The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep;
. . . . . .
Oh, if thy soul's at latter gasp for space,
With trying to breathe no bigger than thy race
Just to be fellow'd, when that thou hast found
No man with room, or grace enough of bound
To entertain that new thou tell'st, thou art —
'Tis here, 'tis here, thou canst unhand thy heart
And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
By rangy marsh, in lone sea-liberty.' [1]

In the 'lone sea-liberty' Lanier finds strength to face life sanely.

'The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the Sun.' [2]

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[1] *Poems of Sidney Lanier*, 3, 5. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906.
[2] *Ibid.*, 9.

Very close to this inflowing of peace and freedom from fear comes the *enlivening* of one's thought and will by beauty. Emerson's words about the stars give his feeling of recall by beauty to higher thoughts. 'If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.'[1]

Emerson has chosen here the adjective 'admonishing' for his stars. Admonishing they are because they purify of petty things and almost sternly point out what is single and shining. Let me give a personal example in which beauty signaled to reform.

One winter day I received a wonderful great basket of flowers from my father's conservatory. There were burning crimson roses, violets oriental in color and fragrance, and camellias cut delicately as the edges of seashells. Joyfully I arranged them in fourteen different vases. But beauty was not content to give joy alone. A startling thing happened. Suddenly all my sins, omissions, and misdoings rushed in upon me. I saw that my desk was littered with unsorted papers, that my incorrigible fountain pen had made a bad

[1] *Nature, Addresses and Lectures*, I, 7. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923.

blot, that the hall table was a snare to catch lazily dropped parcels, that my sofa needed to be re-covered. What was the trouble? I wasn't any worse than usual, but the flowers had opened my eyes. 'Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.' It was the light that made my misdeeds clear. The flowers had set a standard, making the incongruous distasteful, the beautiful visible and attractive. Looking at the exquisite flowers, I saw with new insight the meaning of my father's gift as I saw anew the dark, richly carved wood of my desk with the glow of purple violets upon it. Beauty turned upon me its admonishing smile.

Thus beauty is not alone happiness and stimulus. It holds a flaming sword. It remands the trivial to its place and the bitter and unfair into permanent exile. In my friend's house many long, wearisome committee meetings of a municipal league for the improvement of our city were held. At one such meeting the discussion was becoming petty, almost acrid. We were tired and began to close in on ourselves like wrinkled leaves. I looked away for a moment from the illiberal faces of the chairmen of committees, and became aware of a Pre-Raphaelite Madonna that hung over the mantelpiece, a tender Madonna bending absorbed over her Christ child. Beauty radiated from it and peace, but also something greater than peace. It spoke to what was trivial and temporary of something noble and enduring. It almost made me cry out to the group who were fretting over small differences: 'There, look! look! There is the answer.' All becomes clear in the presence of the Madonna and her Babe. 'In His will is our peace.'

This liberating power is, it seems to me, one of the great functions of beauty. Once permeated by it, we become more malleable, more open to impressions, freer from the tensely drawn outlines of our own ordinary unmoved individuality, freer, too, therefore from misunderstanding and from irritation.

Beauty finds us out sometimes in strange situations. Here in my memory is a curious one. I met once with a group of highly indignant officials of a boarding school. Their wrath and bitterness against one of their chief employees overflowed. He could not be present, and they in his absence cut and slashed his character into tainted bits. Their verdict on his conduct was not wholly false, but it certainly was wholly un-Christian. A tense, acrid, self-justifying atmosphere filled the stuffy city room until some one half-mechanically raised the window. Then from across the street, high in the branches of an elm, came a sound remote and exquisite. A hermit thrush was singing in that city street — singing with the same aloof, uplifted voice as if in dewy woods. Suddenly I saw again the sky of magnanimity. It was impossible as he spoke for me to stay on the low plane of scathing criticism of the absent. Again and again his notes fell among us like jewels of lighted raindrops. How absurd our littleness seemed. Nearer he came, tempting my sluggish spirit to mountain heights, and I knew that I must see this erring, irritating official as the thrush sees the sky from the top of a balsam fir at sunrise. The temptation to new insight lifted up in the voice of the hermit thrush was a temptation from beauty penetrating through meanness of soul.

Beauty banishes the trivial. In its presence quarrels

and fighting appear ridiculous. Beauty is also a judge, a ruler. It exiles the wrong wish as a traitor to the true will. Plato knew this and expressed it in terms of music. 'Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul on which they mightily fasten imparting grace and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful or of him who is ill educated, ungraceful. . . . While he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad now in the days of his youth even before he is able to know the reason why.' [1] This truth is timeless.

Twenty centuries after Plato a young girl in my psychology class wrote, 'As a child music affected my conscience more than anything else in the world. Music seemed to cleanse my soul and start me fresh. When I heard the Symphony Orchestra, I'd go home and confess every little mean or unkind act I could remember because I had become ashamed of it.'

This command of beauty over inclination was once brought vividly before me by a girl of fourteen years. She had been brought up in a broken home, for her father and mother were divorced. Her father was, however, allowed to see her occasionally, though her mother, desperately jealous of his new wife, had forbidden the girl to go near his house. One day her father called to take her out motoring and on the trip drove near his home and suggested that she should come in just a few minutes to see the garden. It was a sudden temptation and the girl yielded. Feeling as

[1] Plato, *The Republic*, Book III.

children often do at fourteen, entirely grown up, she recklessly threw away her mother's authority and went with her father to his garden. A day or two later, she came to me, told me what she had done, and then, looking straight at me with serious eyes, said, 'Will you read this letter that I have written to father? I want you to read it in order to tell me whether I have put it in a way that will hurt him too much.'

The letter read thus:

'My dear, dear Father: I have decided never to go again to see your garden. The trees are too beautiful. I cannot blemish them with sidelong glances. Before I saw how wonderful they were, I did not realize that it was wrong to go there, but now I see that I ought to obey Mother. Most lovingly, dear Daddy, Your Eleanor.'

The trees were too beautiful. It was they who had taught her even to avoid their beauty. The holiness of that beauty she could not blemish by sidelong, illicit, shame-poisoned glances. The garden itself had forbidden her entrance. Awed by its nobility, she turned to do right.

Is not this a mysterious and holy experience? Prohibition had only made her more eager to go. Punishment might have affected her act, but not her spirit. The silent voice of beauty itself converted her soul and made her ready — and this is the center of the mystery — to sacrifice the sight of that beauty itself, in order to obey its command. Some of the younger generation shy away from the uncompromising terms 'wrong' and 'sinful.' They greatly prefer the æsthetic words, 'ugly' or 'distasteful.' In this I think they are mistaken — they are blurring the distinction between

good and evil. But I do not doubt that admonishing beauty may be a greater stimulus to rightdoing than any amount of admonishing and inartistic language. For beauty, whether in art or in nature, rings up a central will and leaves a recorded message.

In 1893 a world's exposition was held at Chicago; the famous 'White City' was swiftly built, and the landscape architects so planned the grounds that the waterways led by sudden bends to new vistas. Expectation grew with each turn and the beauty of shining white palaces, of gondolas with Venetian oarsmen paddling under low bridges surmounted by great statues made one excited, eager, alert. As the boats shot by the last turn, we came to the long parallel lines of an open sheet of water and faced the high arches of the peristyle. It was brilliantly snowlike against the melted sapphire of the sky. At first its beauty absorbed all attention; then an instant later we saw written in great letters across the top of the arch the words: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' The influence of beauty in nature (as I find it) corresponds to the effect on the sightseers at the Chicago exposition of those words written above the peristyle. Not every one felt them and far fewer, probably, would feel the effect of beauty. But to those who are sensitive to it, it seems to have a kind of controlling presence. Facing the words, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free,' it would certainly be hard to lie and to deceive oneself. To face beauty in nature or in art is, like the presence of those words, a guardian of integrity.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE RETURN OF THE SOUL

In a sermon with this title the Reverend Vivian Pomeroy made, a few years ago, the following bold statement: 'The soul is coming back into the reckonings of people everywhere.' We must not scrutinize under a microscope such an eloquent wording of a truth. We can find signs of its essential meaning, visible like green shoots in early spring. The rapid increase of ethical teaching in the public schools is one sign. A meeting of social workers entirely devoted to the topic of the spiritual development of children is another. The increased space given by newspapers to sermons is a third. The request from college students for a course in historic religions is a fourth. The radio talks of Dr. Cadman, listened to by hundreds of thousands, is a fifth. The opening of Keith's theater in Boston to five-minute talks on religion is a sixth. The requirement of Bible study for all students who concentrate in English in a non-sectarian university like Harvard is a seventh.

But what concerns me here is how to clear from the path of the returning soul the brambles-in-ourselves that obstruct its way; for a returning soul met by sordidness, by worldliness, by lawlessness, by self-centeredness, by indifference will soon show its back. Quite otherwise the father of the prodigal met him. First of all with rejoicing, then with music, feasting, and the fatted calf — very practical symbols of delight. The welcome of this father shines and leaps across twenty

centuries. No wonder the prodigal son wanted to stay at home.

How can we make straight and clear the path of the returning soul? The parable just referred to gives one answer. Tolstoy in one of his peasant tales, 'The Godson,' adds another. An erring youth is sent out into the world by his godfather to observe and take to heart three great lessons that he must find *for himself*. As he wanders about he comes to a cottage where he sees a woman trying to clean her table with a dirty cloth. The more she wipes the more streaks of dirt are left by the soiled cloth. Says the godson: 'What are you doing, mistress?' 'Don't you see, I'm cleaning up for the holiday. Only I can't manage this table, it won't come clean. I'm quite tired out.' 'You should rinse your cloth,' says the godson, 'before you wipe the table with it.' [1] The woman does so and soon has the table clean. The godson goes on, wondering what this meant. In the end he finds his answer. We cannot help in another's cleansing until we are at least, let us say, *relatively* clean ourselves. What then in us most definitely bars the way of religion?

I recall a group of friends who asked themselves that question, when, at the end of the summer's vacation, they sat round the campfire, and faced their next winter's work. The answers were varied. One man insisted that nothing was more anti-religious than complaint and fretfulness, the 'Oh dear! how terrible!' spirit. He justified his statement on the ground that such a tone showed cynicism about the universe and was therefore blasphemy, a direct denial of God. The

[1] *Twenty-Three Tales*, translated by L. and A. Maude, 217. Oxford University Press, 1919.

complainer throws indiscriminate blame on the world, instead of seeing that it is his business to stand by the universe and *lift*.

To a second member of this group pride was the essence of irreligion. To think oneself socially important or to look down on any one was to deny our equality before God. Therefore she insisted that whenever we felt 'superior' we became anti-religious.

Said the father of four children, 'It is anti-religious to demand personal obedience instead of looking up together to find the will of God.' Quickly he quoted Emerson's words: 'In my dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments, and my money stead me nothing; but as much soul as I have avails. If I am willful, he sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me.' [1]

Another friend added his contribution: 'I am surprised that you have not mentioned backbiting as most anti-religious. Saying mean things behind another's back pollutes any atmosphere, and we all know it even while we do it. I want my children to be defenders of the absent, aware of them as real when they are unable to defend themselves against accusation. Meanness is anti-religious.'

'But even meanness,' said the mother of a large family, 'is only occasional. It is the pettiness of our everyday life that is likely to drive away religious life.

[1] 'The Over-Soul,' *Essays, First Series*, 262. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1884.

What ridiculously small things we dwell on as important! Even the old proverbs distort our ideas. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Indeed, cleanliness is much more apt to be next to crabbedness. "Discretion is the better part of valor." Nonsense! it is one of the humblest servants of valor. Sometimes it seems as if that petty idea of "safety first" got the better of me. I don't see how we can expect to find or to give religious life until we put safety *second* to "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness."'

'Content and luxury are the worst enemies of religion.' The lawyer puffed out the words as he smoked by the fire. 'We never reach the heights of happiness or the depths of despair in these days. What was it the old Psalmist remarked: "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord." It is true, by Jove! We haven't any depths in most of our lives and God can't hear us, or rather, we can't hear God when we call out of the shallows. We're clogged by being too comfortable.'

Well, then, if this is true, how does one become uncomplaining, humble, reverent toward personality, free from meanness, despair, and self-indulgence? All temptations to rightdoing apply as answers, but I shall here speak only of one for times of solitude (the 'Poetry Cure') and one for times of comradeship (intimacy with religious-minded people), leaving to the next chapter the help given by prayer. Our generation owes special gratitude to Robert Haven Schauffler for his 'Musical Pharmacy' and his 'Poetry Cure.' [1] There is no trouble about drinking his medicine. Delicious and effective draughts he gives in 'The Poetry

[1] *The Poetry Cure.* Dodd, Mead and Company, 1925.

Cure' for hardness of heart, swollen ego, the blues, myopic vision of the inner eye, and torpid imagination. Try, for hardness of heart, Miss Cleghorn's poem (page 213). It is as irresistible as is his recipe for pride: 'To a Staring Baby' by Nancy Byrd Turner (page 145). Every one who seeks temptations to right-doing should take the direct road to 'The Poetry Cure.'

Another book, however, is needed: 'The-Salt-of-the Earth Cure.' No, it does not need to be a book. People can hardly be caught between two covers like poetry, but from Buddha to Gandhi religious people are the best specifics against despair, irreverence, complaint, and self-indulgence. Out of many instances of people who sweep aside, as with a broom, my anti-religious attitudes, I choose two who sustained each other in courage and by their valiant faith helped to free the rest of us from cynicism.

She was troubled about her brother. As the summer went on, her thin, girlish face, lighted up by eyes deep-set, like candles low in their sockets, looked wan. She never complained. She gave the children their lessons day by day with patient zeal, even animation, but I felt that her heart was far off with that brother. No wonder! Slowly but irresistibly an incurable disease had attacked him; it invaded joint after joint with sharp pain and left them twisted and useless. When you took his hand it felt horribly soft; no power of handclasp was left. Yet far away in a small town among the hills of western Massachusetts, he was making a brave fight to practice medicine and earn a living. He was lifted into his chaise and out, to crawl painfully up the doorsteps of his patients, take care of

them, and then be lifted back. He was much more ill than most of the patients. Naturally enough, he wrote little to his sister, his crippled hands made it laborious to write. But, hearing nothing, she became anxious about him. I gave her, during the summer, an opportunity to go to see him. I dreaded lest she should come back disheartened. 'How did you find him?' I asked anxiously on her return. 'Well,' she said slowly, 'he has great courage and he has given it to me. I feel very happy about him.' Later she told me the distressing details of his illness and deprivation, but above these and always present she saw the halo of his spiritual victory. 'He is far more crippled than I knew. He can hardly move a step alone, but he is practicing medicine all day long; he scarcely stops for food. And he's full of plans and visions of what he's going to do. "My head's all right and there's lots of work in me still," he says. I came down ever so much happier about him. He's got courage,' she repeated, 'and that's the battle. Nothing else matters.'

'I love that picture,' she said one day, pointing to a sketch of Perseus nailed to the rock and turned to stone from the waist down. 'It reminds me of my brother. He is being slowly turned to stone; but'— she looked up with eyes that saw the invisible — 'his deliverer will come and set him free.' I think no one sees this widow with the lighted eyes without feeling something in her which Emerson called 'through-shine.' 'Isn't it wonderful that she is so happy when she has to be away from her children whom she longs for, and has to bear this constant anxiety about her brother?' people ask. Yes, it is extraordinary on any other basis than that of religious faith.

Against other temptations to be anti-religious such saints bar the way. When I am tempted to say mean things my father-in-law stands before me — a commanding figure. He could not say mean things about the absent. He could say whimsical things. I remember his saying one day that a certain gossipy and talkative lady made him feel like a full pitcher into which more water was continually poured; and of a pompous and specious man that he did not 'like the cut of his jib.' But meanness, spite, or spitfire was alien to his whole nature. The very thought of his courtesy to the absent exiles meanness.

Complaint dies down rapidly when I remember this incident. The thermometer registered ninety-two; we all were tired and hurried beyond our normal speed. I was chairman of the hospitality committee of the National Education Association which, thousands strong, was to meet in Boston. We engaged the abandoned building of the Museum of Fine Arts, furnished it from top to bottom with kitchens, dining-rooms, rest rooms, an emergency hospital, and spaces for every committee associated with education. It was a large undertaking for a group of amateur women to carry through in three weeks, but all went well until the Peace Association began quarreling with the Medical Association as to which should have the best room. It ended in turmoil — peace violently ejecting medicine from the largest south room into the hall. To settle this quarrel was my business, and it was but one of twenty-three interviews I had had in the same morning. I was inclined to fume. At that moment in came one of Boston's finest women school principals. She glowed with happiness, for she realized what our hospitality might

mean to the teachers of the United States. 'Isn't it a glorious world?' she called out with the spontaneity of a child, and from that moment it was! She said nothing about religion, but I am sure that her jubilance under trial had its source from the hills, not from the city water-mains.

How can we become free from the anti-religious attitude of *self-indulgence*, of which my lawyer friend spoke? I believe by making one's own the motives, though not necessarily the acts, of the ascetics. Many people are tempted to follow Tolstoy or Saint Francis or Gandhi. Strictly speaking, we cannot follow their acts until we have reached something of their spirit, for the acts without the *reason* for the acts are but affectation and imitation. Tolstoy became a day laborer because he believed that life on the farm unites us to our brothers in common and necessary work. Saint Francis wooed Lady Poverty, not through conscientiousness, but to be like Christ. Gandhi desires to live simply as his impoverished followers must live, and to fast for their sins when they have broken the rule of non-resistance. Mallory wanted to climb Mount Everest, therefore he carried no luxuries. Lindbergh intended to fly across the Atlantic and therefore he took only six sandwiches and a half gallon of water. All intense desire involves *the asceticism related to that chosen aim.* Athletics means cutting off smoking, drinking, and evening dances, but the sport repays the sacrifice. The merchant who desired the pearl of great price sold all he had and went about hungry and happy. We see at times only the price he paid. He saw the gleaming pearl.

It may be that we are not worthy to eat only bread

and water; that our eyes are too blind to see the beauty of Lady Poverty; but we can live through literature and comradeship with those who teach us *our own* asceticism, and point out to us the highest values we are capable of seeing.

CHAPTER XXV

PRAYER

PRAYER, as the greatest of all temptations to right-doing, is not so much calling *on* God as calling *in* God. It is, in Brother Lawrence's beautiful phrase, 'The practice of the presence of God.' In lesser ways we feel presences, such presences as I have described throughout this book — the presence of a father who scorned lying, the presence of a friend whose nobility forbids yielding, the presence of a commanding responsibility, the presence of a mountain top when fog breaks away. Or, to recall a minute yet symbolic example: when in the instance described in an earlier chapter my friend overcame her grief in breaking her precious ancestral china by saying to herself, 'Remember Belgium' (then in the throes of the enemy), she called in to her help the presence of that valiant, suffering little state, and the temptation to petty grief vanished, rebuked by austere courage.

This calling in of presences greater than our own ranges all the way from everyday acts to mystic heights. When his victorious flight across the Atlantic was first known, Charles Lindbergh was offered a fortune if he would exploit his feat as a moving-picture actor; his refusal was characteristic in form as well as in substance. With the direct and significant phrase, 'That's not our angle,' he called in the presence of aviation, and the United States breathed fresh air.

In a very different way George Meredith, an in-

tense lover of our Mother Earth, called in the presence of nature to sustain him against the fear of death:

> 'Into the breast that made the rose
> Shall I with shuddering fall?'

How quickly the picture is made, how swiftly it controls! The rose, most beautiful and fragrant center of life and summer warmth, dominates and reveals the dark earth. Or one may call in a friend. This to most of us is a more spontaneous impulse than to call in a rose. Browning's exquisite Pompilia lifts herself above the anguish of a baffling end to her seventeen years of life, by calling in the presence of Caponsacchi, her soldier-priest.

> 'Through such souls alone
> God stooping shows sufficient of His light
> For us in the dark, to rise by. And I rise.'

'Sufficient of His light for us in the dark to rise by' — that, it seems to me, is what we need and what we get through prayer.

'Thou, the Truth, everywhere dost preside over all who consult Thee and respondest to all at once however different their questions may be. Clearly dost Thou answer, though all do not clearly hear. All consult Thee upon whatever they please, but do not always hear what they like. He waits on Thee to most purpose who does not so much look to hear from Thee what he wishes as to bring his wishes into accord with what he hears from Thee.' [1]

We call in many instances of good: the cause, the friend, the rose, the truth. What happens when we call in the greatest of all? The prayer used in many

[1] *The Confessions of Saint Augustine*, Book x, 26.

churches as an ante-communion prayer gives a clear answer:

> 'Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open,
> All desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid;
> Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts
> By the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit,
> That we may perfectly love Thee,
> And worthily magnify Thy Holy Name,
> Through Christ, our Lord.'

Purification cannot but be the effect of such a prayer genuinely said. We call in God first to look at our affections, our desires, our griefs, our secrets; then to cleanse the territory of our souls which is never quite clear without the sweep of His dispersing hand.

I still remember being terrified as a child by the tremendous idea of a day of judgment 'when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.' At first it seemed to me that those guilty secrets would hide desperately in the darkest corners and be hunted out and blasted by the intense light. But it flashed upon me one day that *the secrets wanted to be known*, not to every one, but to a perfect understanding. They will not be driven out by the 'hounds of heaven'; they will rush out, to be comprehended, even to be condemned, but, above all, to find their real meaning, or in Dante's phrase '*farsi bella*,' to make themselves beautiful.

Prayer is purification and cleansing. It is autumn. You come back to your winter home and find it invaded, if not by burglars, at least, then, by moths in your fur coat or by rust on the kitchen stove. What long-lived beings are moths and rust! After three thousand years they are still here, ready to revivify the

experience that led the seer to say, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.' The moths and the rust and even the thieves would not matter much if they invaded only the house. But they are ingenious enough to corrupt the mind also. It, like the house, becomes cluttered, rusty, defrauded of its good. Prayer, like a skillful air-cleaner, blows out the dusty corners of the mind. Moths, rust, dust are sucked away. Irritation, anger, jealousy, pettiness, frivolity are by prayer sucked out of the crannies of the soul. What minute things we worry over, grieve over, are angry over! Some one has just said that I dress badly; my perfect cook is leaving me; my collar button has rolled under the radiator; eggs have almost doubled in price! These things dwindle like hoarfrost under the sun when I turn even an angle of fifteen degrees toward prayer.

Prayer is thought of as solemn. It often is so, but once in a while when it touches little annoyances, prayer is close to laughter, for humor and prayer alike take heaped-up solemnities and contrast them with something of a different size. Prayer, like a funny picture, can help you to see your temporary self as a caricature — such an enormous head, such bulging nearsighted eyes, such ineffective feet. Purification — the sweeping out of the dust, the polishing of the windows — lets me look out. Instead of seeing the pane, I see the view, I see what I really want.

But this is not all that prayer gives. In the phrase

of Molinos, it 'corrects the portrait by the living face.' What is this life-model that I have been drawing? My sketch once seemed to me good, but how unlike the original it is! Let me look again. Is this like what I meant by marriage, that noonday when we stood together before the altar; by the ministry, when I came out from being ordained; by teaching, at the moment when the principal gave me the diploma; by medicine, when I first put out my sign — that freshly painted sign that called me doctor? Oh! let me see once more the living face of my desire.

Prayer not only cleanses from pettiness, it refreshes after drought. This sonnet of Richard C. Trench has long been buried in oblivion, but every bit of it rings true:

> 'Lord, what a change within us one short hour
> Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,
> What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
> What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!
> We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
> We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
> Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
> We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
> Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
> Or others — that we are not always strong,
> That we are ever overborne with care,
> That we should ever weak or heartless be,
> Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
> And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?'[1]

Why do we not use prayer more often? I wonder if the answer is not the same as to the question, Why do we not read the five-foot shelf of great books? The

[1] *A Treasury of English Sonnets*, ed. David M. Main, 430. Worthington Co., 1889.

newspaper is easier to reach and lighter reading — at least until you have got another habit. For I recall in Henry M. Stanley's autobiography that after living in the perilous loneliness of African deserts and jungles, he found the newspaper far heavier and more difficult reading than the Bible. The Bible freed and delighted him. The London newspapers, full of his praises, depressed or made him conceited. 'The one reminded me that apart from God my life was but a bubble of air. The other fostered arrogance and worldliness. . . . The reading of anything in the newspaper except news was a waste of time, destructive of native force and worth and personality. The Bible, however, with its noble and simple language I continued to read with a higher and truer understanding than ever before.' [1]

It is an effort to pray. Yes, and in one sense of the word hard, it ought always to be hard to pray, for prayer is pulling ourselves together — a strenuous exercise. And again genuine prayer calls for reform, which is obviously difficult. But it is no final answer in an athletic age among an energetic people to say that prayer takes effort. Selling takes effort, football takes effort, life-saving takes effort. The reason that we do not pray lies deeper. It lies in this: We do not realize that we are in extremity of danger. No one, however tired he may be, but makes the necessary effort to leap away from a hornet's nest. Stanley in Central Africa was in danger of physical death. He called around him all his resources. In a memorable passage he tells of being attacked by savages. Expecting friendly natives, he had come ashore with but a few men. He soon found the savages far from friendly.

[1] Henry M. Stanley: *Autobiography*, 253, 254.

'The boat was surrounded by a forest of spears, over fifty bows were bent nearly double, with leveled arrows, over two hundred swart demons contended as to who should deliver the first blow.' It was hopeless to resist — the savages were far too many. They rushed forward with shrieking rage. They wrenched his hair till the scalp tingled. 'Unresisting, I submitted to their abuse. But, though I was silent, I thought a great deal, and blessed them in my heart.' [1] Unexpectedly, as he sat there with his unresisting group of men, the savages retired for a palaver. Then Stanley distracted their attention by sending out a native with great rolls of the much-coveted cloth, loaded all his guns, and pushed off into the lake, too far to be hit by the arrows.

In his account of this and other African incidents, Stanley writes:

'On all my expeditions, prayer made me stronger morally and mentally than any of my non-praying companions. It did not blind my eyes or dull my mind or close my ears. It gave me confidence, joy and pride in my work. Prayer for patience . . . has enabled me to view my savage opponents in a humorous light. After the prayer, it has appeared to me that crimes had lost the atrocity that I had previously detected in them.' [2]

Physical danger often evolves its own warnings — pain, fear, the desire for flight, the instinct to hide. In moral dangers we sometimes have a fierce desire for the wrong, with but a faint warning — a pricking of guilt or a kind of sleepiness in the presence of a dwindling life, as if we were overcome by the smoke of bad habits. There are certain conditions even of physical

[1] Henry M. Stanley: *Autobiography*, 314, 315.
[2] *Ibid.*, 518, 519.

danger in which pain, disgust, and fear are absent. Tainted water may look as attractive to the thirsty as pure. Fruit and vegetables covered with germs have no loud voice of warning except to him who knows and recalls the horrors of typhoid fever and cholera. Poison ivy turns a glorious color. It requires imagination to picture any danger. Are we in danger now? Yes, most of us are in extreme danger of these perils: stagnation, suffocation, drifting, megalomania, depression, and hardness of heart. We do not realize it because we have not looked to see just where we are in relation to our goal, have not corrected the portrait by the living face.

'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' We dread to become old or stagnant. Well, there are thoughts that always find us young and keep us so. We want success, and we know that conceit ruins advance in any work. We do not want to hurt those we love. How shall we become more humble, swifter, younger, more tender? Only through vivid recall. Come back to me, my enlightened day!

Prayer need not be — and for our generation often cannot well be — set prayer. It is rather darting prayer. It snatches its spirit-giving food quickly as a pewee darts into the air and seizes something to us invisible. A home quarrel is in sight. You recall your little girl wife, as David Copperfield recalls Dora, and when tempted to call her a darned fool you modify it to provoking angel, or blessed idiot. When your class in literature is going badly you dart swiftly into a prayer to realize the beauty of your subject. When sloth subdues your spirit you snatch counsel from Stevenson's, 'Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take

and stab my spirit broad awake.' Your prayer against stagnation asks for that strange gift — a stab, a sharp hurt, a piercing warning.

In a sonnet not avowedly religious, 'When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,' Shakespeare expressed what to me is the essence of prayer as a temptation to rightdoing. He describes discouragement, envy, depression, and the half shame that goes with a perception that such despair is cowardly.

> 'Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
> Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.'

'Haply I think on thee' — that is all that is needed. Gone are darkness, stagnation, conceit, and hardness of heart. With the thought of God come dawn, arising, clear sky, a hymn of adoration.

CHAPTER XXVI

WAYS AND THE END

In a letter to his wife from a friend's camp in the Adirondacks William James describes a midsummer night in which great influence for good swept through streaming moonlight and lit up his whole life into spiritual alertness.

'The influences of Nature, the wholesomeness of the people round me, especially the good Pauline, the thought of you and the children, dear Harry on the wave, the problem of the Edinburgh lectures, all fermented within me . . . The intense significance of some sort, of the whole scene, if one could only *tell* the significance; the intense inhuman remoteness of its inner life, and yet the intense *appeal* of it; its everlasting freshness and its immemorial antiquity . . . its utter Americanism, and every sort of patriotic suggestiveness, and you, and my relation to you part and parcel of it all, and beaten up with it, so that memory and sensation all whirled inextricably together; it was indeed worth coming for . . . It was one of the happiest lonesome nights of my existence, and I understand now what a poet is. He is a person who can feel the immense complexity of influences that I felt, and make some partial tracks in them for verbal statement. In point of fact, I can't find a single word for all that significance, and don't know what it was significant of, so there it remains, a mere boulder of *impression*.' [1]

Fragmentary as is this impression, it is described

[1] *Letters of William James*, II, 76. Atlantic Monthly Press.

with such faithfulness that it is more than a boulder — its peaks show up. Here is righteousness, friendship, love, patriotism, this scene as a symbol of America, the consciousness of history, the pledge of his future work, all blended by the beauty of streaming moonlight. Beauty seized for its own these other streams. It united them in what James calls an inextricable whirl. Yet still beauty points beyond: if one could only tell its significance, if one could like a poet 'make some partial tracks among these complex influences.' Where do these influences lead, toward what do they point? That is a wide-reaching question, for not only beauty but all great incentives to rightdoing point beyond themselves. 'Whither thou goest I will go,' you say to what you love best; the answer comes: 'I am only the way — not in me is the glory.'

You throw yourself into an interest and it grows until you see that it is not itself only, but reaches out toward the whole, toward an infinite whole. It too is pointing to a greater than itself. Daniel French once made a statue of death arresting the hand of a young sculptor. But not to the young in years only, but to all who are alive, death is an arrest. The greatest see most clearly how little they have accomplished, how far ahead is their goal, whether in medicine, in science, in art, in social welfare, or in education. How far ahead? No, that is not the point. Not far ahead but infinite is the goal of all these interests.

We rest for a time in the rules of ethics. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Make agreements, keep your agreements, develop your agreements. So act that the motive for your act might be made a universal law. These are solid princi-

ples to live by. But there come times when their follower sees that ethics too points beyond itself. The hero does not stop to calculate the terms of his agreement or ask himself whether the motive of what he does might be made universal. Saint Paul is not arguing about right or wrong when he leaves Judaism to follow Christ. He is obedient to a vision; he does not think of any rule, not even of a golden rule. Ethics, the application of principles to life, has indeed its nobility. 'Mysterious and beautiful,' writes Phillips Brooks, 'is this process of the gathering in of the light and power of a principle into the effective nature of a person. Mysteriously like light gathering into a star truth gathers itself into a man.' [1] The clear cold light of ethical principle shines out and gathers all its rays into a star. This guiding star is a leader, a prophet, a saint. But even here we cannot possibly rest. I am not that light, but I am called to bear witness to that light. This is the word of leaders throughout history. They are humiliated when identified with the leader beyond.

'No one can stand reverence paid to himself or fail to see that the billet is addressed to some one else and by a most lovable blunder delivered at the wrong house. "Farther up the same road — in fact an infinite distance from here," one must call out to the messenger. "Your direction is all right, and I know the Person whom you are after, in fact I am a poor relation of his, but He doesn't live here."' [2]

So answer great leaders in history. Turn to any of them for help and you see that he is a follower of some

[1] *Seeking Life*, 39.

[2] Richard C. Cabot: *What Men Live By*, 312. Houghton Mifflin Company.

one else. Like Saint Francis of Assisi when asked by Brother Masseo, 'Why doth every one desire to see, hear, and obey thee?' so the greatest leaders answer: 'Wouldst thou know why after me? . . . Know that since God hath found no viler creature on earth to accomplish the marvelous work He intendeth, He hath chosen me . . . in order to make manifest that every virtue and every good thing cometh from Him the Creator and not from the creature, and that none may glory before Him, but that he that glories shall glory in the Lord, to whom belong all honor and all glory forever and ever.' [1]

Even Jesus, Light of the World, shines with reflected light: 'Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God.' Christ, too, looks beyond. That he may see and fulfill the will of his Father in heaven, he continues all night in prayer. He is the Way to the Father; he points to another with whom he is one. Under the cold light of the paschal moon he faces the apparent frustration of his work on earth. 'Neverthless, not my will, but Thine, be done.' Not until he has listened and prayed is he ready for triumphant death. Triumph and not tragedy is the death of Christ, for tragedy, as I see it, is resting one's entire weight on what is not strong enough to bear it. Christ rested his overburdened spirit on the strength of the everlasting arms.

'I am not *enough of a person*' is, then, the reply of love, of friendship, of leaders and teachers, of interests, science, art, beauty, when called in time of supreme need. 'We all are fragments of a single personality.

[1] *Little Flowers of Saint Francis*, 19. Everyman's Library, E. P. Dutton.

Do not mistake this bit for the whole. It is part of the whole, but alone it cannot bear the full weight of your failure, of your success, of your gratitude, or of your adoration.' Not enough of a Person. 'If only I were more of a person I could help you better,' the mother says to her child. In spite of weakness we can do something, but 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?'

Since all these enticements to righteousness point beyond themselves, 'Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?' Here ethics leaps to its goal in religion. Now the temptations to rightdoing are no longer denizens of earth alone, but like skylarks they soar to sing of their nest.

THE END

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